

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE
25 CENTS



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DOROTHY
JORDAN

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OWELL'S
Big
ROMANCE

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Cash Prizes**

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SWANSON

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We rather *thought* the new "Surf Suits" would create a sensation. And they have! At Miami . . . at Palm Beach . . . along all Southern waters . . . their evening gown backs, their high waistlines, their gay and charming colors, have made them the most talked of among all the new bathing suits.

Small wonder that women who go from North to South and back again, with the seasons, should approve their smartness. Small wonder, too, that women to whom the daily swim is a rite should applaud the way their fit lends swiftness to the stroke! For months before the new "Surf Suits" were an-

nounced, we consulted with stylists and artists. It was one of the most brilliant of them all who suggested the "backs and the high waistline of the very loveliest of the new evening gowns!" And New York artists chose the final colors to be used.

But these new "Surf Suits" must not only be smart—they must fit so perfectly

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So swimming experts—including that champion of champions, "Johnny" Weissmuller—gave us points. And every one of them is incorporated in the new "Surf Suits."

At last, after months of designing and redesigning and designing again—the new "Surf Suits" were ready.

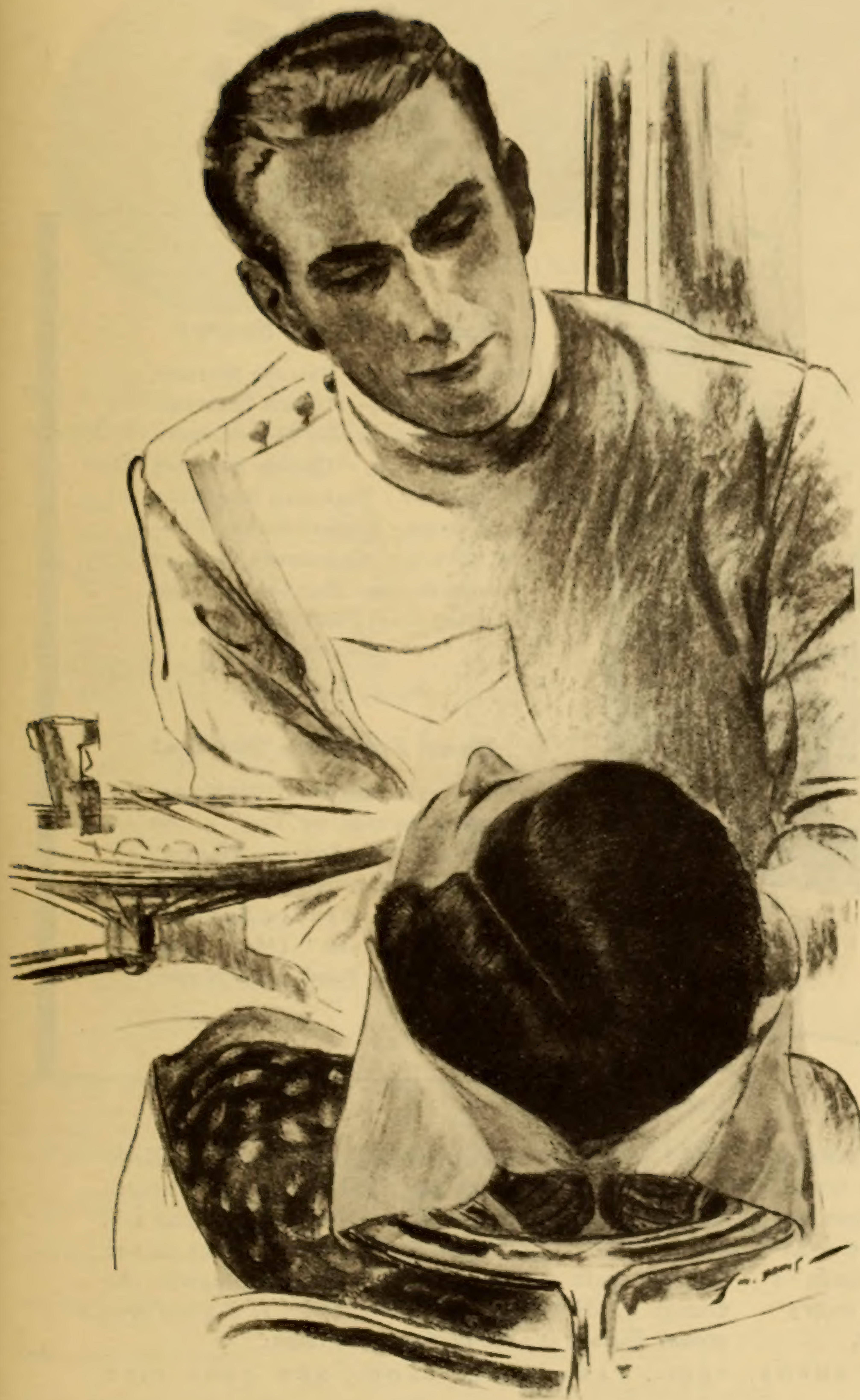
Have you seen them—the new "Surf Suits" with the evening-gown backs and the high waistline? *Ask* to see them—before you choose a new bathing suit for a new season! The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York City.

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you and your Dentist!



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YOU: And after that?

DENTIST: Well, "pink tooth brush" makes it easy for any one of an entire group of gum troubles to get a start. Vincent's disease, for instance, gingivitis. Sometimes, even pyorrhea, though that particular one is rather rare.

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DENTIST: You'd probably know it if you did! But there's another reason to stop "pink tooth brush" quickly! An unhealthy condition of the gums is likely to spoil the natural polish of your teeth. Neglect it and the roots of some may even become infected. And that may threaten some of your sound teeth.

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DENTIST: Ipana has ziratol in it. Ziratol is what we dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to health. You see, Ipana plus massage speeds up circulation and firms the gum walls. Try it. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then massage some more Ipana lightly into your gums. Once or twice a day. In a month or so your gums should be considerably harder and healthier than they are right at this minute.



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Paramount  Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXX No. 1

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

June, 1931



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR- ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"

1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"

1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"



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The Girl on the Cover

DOROTHY JORDAN—a little Southern girl from Clarksville, Tenn.—pretty, unaffected—obviously untouched by the more cruel aspects of the world—how does she so strikingly play her dramatic rôles in pictures?

It's one of Hollywood's current brain-cudgelers.

How can this gentle child, who very evidently hasn't "lived," in the modern sense of the word, be the fine dramatic success she's become since her stunning work in "Min and Bill"?

Is she a human sponge who soaks up the power and emotion of her directors? Or has she, beneath her calm surface, a true artistic vision and a well-spring of powerful emotion?

We asked her what was the most dramatic emotion of her life. She tried desperately to think of one. At last she told of a time when she competed in some sort of inter-city scholastic dramatic contest. She was so worn out from worry about her impending graduation, and so weary from class parties and dances, that when the time for her tryout came she fainted on the stage.

AND that was Dorothy Jordan's most dramatic moment before entering pictures!

Dorothy left Clarksville for New York, where she studied dramatics, worked in a chorus without being even slightly touched by the environment, and came to Hollywood. At first she was far from a success. Then, without warning, she blossomed out as a Grade-A dramatic actress!

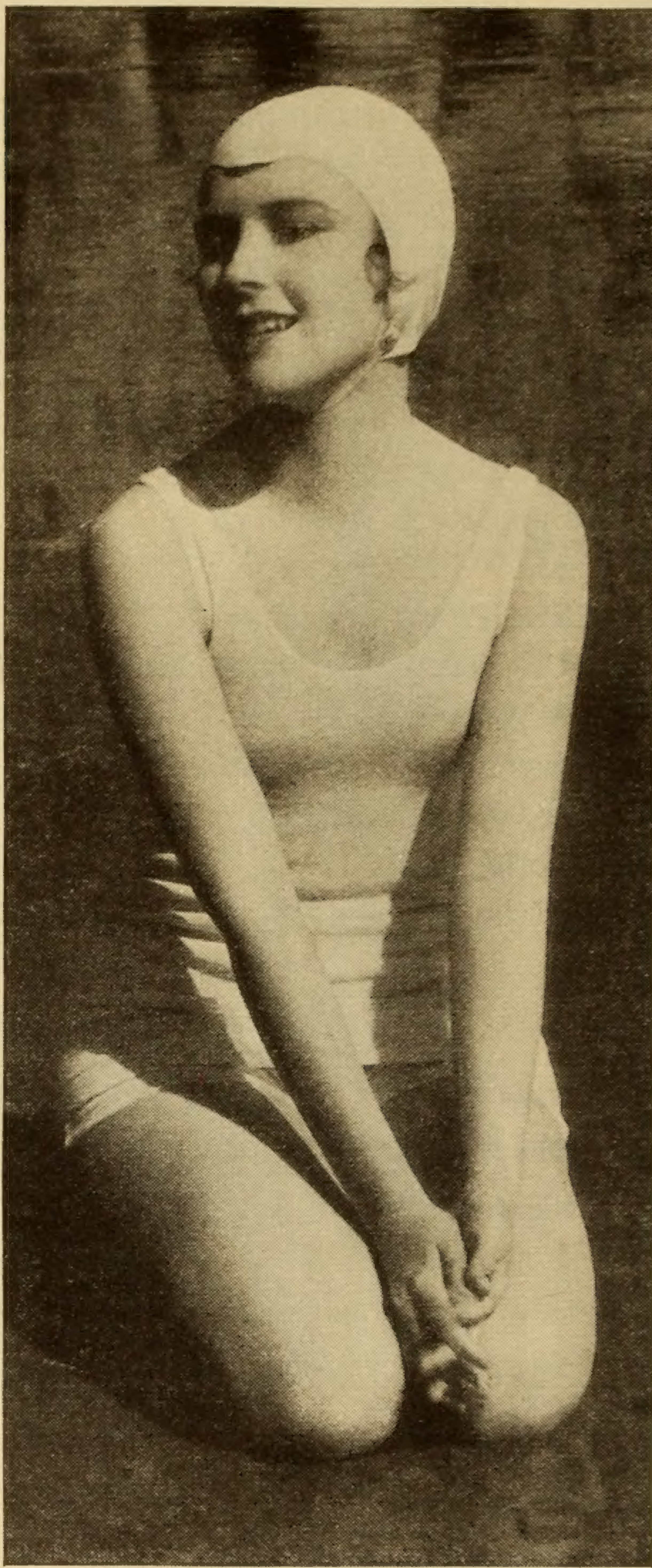
She's a spritely, amusing girl of whom mothers would approve as a sweetheart for Junior. She dresses simply—and it's a safe bet that not a soul would take her for an actress if they didn't know. She's the type one associates with strolling in moonlit gardens with adoring swains. She's the sort that should be protected from life.

Yet, here we find her cutting loose with some pretty strenuous dramatic rôles in the toughest, most heart-breaking, bitterest racket in the world. What's more, she's beat the game at which many a seasoned trouper has played, and flopped dismally.

It's enough to make even a good guesser give up!

IT may even be that this lack of actual life experience does the trick. She saves herself and her emotions for her work and does not scatter them as more avid and more careless people do.

Ramon Novarro helped her in this. When Dorothy came to Hollywood she was more excited than the dizziest fan from Bird Creek. Just being in a studio was enough to send her ga-ga



Very much in the Hollywood swim, this Dorothy Jordan girl, and you can take that two ways. Here she is in her new white bathing suit at the Pacific's edge. She seems to be devoutly hoping for some fine new dramatic rôles at Metro

with thrills. She used to arrive on the lot at seven in the morning so she'd have plenty of time to put on her make-up.

Novarro scolded her, in his nicest way.

LOOK here, Dorothy," he told her, "in this business you must save your energy. Don't spend what power you don't have to. Put your make-up on at home and you won't have to leave the house till eight-thirty."

Sound advice, and Dorothy took it. She saw that her constant state of excitement over whatever had to do with her career was sapping her vitality, her emotional power. She decisively and snappily stopped, and began pouring her young energy into her work.

Hear Dorothy herself.

"When the studio wants me to do anything, I want to be able to do it!"

She took singing, dancing and voice-placement instruction. She acquired conversational French. She readied herself for big things—and they came.

It isn't true that she lives a cloistered life. She has plenty of beaux, and goes to parties without her mother. But Dorothy, herself, chooses a quiet life—she needs her strength for the camera.

SHE isn't extravagant, though her mother handles her finances.

When she was getting a pretty good salary, she decided that it would be pleasant to move from their furnished duplex apartment into a little nicer place. She found an unfurnished apartment that she loved. It rented for \$100 a month but it meant that the furniture from Clarksville would have to be shipped. "I'll have to wait a while," Dorothy said.

"My contract may not be renewed. I'd rather not go in so deep until I know I can."

Now, of course, she can plunge a bit. She, her mother and sister live in a charming place at the beach.

Although, particularly when she tasted the first drop of success, it thrilled her to be recognized and pointed out by fans as "the girl who's in Ramon Novarro's picture," she is essentially a modest person. During the making of "Min and Bill" an important magazine editor came on the set. Every member of the cast was introduced to him and then Marie Dressler said, "But you haven't met the most charming one of all. Where's Dorothy?"

And there, away from the others, in a remote corner, sat Dorothy who had not come up to the visitor as the rest had. And this is not a pose. It was simply that she considered herself less important than the others. Sweet kid, this Dorothy Jordan, and a skilful actress!

GEORGE ARLISS



"THE MILLIONAIRE"

George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.

Based on "Idle Hands" by EARL DERR BIGGERS
Screen play by J. Josephson & Maude T. Powell
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington
Directed by JOHN ADOLFI
"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (Dec.)

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March)

ALOHA—Rogell Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March)

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (Dec.)

ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia.—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (Feb.)

ATLANTIC—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (Dec.)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (May)

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (Feb.)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (May)

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (Jan.)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (Feb.)

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—Radio Pictures.—Mary Astor fine as the clever secretary who helps her boss (Robert Ames) to rise to importance in the industrial world. Interesting story. (April)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathé.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (May)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (May)

BIG MONEY—Pathé.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convulse you. (Jan.)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (Dec.)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (Feb.)

BODY AND SOUL—Fox.—See this one. Great entertainment. Charlie Farrell and Elissa Landi (from the stage). You'll like her. Myrna Loy is the mean one. (April)

BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (Dec.)

BROTHERS—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (Jan.)

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA.—The Germans present an interesting lesson in astronomy, if you like astronomy. (April)

CAT CREEPS, THE—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (Dec.)

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (Jan.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (Feb.)

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (May)

CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (Jan.)

★ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**—Fox.—It's better than the silent version and you'll love Will Rogers. William Farnum and Myrna Loy are excellent. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson supply the love interest. (April)

CONQUERING HORDE, THE—Paramount.—Dick Arlen makes this Western fine entertainment. Fay Wray adorable as the girl. (April)

COSTELLO CASE—Sono Art—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (Jan.)

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a rush of dialogue to the screen, and not very good dialogue. Amusing in spots. (April)

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (Feb.)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (Feb.)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (Feb.)

DERELICT—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (Dec.)

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (Feb.)

DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)—Aafa-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (Jan.)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (May)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (May)

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (Dec.)

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi in a story of jealousy. Not very convincing. (April)

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox.—Husbands, wives and lovers mix-up. Good adult entertainment, with smart dialogue. Roland Young, Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel make the most of their parts. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

The Story Entitled
**Hollywood's Age
of Fear**
will not appear in this issue
as announced last month but
it will be in next month's
PHOTOPLAY
and is
Worth Waiting For

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox.—Grand mystery with lots of thrills and romance. Warner Oland marvelous as Chan. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the love interest. (April)

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the *Fresh Air Taxi*! Dis am entertainment! (Dec.)

CHILDREN OF DREAMS—Warners.—A musical which you can miss and think nothing of it. (April)

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (Feb.)

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (Feb.)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (Jan.)



They're off again on a rampage—Flagg and Quirt—the world-popular characters created by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, and made famous by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, in "WHAT PRICE GLORY" and "THE COCK EYED WORLD".

Flagg and Quirt—leathernecks, fightin', lovin' fools—in a delirious love-loop 'round the world—dallying with damsels of sheer delight—loving a harem of luscious ladies—a gorgeous joyride of laughs exceeding your most fantastic dreams.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Mystery melodrama with enough murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty. Good cast headed by Warner Oland and June Collyer. (April)

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March)

EAST IS WEST—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy*. Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie*. They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (Dec.)

★ **EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—Don't miss this one. Beautiful, artistic production of the heart-breaking old melodrama. Ann Harding captivatingly beautiful. Fine support by Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook. (April)

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (Jan.)

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (Jan.)

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (Dec.)

FAIR WARNING—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (Jan.)

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (Feb.)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (Dec.)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (Dec.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (Feb.)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (May)

FINN AND HATTIE—Paramount.—One long howl. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock's* trip abroad ruined by a fiendish nephew and a daughter, played well by Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. (April)

FLAME OF LOVE, THE—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (Jan.)

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (Dec.)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (Feb.)

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (Dec.)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (Feb.)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (May)

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (March)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March)

GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—Sonor Prod.—The Germans crash through with a good one. Grim melodrama with plenty of action and some good songs. (April)

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox.—Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and William Janney are a fine cast wasted in a story that never rings true. (April)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (May)

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (Feb.)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (May)

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (Feb.)

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a coupla guns. A sizzling hot Western. (Jan.)

HEADS UP—Paramount.—Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (Dec.)

HELL BOUND—Cruze-Tiffany Prod.—Good gang story if you're not tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and Lola Lane is completely charming. (April)

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (Dec.)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (Nar Rosorna Sla Ut)—Paramount.—Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (April)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (May)

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (Feb.)

HOT HEIRESS, THE—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (Dec.)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (March)

★ **ILLICIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A daring film, strong and moving. (Jan.)

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (Feb.)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount.—The old stage play revamped for the talkies with plenty of speed and lots of laughs. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. (April)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (May)

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March)

JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (Dec.)

JUNE MOON—Paramount.—You'll like this one. Ring Lardner wrote the wisecracking lines and Jack Oakie puts them over with a bang. (April)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (Dec.)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (Feb.)

KEPT HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Lively entertainment. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea an attractive pair and the still beautiful Clara Kimball Young returns to us. (April)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wising you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

FAY WRAY
REGIS TOOMEY
ROBERT ELLIOTT
Adaptation by ROBERT LORD
Dialogue by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS
A John Francis Dillon Production
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!



in

"The Finger Points"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

★ **KIKI**—United Artists.—Presenting a new Mary Pickford, saucy and sophisticated in a grand comedy. You can safely take the kids. Reginald Denny is the lead. (April)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (Dec.)

LADY REFUSES, THE—Radio Pictures.—If you want a good cry, here's your chance. Rather an old story, but Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it realistic. (April)

LADY SURRENDERS, A—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (Dec.)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (Dec.)

LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard ridin', and that's all there is to it. (Jan.)

LASH, THE—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical Saxonia. (Jan.)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (May)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (May)

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (Dec.)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (Jan.)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for it's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (Jan.)

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (May)

LION AND THE LAMB, THE—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (Jan.)

LITTLE CAESAR—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (Dec.)

LITTLE CAFE, THE (Le Petit Cafe)—Paramount.—Chevalier's French version of "Playboy of Paris" and simply great. Gay and charming with more songs added and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. (April)

★ **LONELY WIVES**—Pathe.—Edward Everett Horton great, in a side-splitting farce. Patsy Ruth Miller, Esther Ralston and Laura La Plante are the girls involved. (April)

LOOSE ENDS—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (Jan.)

LOVE HABIT, THE—British International.—British conception of a French bedroom farce. Very heavy. (April)

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March)

LOVE TRADER, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (Dec.)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (Feb.)

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March)

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (May)

MAN TO MAN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (Dec.)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March)

MEN CALL IT LOVE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Among the Married.") Sophisticated story of married life in the country club set. Adolphe Menjou excellent. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams good as the young lovers. Not for the children. (April)

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

Columbia Pictures Page 115
First National Pictures . . Page 11
Fox Films Page 9
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Radio Pictures Page 111
Warner Bros. Page 7

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish locale and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (Feb.)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE—Chesterfield Prod.—Nothing new, but plenty of excitement. Good for the kids. (April)

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March)

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evelyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (May)

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (Dec.)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (Dec.)

MOTHERS CRY—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (Dec.)

★ **MOTHER'S MILLIONS**—Liberty Prod.—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (April)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (May)

MURDER—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (Jan.)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (Feb.)

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music of the drama first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (Jan.)

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox.—Three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Top-notch entertainment. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon share acting honors. (April)

OH, FOR A MAN!—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (Jan.)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (Dec.)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (Feb.)

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway.") Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (Dec.)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (May)

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law.")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (Jan.)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March)

★ **PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—M-G-M.—It's a howl, this farce. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood race for honors. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing. (April)

PART TIME WIFE—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (Jan.)

PASSION FLOWER—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (Jan.)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (Feb.)

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (Jan.)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (Feb.)

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

A Kiss May Spread Disease!



Discovered! Pepsodent Mouth Wash checks bad breath longer than leading mouth antiseptics!! 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs!!!

A GAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics."

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the stand-

ard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other leading mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic when diluted with several parts of water. Hence, it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories



“Touch Not Yon Blonde

WHAM! The warfare Katherine Albert started when she wrote the article in a recent issue of *PHOTOPLAY* called “Exploding the Garbo Myth.” Sky rockets, pin wheels, Roman candles, hand grenades, shrapnel shells and poison gas came popping, banging and hissing into *PHOTOPLAY*’s office. Through the rockets’ red glare with bombs bursting in air, our neighbors began to wonder if *PHOTOPLAY* was still there.

The only thing we didn’t get was a time bomb, and this was only because no one thought of it. We even heard from insane asylums, old soldiers’ homes, maternity wards and orphan asylums.

No story ever printed about a screen personality started as many fireworks as Miss Albert’s story that Garbo is tainted with humanity and is not a goddess.

All bulky packages addressed to Katherine Albert were delivered to the Police Bomb Squad to be soaked in water before opening. The editor of another screen magazine received a long article denouncing Miss Albert and proclaiming the divinity of Garbo, with the statement that unless the article was printed in that magazine the writer would publish a magazine of her own.

Miss Albert was denounced in bombastic, flaming epithets that made her cute little pink ears turn a livid purple and crinkle at the edges. She was put in a class with Benedict Arnold, Nero and Judas. Lucrezia Borgia, she discovered, was just an amateur poisoner compared to herself. And all because she had the temerity to suggest that Garbo was less than Divine.

THE fact that she did say many nice things about Garbo didn’t save her from abuse.

“Nobody has ever had such a place in the film firmament,” wrote Miss Albert. “Nobody has ever had such a hold on the imagination of the people.”

And again: “Garbo’s a nice girl.”

And again: “She’s invariably lovely and kind to the new actors and actresses who work with her. She is touched by illness and sadness and expresses herself in flowers and gifts to those who are ill or sad.”

But no matter. Miss Albert thought the Garbo legend of mystery was just a myth—and the war was on!

When the smoke of the Garbo vs. Albert battle cleared we discovered numerous letters in praise of “Skippy.” How the kids loved it! “The Front Page” caused

a sensation; hats were doffed high to Adolphe Meriou for a grand performance. “Dracula” stirred up much excitement, too much for those with jagged nerves. Complaints galore because the music had been removed from “Fifty Million Frenchmen.” There is a decided yearning creeping into the fan mail for more music in the talkies. The pendulum is swinging back.

GEORGE ARLISS’ admiring throned thought “The Millionaire” a great picture and they liked to see him playing an American for a change. Evalyn Knapp as his daughter received nothing but bouquets and was nominated as a sure candidate for stardom. Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in “Honor Among Lovers” won the popular vote. Robert Montgomery is dodging brick-bats and picking up bouquets at the same time. Lew Ayres is a boy wonder. Paul Lukas is g-r-r-r-and! Better stories are demanded for Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers. He’s still a big favorite.

Insistent cries for more romance in the talkies, less sensationalism, worth while stories with some plot; cut out misleading advertisements.

And always the Garbo Army for the Defense telling us—commanding us—to watch our step and leave the Divine Woman unassailed.

Now for the barrage that landed, some 15,854 strong, on our defenseless heads and left us groggy and hanging on the ropes!

For and Against

GARBO is all soul in an age where soul is forgotten.

BLANCHE DRISCOLL,
Philadelphia, Penna.

I’ll never read another story by Katherine Albert as long as I live, unless it is entitled “I Apologize to Garbo.”

ELLEN BROWN,
New York City

Garbo is the scale by which we measure our stars. No one has ever reached her standard.

ELIZABETH WALTER,
Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Miss Albert has failed in her attempt to discredit the world’s greatest actress.

ROSE LANE,
Medford, Ore.



Weight 98 pounds. Fifteen thousand Garbo-Forever fans pounced on her. She still maintains that Garbo is not divine



a Hair of Head," etc.

a. crouch

Once in an age a vibrant, magnetic personality is given to the world—such a personality is Garbo's.

MERLE DELANEY,
Montreal, Can.

I've bought my last copy of PHOTOPLAY.

J. D. SISSON,
New York City

We know our Garbo! She is as we want her to be. Don't try to put us "wise" to her.

NELL LAIZELERE,
Birmingham, Ala.

That our Divine Garbo is brilliant and talented is too obvious a thing to bicker about.

GENE CARTWELL,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Give up the hopeless task of trying to destroy our illusions about Garbo. No matter what she is, no matter what she does, we'll go right on worshipping her.

A. M. AMBLER,
New York City

Get Katherine Albert off your staff quick! Anyone calling the Great Garbo an "emotional machine" will ruin PHOTOPLAY.

MARY JANET BROWN,
New Orleans, La.

Fifty million people can't be wrong. Katherine Albert's article hasn't convinced me that Garbo's charm is caused by a "facial trick."

MAXINE DIES,
Denver, Col.

The Public—which after all is the greatest boss—judged Garbo and found her NOT lacking.

ROSE ANDERSON,
Flag Center, Kan.

Down with this joy-killing debunker who cannot let us worship our Goddess in peace!

ANNA MCLEAN,
Enderlin, N. D.

PHOTOPLAY is the most outstanding screen magazine in the world, but if Katherine Albert writes against Garbo, the Immortal, we shall never read PHOTOPLAY again.

MARY LEE,
Chicago, Ill.

Exploding—that's how I feel after reading Katherine Albert's article on the unsurpassable Garbo. Garbo is the greatest living actress.

A. F. SANDERSON,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Don't give us any more articles like "Exploding the Garbo Myth." No one wants to know that her idol has clay feet. Leave us our stars untarnished by the glare of unflattering reality.

SARA MIDDLEMAN,
Philadelphia, Penna.

"Garbo is no great shakes as an actress," says Katherine Albert. At that rate "Anna Christie," "Romance" and "Inspiration" must have been optical illusions.

ANNA M. BIENEMAN,
Philadelphia, Penna.

This kind of criticism can hurt no one. When Garbo reads it she'll probably give one of her entrancing smiles and say, "Oh, dot's silly." That's what we think.

HELEN H. ALDRICH,
Evanston, Ill.

If Garbo is "no great shakes as an actress" and her artistry is "merely a facial trick," then, dear me, what in the world is wrong with the few million of us who sit and twiddle our thumbs waiting for the release of her next picture?

HAZEL BRIGGS,
Greenville, Mich.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

Best Letters of Month

The \$25 Letter

To the movies I owe a debt of gratitude. During my hardest years they offered me respite and escape. When life is pretty thick, money scarce, clothes shabby, just slip into the grateful darkness of a movie theater for a couple of hours. I remember one occasion in particular. After nursing the kids and their father through a siege of flu, cold packs, hot packs, aspirin, orange juice and the rest, I had them at last safely convalescent and slipped out to a show. It was a romance as picturesque as an old tapestry. And did I enjoy it! I walked home in the rain with new energy to tackle my job.

Time has passed. My children are older, life a little easier, but I still go to

the movies for the pleasure they give me.

MRS. MARIAN RODGERS,
Portland, Ore.

The \$10 Letter

From the beginning of motion pictures to the present time there have been a large number of clergymen who seem to have nothing but destructive criticism for the screen.

They are denouncing something they know nothing about. For an example, on a Sunday evening a few weeks ago, I listened to a minister tell about what a menace the movies were. He wound up his discourse by saying that he and his children had never been in a picture show.

I said to myself, "Brother, if you had

gone to see 'The Devil's Holiday' last week, you probably would have had a better text for your sermon this evening."

PEARL ELLINGTON,
Long Beach, Calif.

The \$5 Letter

The creed of the box office seems to be to make pictures appear a little off-color or the public will be bored. Many a so-called "bad" picture is in reality a beautiful thing, subtly and delicately handled and not the indecent type one is led to expect from its lurid title. The "badness" of a picture often lies in the way it is advertised.

LAURA BELLE CONNER,
Battle Creek, Mich.



In "Bachelor Apartment," the employer (Lowell Sherman) might be saying to his secretary (Irene Dunne), "Be hard on yourself, I haven't got time"

A Tip for Lazy Girls

THERE'S one in every office. In every factory, and shop, and school. And in plenty of homes. The girl who can always find an excuse for herself, a reason why she shouldn't be censured either for small slips or serious mistakes. Who thinks everybody is "hard on her" but never connects it with not being hard enough on herself.

I heard a story recently that illustrates just what I mean. The secretary to a busy and important man made a mistake during the first month of her work for him that cost the company quite a sum of money. Discouraged and conscience-stricken, she went into his office to apologize and receive the discharge she knew she deserved.

Disconcerted by his abrupt, impersonal attitude as she began the set little speech she had composed, her poise left her completely and she found herself mumbling how sorry she was and begging him not to be too hard on her.

"Be hard on yourself," he snapped back. "I haven't time to be hard on the people in my office. If they can't see and correct their own shortcomings, I let them go. Maybe other business men have time to argue. I haven't. Now, please get your note-book. I'm going out of town to try to save the pieces on this deal, and there are some important jobs you will have to follow up while I'm gone."

Frightened by the sternness of his code, but grateful for being given another chance, she set herself to making a concentrated attack upon each day's work. She learned to be really hard on herself. It showed in the thoroughness of her work

They wonder why they don't get along in office, home and social affairs

and the speed with which she developed judgment in business affairs.

Two years later, when her title was changed to "assistant" to cover the increased scope of her duties, she was told that the money her mistake had cost the company had long since been chalked up as an investment. They realized that it had made her develop from an average stenographer to a

wide-awake business woman.

I KNEW a wife who thought her husband was unusually hard to please. He liked his meals hot and on time. He liked his newspaper handy to his easy chair in the evening. He liked everything that made for comfort in his home. He grumbled when he didn't get it. And she resented this, and thought he was demanding a great deal.

One day he said something in anger that stung her, not to immediate action, but to some real thinking. "If I put out as little effort to make good in my job and earn my salary as you do, there wouldn't be any job or any money to run this house," he exploded.

Amazed at his audacity in reminding her, a modern woman who had been self-supporting before marriage, that she was dependent upon him for a living, she was quite speechless. Yes, this is a true incident, and women are sometimes left speechless with surprise or indignation, the joke-smiths and comic strip artists to the contrary! Women always deliver their best come-backs in their own imaginary conversations, long after the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

ARE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Is Hollywood's Indescribable "IT"

Hidden in the MAGIC OF MAKE-UP

Is make-up the secret of the glamorous beauty of the screen stars?

Can every girl create a beauty that thrills... a personality that attracts... with Hollywood's Make-Up Secret?

Read the answer... by
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius...
Max Factor.

"IT"... that indescribable something about a personality that attracts, that allures, that appeals; that is magnetic and electric. Every famous screen star has it... and holds an audience of millions spellbound. What is the secret?

"What we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics... every woman should know. True! make-up is magic... and in the magic of make-up lies more than new beauty... but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars and studios, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty... gain new personality... new charm... new attraction... listen! In Hollywood, screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for street and social wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony... Max Factor's famous discovery which revolutionized make-up in Hollywood, and caused all stars and studios to adopt his make-up exclusively. A make-up ensemble... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other essentials in perfect color harmonies for every individual type of beauty... in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too... just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual personality... suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

Now you... like a screen star... may share this secret of beauty. Max Factor will create for you... just as he would for a screen star... your own color harmony in make-up, according to your own complexion analysis, and with this priceless gift you will receive a copy of his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Discover this make-up secret of Hollywood's... and you'll discover the one way to new beauty, new fascination, and that indescribable something called "it" which until now has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood. Mail courtesy coupon now.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ❖ ❖ ❖ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

©1930 Max Factor



DOROTHY MACKAILL

starring in
First National's production
"Party Husbands"
Make-Up by Max Factor

Dorothy Mackaill, writes: "I use your make-up exclusively, as there is none just as good as Max Factor's Society Make-Up."

* * *

LORETTA YOUNG,
First National Star and Max Factor,
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius using
the correct color harmony tone in Max
Factor's Face Powder.

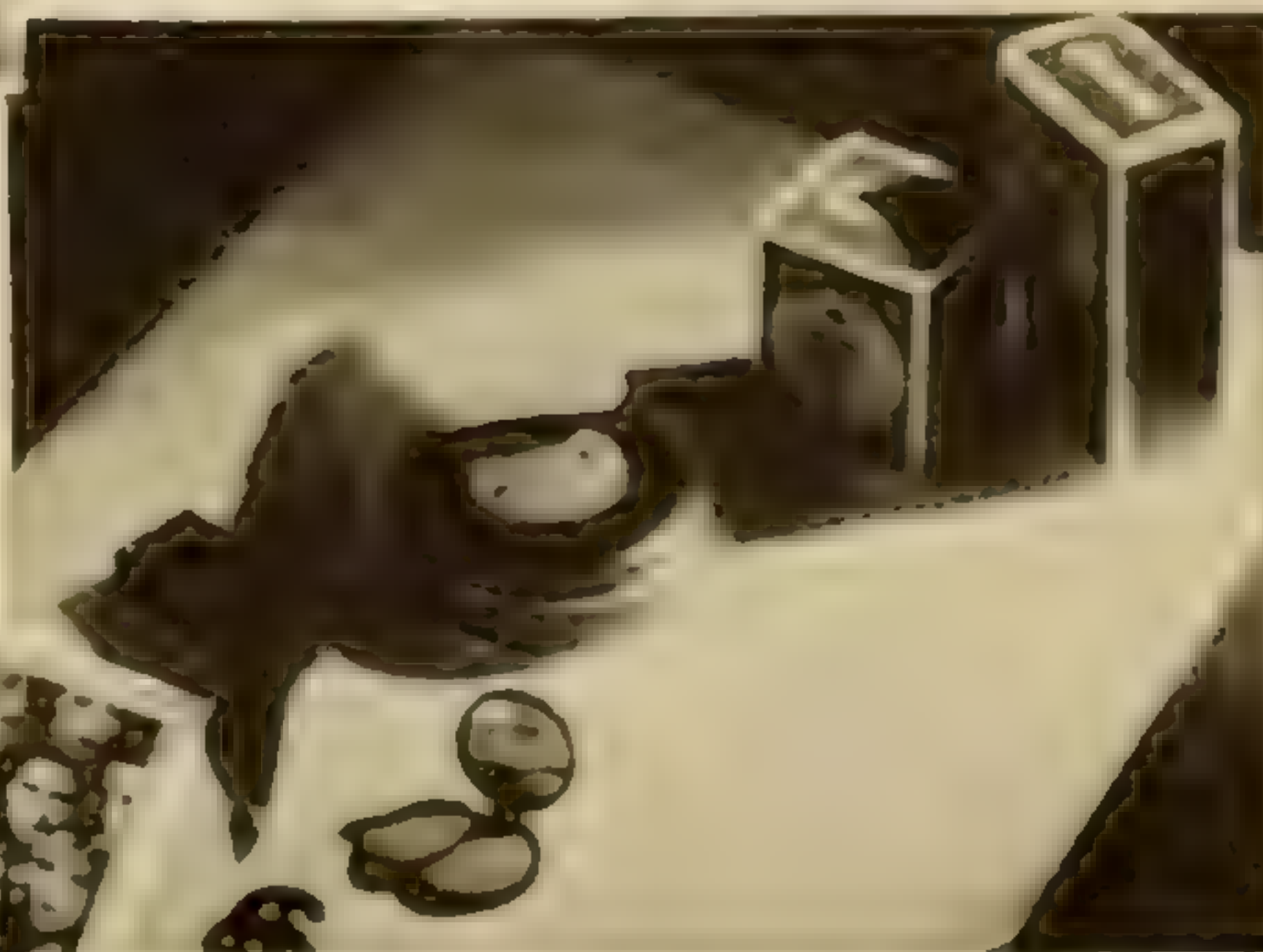


Photo study of the color harmony ensemble of Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-6-40
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____		COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Address _____		Light				Light	
City _____		Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
State _____		Medium				SKIN	
		Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oil	
		Dark				Dry	
		Sallow		AGE		Normal	
		Olive		Answer with Check Mark			



“till BREATH do us part”

*I*s the time coming when halitosis (unpleasant breath) will be legal grounds for separation? We hope not. There are too many grounds now.

Yet halitosis has already been listed as an act of “extreme cruelty.” In another case, tried in the Chicago courts, it was set forth as the principal cause of a woman’s unhappiness with her husband.

One thing is certain: There is no greater bar to pleasant business and social relations than unpleasant breath. It is the fault others won’t forgive.

Don’t offend others

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend won’t tell you. Even when married, a man or woman hesitates to bring up this delicate subject.

One way to make sure that you are always free from halitosis is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine in-

stantly overcomes odors and leaves the breath and the mouth sweet, clean, and wholesome. Its amazing powers as a deodorant have been demonstrated in medical practice the world over.

Causes of halitosis

Every day, conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise in the mouth. Its common causes are: Fermenting food particles. Decaying teeth. Teeth, natural or artificial, improperly cleaned. Digestive disorders resulting from excesses of eating or drinking. Too much smoking. Infections in the oral tract, such as pyorrhea, trench mouth, catarrh, and colds.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of Listerine’s instant germicidal action, it halts fermentation and decay—each a cause of odors. Since it is, in addi-

tion, a swift, pleasant deodorant, it quickly gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it before any social engagement. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE ends Halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)



Shalitt

A NATURAL, regular fellow—a superb actor of romantic and light comedy rôles—and a star against his will—all these go to make up Fredric March, “Fred” to us since his memorable, mirth-quaking work in “The Royal Family of Broadway”



Clarence Sinclair Bull

IT took a ramble in "The Great Meadow," Metro's beautiful story of the pioneers, to bring Eleanor Boardman back to us. Now she's playing in Cecil De Mille's "The Squaw Man." Other times she's Mrs. King Vidor, mother of two small Viders



R. Lee

BLESS our hearts—do your eagle eyes detect a more mature, a more womanly Nancy Carroll here? The same pretty face and coloring—but Nancy's growing up, and no mistake. Maybe it's the brilliant dramatic parts Paramount has been giving her!



Fryer

CCARE for the curls in front of the right ear? It's one of Dorothy Mackaill's new little stunts. Dorothy's talkie success is assured, and getting greater every minute. Her next picture for us is "Party Husband," and she says we'll like it

Your SEWING PROBLEMS SOLVED

New plan entitles you to
FREE personal help with your summer sewing
no cost—no obligation—simply use coupon



WHAT help do you need right *now* with your summer sewing? What are you planning to make or what would you *like* to make? A dress for yourself, a child's frock, draperies for your home? Or would you like help in altering and adjusting a pattern? Whatever your need or your sewing problem, you can have *free* personal help at once through this special offer.

Not One Penny of Cost

During June, July and August, every Singer Sewing School in the United States and Canada is giving a series of special free Summer Sewing Courses. They are short, interesting, practical. They bring you the personal help of a competent teacher, the same teacher who conducts the complete Course in Home Sewing given to all purchasers of Singer machines.

For the summer months only, these Special Courses are Free. There is not one penny of cost to you. Not the slightest obligation on your part. Simply choose the Course that meets your needs and enjoy its benefits.

Come now and be among the very first to accept this unusual offer. Tell your friends and invite them to come with you. Do not miss this opportunity to have personal help on your immediate sewing problems.

Send Coupon for Enrollment Certificate

Fill out the coupon below and take it to the Singer Shop nearest your home (see telephone directory for address). You will receive at once your Enrollment Certificate entitling you to this free help on your sewing problems. Or, send the coupon to us and we will immediately send you by mail your Enrollment Certificate and the address of the Singer Shop where you may enjoy these special Summer Sewing Courses free.

Your Enrollment Certificate also entitles you to your choice, *free*, of any one of these books in the Singer Sewing Library—"How to Make Dresses," "How to Make Children's Clothes," "How to Make Draperies," "Short Cuts to Home Sewing."

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Please issue to me an Enrollment Certificate entitling me without cost or obligation during June, July or August, to special personal instruction at the nearest Singer Sewing School; also to my choice, free, of any one book in the Singer Sewing Library

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Choose **COLORS** that make your

Hair

gleam with

BEAUTY

says



DOROTHY DIX

Sympathetic advisor of millions of girls, and probably the most widely read writer in the world

"SO many letters from girls—all longing for the loveliness that will awaken romance! Dear, eager girls—nowadays no girl needs to be plain!

"Any girl who wears the right **COLORS** can seem so radiantly charming that the men simply flock around her—for men love color.

A Shining Halo

"Your hair, for example—is it the shining halo of loveliness your heart desires? The right color in your frock can make your hair gleam with beauty (and men will tell you so!).

"Only remember this: once you've chosen your best colors, take care not to risk fading. For two reasons:

1. Fading diminishes the emotional thrill of the color.
2. Fading—even slight fading—may make a color 'off' for you.

"But you need not fear fading if you wash your colorful frocks, gay blouses, in Lux. For Lux is made to preserve color.

"Ordinary 'good' soaps often do take away a little color as they cleanse, but Lux is safe. You know their slogan, 'If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux!' That's absolutely true.

"Not only in your clothes, but in your HOME, fresh lovely color adds charm and glamour to YOU! Dainty curtains, sofa pillows, tablelinens—keep them all colorful as new with Lux!"

Dorothy Dix

This very lovely printed chiffon, washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap, has faded and run, lost all charm. The brilliant distinction of the pattern is lost, too, in the change of color tone.

Another piece of the same chiffon Luxed 10 times is unfaded; the colors are absolutely true and the fabric unchanged in any way. All the distinguished beauty it had when new is retained.

"The right colors can flatter all your good points and subdue all your bad ones. Make you so radiantly charming that men flock around!"



*If a color is safe
in water alone...
it's just as safe in
LUX*

June, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

HAVE you seen "Skippy" yet? If not, gather together all the kids you can crowd into your automobile, saving a seat for grandma, and take them along with you. It's a refreshing treat in these cinematic days of gangsters and hot mammas, and is done with infinite *finesse* and insight into child psychology.

In the usual course of screen events, there will follow a deluge of imitations trying to cash in on Paramount's success with this one.

Then, also, in the usual course of screen events, because some of the imitations will be crude, there will ensue a loud howl from the busybodies and joy-killers who eternally concern themselves with our earthly habits and heavenly destination, and who think the motion picture should be submitted to the domination of the same mob of spiritual gangsters who put over prohibition.

MARK you, within a year we will be reading stories like this in the daily press:

Enoch Z. Bluenose, that ardent worker in the cause of child welfare, declared yesterday that the screen is responsible for an unprecedented epidemic of juvenile delinquency which threatens to corrupt the very foundations of American home life.

"I warn every parent in my flock to protect their dear little ones from the contaminating influence of the screen, and particularly from a vicious picture called 'Skippy,'" said Mr. Bluenose.

"At the risk of personal pollution, I visited the Paramount Theater and viewed this abominable production. Imagine my surprise and horror to find the theater filled with children of tender and impressionable age.

"These poor misguided children actually laughed at the rascalities of this reprehensible young character in the act of breaking the fourth commandment. He robs a bank, deceives and disobeys his parents, flaunts the laws, and consorts with low and degrading characters."



NO, rather make sweet little hypocrites, tattletales and namby-pambies of them—the kind of kids you would like to see the scoundrelly *Skippy* give a sock in the eye just for good luck.

SMART little trick, Richard Bennett's daughter, Constance. When that poor inexperienced girl gets busy, the sharp business men of Hollywood are as helpless as babes.

Her old Pathe contract gave her ten weeks' vacation. Did she go to Europe for rest and study, as they call it?

She did not. She negotiated a deal with Warner Bros. for those vacation weeks at nothing less than \$10,000 per.

They wanted her badly but told her the price was too high, and pointed out that anyhow the government would grab a big slice of it for income tax.

"You're right. I see your point," said the timid little bunch of fluffy femininity meekly, "I'll think it over."

NEXT day she told the big business men she had an idea, and coyly suggested that they pay the income tax in addition.

Four executives were carried out, but before they collapsed they agreed, lest Connie get another idea while in their weakened condition.

Then she negotiated a new contract with RKO-Pathe. They cut her vacation to four weeks a year, and she only gets a niggardly \$25,000 a week while loafing away her time.

"I had been out late at a dance and was too tired to fight," Connie told a friend with whom she lunched at the Ambassador Hotel that day.

God help the producers if that girl ever catches up with her sleep.

WHEN Robert Edeson died in Hollywood at sixty-three, a unique man and spirit went quietly into the Sunset.

Bob Edeson wasn't unique because he was a fine actor and stout trouper of the old school—the stages and studios still hold a sprinkling of his kind.

No—Edeson was unique because among all men of the theater he most graciously and successfully transferred his flag from the old theater to the new world of the screen, and moved in picture-land a trusted, kindly adviser—a faithful friend to the youngsters—and ever a good actor who trouped until illness closed his make-up box for all time.

When he knew that his end was near, he said to his old friend Edmund Breese, at his bedside, “If it's all right, Ed, have the funeral at noon, so the boys and girls can come without holding up a picture.”

IN all my sixteen years as publisher of PHOTOPLAY I have known of only two personalities with a following so devoted that the idol could do no wrong. One was Valentino. The other is Greta Garbo.

The reaction to a critical article written by Katherine Albert, who dared to question the artistic dimensions and divinity of Garbo, was the most amazing in the history of this publication.

No sooner was the magazine on the newsstands than letters of rebuke, reproach, condemnation, castigation, disgust and contempt for both writer and publication, started coming in—over 15,000 in all. If Garbomaniacs mean what they say we'll have at least that many less readers from now on.

Do not miss reading some of these letters on page 14 of this issue. They offer a curious insight into the reason why producers will never be able to dispense with the star system, and why many picture personalities are literally worth more than their weight in gold in every production in which they appear.

JOHN DRINKWATER, one of the most distinguished of living writers, biographer of Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee and Samuel Pepys, has become the Boswell of Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal Company.

Twenty-five thousand pieces of silver is the reported price that the distinguished English biographer got for his hack job of a book. It lauds Laemmle as the greatest figure in all motion pictures. Edison, Griffith, Zukor, Fox; these chaps are not permitted to mess up Mr. Drinkwater's version of how Carl Laemmle played the rôle of God in the Genesis of picture history.

AS a piece of personal aggrandizement, it deserves any award in sight. As a biography, it is trash.

Laemmle is frank in his eternal quest of publicity. As to Drinkwater—well, when a guy is paid \$25,000 or thereabouts, he has to say something, even if he does stick in an apologetic note here and there.

Now, Mr. Drinkwater, you can go back to work on your biographies of those other great men—Napoleon and Julius Caesar.

And as you go out, close the door.

NO film news of the month carries as much significance to the industry as the untimely death of Lewis Warner, twenty-two-year-old and only son of Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Bros. He was a brilliant and utterly unspoiled young man with all the application and mental balance that make for achievement.

I have rarely seen such an outpouring of genuine sorrow and sympathy as the whole motion picture industry evinced on the occasion of his passing.

WHEN you go into a book store and see a volume called “Stage Struck John Golden,” obey that impulse and walk out with it, even if you have to pay for it!

It's a text book on the stage, motion pictures, radio, selling gold bricks, philosophy, humor, big business, deep sea fishing and golf, although it has little to say about any but the first two. I think it is at one and the same time the best text book for motion picture producers that I have ever read, and one of the most delightful volumes that ever kept me up until three in the morning.

I DON'T want to spoil your illusions by telling you he made his millions (and still has them) by producing clean plays. But it's so.

One of the most fascinating yarns in the book is about the close call from oblivion “7th Heaven” had. Golden had faith in a little manuscript that came to his office. He asked Winchell Smith, William Gillette, Edgar Selwyn, and half a dozen other big-shot writers to work on it. They couldn't see it. So it became one of the most sensational successes in the history of stage or screen, and made millions.

Golden started out as a song writer, but has reformed, and is today a fairly respectable citizen.

A FAMOUS writer from New York had just left the inner office of one of the big moguls of Hollywood.

“That man has the most alert mind I ever knew,” ventured one of the ace directors of the lot.

“Yes, indeed,” said the producer. “It never stops until it reaches the studio.”



HARDLY less merciless than the white glare of publicity is this battery of huge lights which Clara Bow faces daily when she is making a picture. That one at the lower left is a rifle; above, a sun arc; center, a twin or broad, a spotlight and baby spot; right, two "inkies"



With “Skippy”

on the Set

“Don’t worry, *Sooky*, we’ll get *Penny* back.” One of the picture’s tear-jerking moments

A TOUGH day on the “Skippy” set. . . . It had been the fourth “bum take”! Five-year-old Robert Coogan, dressed in the oversized habiliments of *Sooky*, just couldn’t seem to get the scene right, somehow. Director Norman Taurog, for once, was at his wits’ end. Papa Coogan, always on the stage, took a hand:

“Look, Bobbie,” he said to his five-year-old successor to Jackie, “you don’t have to do all that mugging to make this scene. You can act it with your eyes. Why—don’t you remember how your brother Jackie used to work?”

Young Robert Coogan drew himself up to his full forty-eight inches and looked his father square in the eye.

“Father,” he piped, in that amazing childish treble that squeaks right into your heart, “at my age, I’m a far better actor than my brother *ever* was!”

And the next take was perfect!

Another time, Jackie Cooper, that seven-year-old genius who tears your heart out as *Skippy* himself, just wouldn’t look sad enough when he peeped through a screen door and saw his pal *Sooky* crying his eyeballs out over the death of his dog.

“Come on, Jackie, give us a real cry now,” begged Taurog again and again. But Jackie, swell little actor though he is, is more the boy than the Thespian. He was much more interested in playing with some toys on the sidelines than playing his rôle.

Taurog said: “I’ll fix him!” He called Jackie over. “I’m terribly sorry, Jackie,” he said, and his voice trembled, “but I’m afraid I was wrong. I thought you could do this part—but now I can see you just haven’t got it in you. I’ll have to use Tom over there in your place. . . .”

He raised his voice and yelled across the stage:

“HEY, BILL—GET TOM DRESSED IN *SKIPPY*’S CLOTHES AND MAKE HIM UP RIGHT AWAY. I’M GOING TO FIRE JACKIE COOPER.”

Young Cooper’s eyes bulged. His lips and chin began to tremble. Real tears—not fake ones—welled in his eyes.

“Aw, Mister Taurog. . . .”

“**W**ELL, I’ll give you one more chance. Try the scene again,” said the director.

This time, Jackie Cooper’s weeping was perfect for the camera. It was *real*.

Jackie was crying because he thought he was going to lose the part!

But those two little incidents are just two of thousands that happened during the filming of “Skippy” to show the methods the grown-ups had to use to achieve the heights of drama they did with that cast of five-, six-, and seven-year-olds.

The grown-ups couldn’t work with the youngsters as they’d work with adult actors. Kids don’t think that way—and so the grown-ups had to be kids themselves, playing a big game with the child actors.

Come on, fellers,
let's get in on
the making of
the picture and
see how these
kids did it

By

Harry Lang

Every dog has his day and
here the dog-catcher's boy has
his before an envious world



Probably the most amazing fact of all the remarkable things about the picture is this:

That outside of Coogan, Senior, not one of the men who had an authoritative part in its making—writers, director, supervisors—are fathers themselves!

There's a squabble of sorts over who is most responsible for the story of "Skippy." The title sheet, officially, says the original story is by Percy Crosby and Sam Mintz.

CROSBY is the cartoonist genius who is *Skippy's* real father. He draws the *Skippy* comic strip you see in so many newspapers. But, to tell the truth, Percy Crosby had no part whatsoever in the writing of the screen story. Sam Mintz, a fattish young non-father on the Paramount writing staff, wrote the original screen story.

"Crosby," Mintz explains, "merely created the character." That's all—just created *Skippy*!

Mintz is very proud of his achievement. He's so proud that he's touchy about it. The other day on the Paramount lot, someone asked him if he'd written the "adaptation."

"Adaptation?" he roared. "I wrote the *original*!"

And he was in such a huff that he wouldn't speak to anybody else about it that day.

"Maybe," said one of the other people on the lot, "that's why he did such a good child story—because he acts so childish himself!" But that—well, let's pass it off as just another Hollywood crack.

The real genius, perhaps, is Norman Taurog, the director. He loves the cartoon strip of Crosby's. When he heard Paramount was thinking of screening a *Skippy* story, he begged for the chance to direct it. They gave it to him.

He's a man who loves children. Loves them so that they love him in return. Three days after little Robert Coogan met him, Robert was calling him "Norm."

Ask Taurog how he did it, and he tells you, modestly, that he merely tried to be a kid with the rest of them. And he adds:

"We tried to make them think the whole thing was real—not just make-believe." And that, perhaps, is the fundamental secret of the success of the film. Some people will argue it was heartless to make the kids believe that the dog was killed—but that's what they did.

ON the screen, the dog is named *Penny*. In his home life, the dog's name is *King Tut*—he's just another of Hollywood's many movie-trained dogs.

But long before the actual shooting of the picture began, *King Tut* was introduced to the child actors as *Penny*. The children were allowed to play with him. He was even allowed to go to their homes with them. Robert Coogan and Jackie Cooper got to love *Penny* as only a kid can love a pooch.

Then, when the big scene in the dog-catcher's office came, every effort was made to convince Robert and Jackie that *Penny* had actually been killed. Really, the children knew it was make-believe. But with that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]

The Screen Social



Oh, yes indeedy—married couples dance at Mayfair when Hollywood goes out to play, dance and laugh. Particularly when they're as devoted as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery. They married in 1928, when she was Elizabeth Allen and they were playing together in a show called "Dawn." The play flopped—but what a hit the marriage is!

Where they dance with their present, or ex, or going-to-be, and check their studio troubles with their coats and hats



Look! Look! There's Corinne Griffith! Doesn't she look stunning? And who's that tall, good-looking boy she's dancing with—the one who's so tanned? That's Joel McCrea, who gets so many leading-man jobs these days

Event of the Month

Special Photographs by Stagg



The debonair—not to say dapper—Ivan Lebedeff drinks a Mayfair toast to the lady across the table. It's Mary Pickford—sorry you can't see the back of her head. Ivan is a Mayfair Beau Brummel. He makes the more careless boys feel almost half-dressed



No—sorry! They're not together at *this* Mayfair, even though here they are looking at each other. At the left, the Marquis de la Falaise leans forward to catch a good story. And at the right we see Gloria Swanson smilingly watching the merry dancers



And of course every Hollywood Mayfair has its outpouring of filmland's Younger Set—and here are two of the younger and prettier. Sue Carol and Mary Brian, wearing two of the smartest gowns seen at the party, sit quietly just outside the ballroom and watch the glittering parade of starry folk go by

Plane LOVE

*A fast moving tale wherein
the temperamental Charmion
Clayburn goes up in the air
and rides out the storm to
a happy landing*

By
Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



"SHE'S gonna throw one." Rocky Boles, huge electrician, spoke out of the corner of his mouth as he stared toward the set, his eyes alight with excitement. "Yep. She's gonna throw one and it ought to be a lulu because she ain't had one in so long."

"What's the matter, Rocky?" asked Eddie Caine, the diminutive stage carpenter and Rocky's pal. "You goin' off your nut? Who's gonna throw what?"

"The Clayburn." Rocky jerked his head toward the set. "Charmion, The Great. America's and Germany's and England's and Italy's and Spain's and China's and Japan's sweetheart is gonna throw a fit. They call it temperament when you're drawin' down five grand a week like she is, but if you or I did it, they'd say it was just temper and they'd toss us off the lot."

"Yeah?" said Eddie looking at the sullen young woman lounging on the couch under the lights. "I heard about that dame throwin' them fits but I never saw her doin' it. What's she do it for?"

"Well," asked Rocky, "what would you do if you was poor all your life and came out to Hollywood hitch-hikin' and got grabbed up in the movies and at twenty-two was gettin' five grand a week and five hundred fan letters a day and everything was in your lap?"

"I'd go down to Ti' Juana," Eddie said, "and I'd get cock-eyed and then I'd go three miles further to Agua Caliente and I'd gamble and every time I started to sober up I'd make some beautiful doll pour champagne down my throat till I was unconscious. But I'm askin' you about this Clayburn dame."

"And I'm tellin' you. She's got everything in the world and not a thing to worry her, only her art. Nobody to take care of. Nobody to be responsible to. Every letter she gets tells her she's the Queen of Sheba and everybody around her 'Yesses' her blind. That leaves her with nobody to think of but herself. And if you think yourself is pleasant to be always thinkin' about try it on your own piano for a coupla years. That dame needs somethin' to take her out of herself."

"WHAT she needs," Eddie said judiciously, "is a good sock in the nose."

"Yeah!" Rocky sneered. "You should talk about sockin' a woman when your wife won't hardly let you blow your own nose. No. That ain't the answer. If she wasn't a swell kid, she wouldn't be so bad off. But she's on the up-and-up. So when the pressure gets too heavy, she throws the furniture around and, maybe, swears a little, and then it's all over for a while. Right after one of them blow-offs, she'd give you her shirt. What she needs is opposition."

"No," disagreed Eddie. "What she needs is to get married."

"Well, for the love of Mike," said Rocky. "What's marriage but opposition? Look at her now. Get a load of her workin'"



Lorenz's face still smarted from the sharp slap of her open hand. She kept her eyes on him as she turned disdainfully away, and Dave knew that scene had not been rehearsed even before he heard Lorenz's frantic whimper

up the temperature. Why, you can feel it in the air she's gettin' madder'n madder."

It was true.

The atmosphere was charged with a tension like that which precedes a storm. Charmion Clayburn, star of studio's bigger and better dramas of passion, rested on her side, supported by her right arm on the couch in the set. The set represented an actress' dressing-room in a theater in Algeria.

If the girl on the couch was twenty-two in years, she was ageless in appearance. She might be twenty-two—or ninety. Every line of her voluptuous, shapely body was revealed by her costume of black lingerie, sheer, black silk stockings and extremely high-heeled shoes. She was a tawny woman. Her thick, blonde hair was cut so that it fell upon her shoulders. Her skin was warm, clear ivory. Her forehead was low and

broad, her eyes long and deep blue under their long lashes. Her mouth was firm and thick-lipped, her cheek bones high and her chin square under its roundness. A black negligee was pulled carelessly over the middle of her body.

She was smoking a cigarette, tapping it nervously from time to time with a quick, impatient finger so that the ashes fell into a tiny unheeded heap on the floor. Looking at her, you would say, as the millions who saw her pictures said, that she was made for love.

Save for that impatient finger and her eyes, she was motionless and seemingly calm and deliberate. Yet those who know her saw in them the signs of the approaching storm and moved warily. The eyes were alive and smouldering. They darted at the three cameras, one set for the full scene, the other two for close-ups at different angles. They slid past the box that was the sound compartment in which the experts were working to synchronize their apparatus with the cameras. They leaped at Forrest, the director, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]

Beauty At Any Cost

The marble plunge in Esther Ralston's palatial new beauty salon. Here the ladies in search of health, slimness and beauty can swim and dive to their hearts' content. Adjustable hot and ice-cold needle showers can be placed around the edges at will



ESTHER RALSTON'S gone and done it. She's opened the most lavish beauty shop in Hollywood. For several weeks there's been a rumor that Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels and Mary Pickford were about to open exclusive beauty shops. But before anything definite was done, Esther Ralston surprised Hollywood with the startling "Esther's Beauty Salon."

Each marcel and permanent wave room is furnished in a different color and the whole is completely modernistic. But that isn't all. The main features of the establishment are the reducing baths and gymnasium. Every sort of reducing bath known to womankind is there, and also a big pool of cold water for the final dip. You can have salt rubs, Turkish baths, steam vapor baths, oil rubs, electric cabinets, light baths of suntan, ultra-violet, infra-ray, or a marathon bath (sitting in a tub of water for a few hours).

There is a total of 125 rooms, and it cost Esther something like \$150,000 to start. Husband George Webb will, of course, be manager-in-chief. Nothing like it has ever been seen in Hollywood before.



One of the twelve rest rooms. The ceilings of the rooms are latticed so that the blue sky may be seen. Each room is equipped with a radio set



The three ages of Farina. Left, The Black Spot as he made his "Our Gang" debut at two and a half. Right, at four, he tucks into a Dixie Dewberry. And center, almost eleven and too big to be cute any more. Last stage of all—and exit!

By
Leonard
Hall

Retired *at* Eleven

NINE years ago a tiny black dot was tossed to the mercies of that band of young hellions known as "Our Gang." There was practically nothing to this dot but huge, rolling eyes and a mass of kinky woolen hair. It was christened *Farina*, dressed in rags and immediately hit in the face with a cocoanut custard pie.

Thus began the motion picture career of Master Allen Clayton Hoskins, famous as the unapproachable Farina, and now known in song and story as the founder of the realistic school of acting—the-suffer-and-mean-it type—in the film world.

At the age of two and a bit, Master Hoskins was the unquestioned leader of his school.

Today, a spindly colored boy of eleven, Master Hoskins leaves "Our Gang," becoming the second alumnus of his tinting to be graduated because he is no longer little and "cute."

His predecessor was the once-noted "Sunshine Sammy," now in the vaudeville halls.

And so Farina passes definitely out of the picture! In reality, he passed a few years ago—when he began to realize that when he was placed tenderly on the edge of a cliff, it wasn't just to admire the view. He was to be pushed off.

Just the same, Farina's departure from "Our Gang" marks the end of another era in picture history. Few actors can say that at three they were knocking 'em dead all over the United States—that people by the thousands went to picture theaters to see them instead of the feature.

The famous Black Dot leaves "Our Gang," and marks the end of an epoch

Farina can. And whenever we old grizzled fans gather round the cider (soft) barrel in days to come, always, in the course of the con-fab, some one will say, "Gaffer, do you remember the time Farina was kicked over the corn-crib by a mule?" And we shall remember and igh, knowing that the movies are graying at the temples.

Farina fascinated us because he (it was *she* at the time) was the perfect incarnation of poor, witless Man's struggles against inscrutable, and very rough and dirty, Fate. What a sucker Farina's pictures made of the silly movie "plots." In the face of Farina's catastrophes, what could interest us about the struggles of two enameled actresses for the favor of a Number Five Company of Rudolph Valentino?

Things happened to Farina that could happen to us, and often did, in other ways. We, too, were Fate's footballs. When Farina was hurt, we were too—though not in the same places.

FARINA, at three, was Trusting Man. He hadn't reached the age of reason, when all the trouble starts. Fate, in the imagination of his brilliant (I mean brilliant) director, Bob McGowan, kissed or killed him according to its dictates. It was like Life—by the sainted Griffith, it *was* life!

And we loved Farina—because Farina, a three-year-old fragment of ebony, was ourselves.

Most of the time Farina rollicked happily around the Hal Roach lot, disguised as a girl by hated skirts and worse hated pigtailed. Then came the call of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



A BEAUTIFUL young trouper comes back to the teeming studio! After two years of retirement, during which she achieved happy motherhood, Dolores Costello Barrymore is shown studying her lines for "Expensive Women," her comeback

If A Baby Kept a Diary

Miss Dolores
Ethel Mae Barry-
more checks up
and reports on a
heavy day in
Hollywood

By
Carlisle
Jones



At the end of a busy day on the Warner lot, the Barrymore family is ready to go home for supper. Mamma Dolores holds Dolores Ethel Mae. Shortly after this was snapped, the infant took a tug at the gent's whiskers. Off they came, and there was Pop Jack himself!

WEDNESDAY. Woke up thinking it a long time between bottles. Blew bubbles for half an hour, hoping nurse would wake up. She didn't. Counted my toes. Have ten of them.

The sun dial in the patio said it was six o'clock. Funny old sun dial. Dad bought it from an importer who said it came from an old English garden. Some day I'll climb it and jump into the pool Dad built around it. But I'll have to wait until he takes down that ugly wire fence he built around the pool. "No Barrymore has ever drowned—in water," Dad said.

Decided to wake nurse at all costs. Yelled. Yelled again. I yelled like Dad did that day he got a note from the studio asking him to work on Sunday. That brought results. Nurse showed up, all dressed and smiling.

I knew right then something was wrong. Nurse never smiles before seven o'clock, no matter how hard a Barrymore yells.

Walter went by the window. Walter is Dad's butler. Once he went with us on a trip on that big boat Dad and Mother named for me, the *Infanta*. It was lots of fun, but Walter didn't think so. He was always so busy by the rail up on deck he never had time to buttle. Dad said after that he would leave Walter at home. But Walter being up at six o'clock by the sun dial, which isn't right most of the time anyway, made me certain something was wrong.

I sat up.

Saw myself in the mirror. My profile is better than it was.

All the birds in that bird house Dad takes such stock in were squawking. I knew Bob must be feeding them and I thought, if the Barrymore birds are having breakfast it's time the Barrymore baby is fed, too. I yelled louder than ever. I yelled so loud that Scotty scratched on my window from the

patio, and that funny new dog Dad paid so much money for, that "Terry Blue Terrier," started to bark.

Nurse picked me up and did what was necessary to do to get me ready for breakfast. After all, I'm only about a year old.

She sat me in my high chair by the breakfast table and put on that fussy bib my Aunt Ethel sent me. It's lovely but it's full of holes. Mother says it's the most beautiful Italian embroidery, but I think it's just full of holes.

Walter brought me my cereal. I got a gold star two days running for eating all my cereal, but I was too excited this morning to eat. Walter was excited, too. He set places for Dad and Mother near me and the sun dial said it wasn't six-thirty yet. I just knew something was going to happen!

SURE enough, Mother came in before I had eaten a single one of my prunes. Nurse tries to make believe prunes are candy but you can't fool a Barrymore with prunes.

Mother was excited, too. I knew right then that Dad would be getting up early, too, and I knew what that meant. He would be going to what they call the studio, and wouldn't have time to play with me until just before I was ready for bed. And nurse would scold because he played with me then. A baby with a full stomach shouldn't be tossed, she says.

But Dad just grins and tosses me anyway. He's a great old tosser.

Then Dad came in.

He kissed Mother and grinned at me. Then he poked his finger toward my tummy and said: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 143]

Supporting Attractions!



These perfect specimens belong to a former musical comedy star. They marched in a famous talkie "Parade"



These shapely limbs once twinkled in musical revues. They support a famous young emotional star



Are these the most beautiful legs in Hollywood? You'll be surprised when you find whose they are



The property of one who is often affectionately called "The Grand Old Lady of the Talkies"



Ja wohl! She might have done very well without them, but they did help put her over!

Whose Legs *are* These?

A study in anatomy and
one phase of talkies that
causes no sound problems

See Answers on Page 119



These were originally im-
ported from England, and
you've seen them many
and many a time on the
screen



She hated to be known as
the possessor of the most
beautiful legs on the stage.
She can act, too



Now, children, if you can-
not guess these you'll
simply have to go right to
the foot of the class



You see more of these,
in her latest picture,
than you have ever
seen before

Whenever the
studio needs to
put over a pub-
licity picture,
they just take a
picture of these



\$5,000⁰⁰ *in* Prizes

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each..	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

Read the Rules Carefully Before Using Scissors

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

70 Readers Must Win

Follow the Arrows





NONCHALANT, summery and sportive in attire, Mr. Paul Lukas looks at us with eyes which have the calmness and assurance of success. Since whipping his accent to a frazzle, Paul has gone from hit to hit for Paramount. His newest is "The Vice Squad," with Kay Francis opposite him. And what a team it is!

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair is a lovely perennial bride,
The eyes as a vamp can't be beat
The mouth was demure when she started to star,
But her roles aren't, now, quite so sweet!

Lower

The hair has made many a fine costume play,
The eyes are from London, no less
The mouth is in love with her husband, a fact
She's only too glad to confess

Upper

The hair is the eldest of three of a kind,
The eyes danced their way to the top
The mouth came from Brooklyn; she made a success
That even poor roles couldn't stop

Lower

The hair has been married—but now is divorced;
The eyes knew, at first, stage acclaim—
The mouth has a great acting father, and she
Has followed his footsteps to fame

RESUME

Three of them are blondes, but one girl has red hair
Three of them have eyes that are lush
Three of them were married—just one has stayed put!
And each, as a star, flickers bright
Three knew stage careers, and two studied abroad—
And there's nothing in life that the four can't afford!

Complete Rules for Competition Appear on Page 40



Upper

The hair was a cowboy because of his health,
A daughter belongs to the eyes;
The mouth gained his learning at Staunton, M. A.,
And he's made a remarkable rise.

Lower

The hair is unmarried, though many maids yearn,
The eyes have portrayed *Philo Vance*
The mouth is a handsome, decided brunette,
And he's twice felt the touch of romance.

Upper

The hair was divorced from a dancer of note,
The eyes as an extra were started
The mouth for ten years knew the lure of the island,
And he from his wife has been parted.

Lower

The hair has gone in for a picture role,
The eyes that saw light New Year's day—
The mouth has supported a new foreign star
In a vivid North African play.

RESUME

All four have dark hair, but just two have dark eyes,
And two of them dodged Cupid's darts,
And one was an extra, and one was a star,
But all of them, now, have star parts!
Two hail from the East, and one South and one West,
And it would be hard to say which we like best.



TROUBLES? This smiling and lovely lady who for more than ten years has been one of the most glamorous, admired and popular queens of the immortal cinema? We can't believe it, but the story about Gloria Swanson, just across the way, tells fascinatingly about some of them. And how we're anticipating a look at her new picture, teasingly titled "Indiscreet"!

Remember Ella Wheeler Wilcox's famous lines, "But the man worth while is the one who will smile when everything goes dead wrong"? That goes for Gloria Swanson. Here is a photograph of Gloria and the Marquis taken toward the end of the production of that million-dollar fiasco, the never released "Queen Kelly." At the same time her troubles with the Marquis had started



The Troubles of Gloria

GLORIA SWANSON is the only woman who still produces her own pictures. Day after day she faces problems that would confound the greatest financiers and harass the greatest executives. And she faces these problems alone.

Even Mary Pickford, wise from her many years of experience and surrounded by an excellent staff, has given up producing. Without her mother to shoulder some of the responsibility, Mary felt producing was too great an undertaking.

There are, as a matter of fact, only two stars besides Gloria who continue to produce—Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. Harold makes but one picture a year and Charlie less than this. And both of these men have loyal organizations of years' standing. Gloria, on the other hand, makes several pictures a year. And there is absolutely no one to whom she can turn. She has no shrewd relatives capable of advising her, and no tested and tried staff on which she can depend.

Take the instance of "Queen Kelly." Gloria had about half finished this production when the talkies arrived. She had one million dollars already invested. Was it advisable to go ahead, finish it, risk public favor by releasing a silent picture when the trend favored the new talkie? Or was it wiser to junk "Queen Kelly" and chalk up the one million dollars to loss? Gloria decided to junk it. A momentous decision. And, as usual, one she made alone.

Naturally, a crisis like this will not repeat itself. But there are a hundred other emergencies that could and have occurred. As a matter of fact, dozens of things, more or less unexpected, arise to jeopardize every picture Gloria makes. And she has to deal with these grave matters when she is wearing the grease-paint and should have her mind free for her work.

When "The Love of Sunya," her first independent production, was in the making, Gloria felt the photography was not what it should be. Six times in the middle of production she changed cameramen. No half-way measures for

Read this and ask yourself if you envy this woman who has more responsibilities and worries than any individual in pictures

Gloria. Each change meant retakes and delays. And as a result of these delays, the overhead increased to such an extent that Gloria was faced with a need to raise more money before she could finish the picture. Therefore, she invited her bankers to lunch with her one day in her suite at the studios. And, facing them across her beautifully appointed table, she explained what had happened and asked for an additional loan.

They protested, those three stern-faced men who would have intimidated most women, that

they could not oblige her. They insisted the anticipated profits on the picture did not warrant them giving her any more money. Undoubtedly, they accused her of bad management and extravagance. The way bankers will.

But Gloria refused to accept their first decision. She couldn't afford to accept it. Before they left that room, she knew she must have their promise of many thousands of dollars. At any cost.

IT was hours later that she rejoined her waiting company on the stage. She was wearing that white dress with the pale blue sash which she wore as the young *Sunya* who saw her future in the crystal ball. She looked a care free twenty. But she was far from that. Far from carefree. Even though she had negotiated the desired loan and the deposit was to be made to her account the following morning. Persistent rumor has it that Gloria got that money only by signing a note pledging her share of the profits on the picture as extra collateral.

Had Gloria remained with Paramount, she would have escaped all such responsibility and worry. Paramount offered her twenty thousand dollars a week for a period of two years. They would have bought her stories, engaged her directors and cameramen and casts. They would have shouldered all the financial and production details. All Gloria would have had to do was play the parts [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]

By Ruth Biery



Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

Pale Hands I Loved

Her coarse sheets became warm silver sands. The ceiling of her meager room was the white roof of an Arab tent. And she seemed to hear the beat of his horse's hoofs, bringing him to her, crowding out all other men

By Margaret E. Sangster

GLADYS BROWN had never read O. Henry's story about the girl who was saved, from what might have been called a mistake, by the photograph of Kitchener! Gladys Brown didn't read very much, at that. To her, O. Henry was the name of a candy; to her, a Kitchener might have been something that you used in a kitchen—some new-fangled sort of cabinet, perhaps:

And yet the story of Gladys Brown was like O. Henry's story in the essentials. In more than the essentials!

You all—but of course, you all know the story that O. Henry wrote quite a long while ago. About the girl who worshipped the photograph of that English Lord who was to go down to his heroic death in a sinking ship just off the Orkneys, during the middle of the World War.

The girl was a thin little shop girl—she didn't have a sufficiency of food or clothes; she was submerged in poverty. But she had something which must have been the early twentieth century equivalent of *it*. For she had attracted the roving eye of a certain gentleman known as "Piggy"—who was just like the nickname with which his intimates had labeled him.

The girl in O. Henry's story (her name was Dulcie; not that it matters, here!) didn't like Piggy. Kitchener was her type.

But Piggy was generous, even though he sometimes expected too much in return for his generosity. And the girl was—hungry. And so she consented to dine with Piggy. And she went home to dress.

And as she was dressing in front of her bureau, she saw the photograph of General Kitchener (which decorated that bureau) looking at her with something that she took for reproach in its grave, wonderful eyes.

And so, when Piggy called for her, the girl told him that she couldn't go to dinner with him. Just like that . . .

And the story ends, approximately, there.

* * *

GLADYS BROWN was like O. Henry's Dulcie in many respects. She was thin, she was tired, she was underpaid, and she was a shop girl. Also—she had *it*! Not the *it* of thirty years ago; this year's version.

She wore her hair after the manner of Greta Garbo (thank heaven it had a natural wave!). She pulled her eyebrows,

The story of a girl who took screen romance too seriously



laboriously, every Sunday, until only a narrow penciled line was left above each eye. She religiously manicured her slender, rather lovely hands.

Her very thinness, though it may have been the result of a meager diet, was charming—even in this year of gracious curves, nobody could find fault with the figure of Gladys Brown. It was as slight and graceful as a willow tree.

Oh, even in occupation, even in physical characteristics, the likeness held. And, to go a step farther, O. Henry's heroine and Gladys had another bond in common. They were both hero worshippers. Only, on her bureau—in very much the same position as that which was once held by Dulcie's Kitchener—Gladys had enthroned the likeness of a slender, dark boy with somber, beautiful, mysterious eyes, and a poetic mouth, and a firm-jawed, sensitively masculine face.

Yes, you've guessed it. Rudolph Valentino! Gladys had adored him since first he tangoed into her vision in "The Four Horsemen." She had followed him through the meteor-like progress of his too short career. There had been times when it had been seeing a Valentino picture, or eating—and at such a time Gladys had never hesitated. She had gone hungry to bed. But, though her tummy had been empty, her heart had been full!

Gladys had loved Valentino at first sight. She—with a million or more other women—had loved him in every picture that he ever made. And now, even after he had been dead for five years—she still loved him. Loved him so truly that his phantom likeness stood between her and the eager advances of the goodly number of men who would have loved her!

I don't mean by this that Gladys Brown was cloistered. I don't mean that she stayed at home, mooning—no, indeed! She wasn't the mooning sort.

She went to her share of the dances of the Anawa Social Club. She went to the theater, every so often, and grudgingly allowed the young man, who escorted her, to hold her hand when the romance, on the other side of the footlights, grew impassioned. She went to dinner—usually a regular Saturday night *table d' hôte*. She went dancing—sometimes she dared a blind date. But her affairs never seemed to get beyond the hand-holding stage—not even in taxi-cabs, they didn't!

And so Gladys Brown achieved for herself the reputation of being cold. And her most ardent suitors, after a matter of five or six weeks, moved along to more torrid (and more receptive)



He left her at her door, her hand tingling to the pressure of his. "If he asks me," she told herself, "I'll marry him"

fields. And Gladys Brown, not in the least sorry (well, maybe just a tiny bit lonely, but not sorry!) went up to her small, cheap room, and looked affectionately at the photograph of Rudolph Valentino.

Sometimes she did more than look, too. Sometimes she had long, glorious, throbbing imaginary conversations with him. Sometimes she felt the touch of his fingers—sometimes (rapture of raptures!) she imagined the pressure of his lips.

And sometimes, after the lights were out, and she was in bed, her very coarse sheets were warm silver sands. And the ceiling of her room was the white roof of an Arab tent. And, as she strained her ears, to listen, she could hear the beat of hoofs, as his horse (Rudy's horse—the Sheik's horse!) brought him toward her across the desert

So it went—so it had gone, for years. Every day the same—with life moving like a whirlpool in front of her counter in the department store where she worked. Every evening the same, up to a point. A dinner, a show, a dance. The groping of a masculine hand for her hand. Lips denied, as the farewells were said in front of a rooming house.

And then the small, sparsely furnished room. And Rudy Valentino's picture—and *himself*! Himself, through the long mysterious nights.

So it went. Until Kent Carrington became advertising manager of the department store—and, incidentally, the answer to every maiden clerk's prayer. Every one, that is, except Gladys.

* * *

PERHAPS it was her aloof air—an air that rang actually true—that attracted Kent. For Kent's life had been made up of one easy conquest after another. Perhaps it was a certain glamor—the glamor of mystery—that clung about Gladys.

Perhaps it was only the youth of her, and her appeal, and her prettiness. Perhaps Kent's interest didn't go beyond the birch tree figure, and the Garbo haircomb and the slender, rosy-finger-nailed hands.

But no matter what it was, Kent Carrington was drawn—irresistibly drawn—to Gladys Brown. And, not being a shy soul, he made no secret of his feeling for her.

"Say, Baby," he remarked, blandly, when he first caught sight of her standing behind her counter, "where have you been all my life?"

And it wasn't more than a day or two later that he began to ask her for dinner, for the theater, for—anything!

Kent Carrington—he wasn't like the Piggy of O. Henry's story. He was handsome, he looked not unlike a collar ad. His shiny hair was sleeked back from his forehead, his eyes were large (even if they were set a trifle too close together), his mouth was finely curved. It wasn't his fault that the hair was blond, that the too-close eyes were blue. How was he to have guessed the brunette preferences of a girl like Gladys—guessed them in advance?

In fact, Kent Carrington had more than a trifle of *it*, too. And so Gladys allowed herself, just a shade languidly, to accept his third—or was it his fourth—dinner invitation. She accepted it with no feeling of premonition, with in fact a slight flutter of satisfaction. It gave her an edge on the other girls, being the chosen one of the new boss.

But the satisfaction had begun to turn to a sort of dismay before the dinner was half over. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Hollywood's Newest

ROMANCE

By
Ruth Biery

IT'S Hollywood's newest romance, this matter of William Powell and Carole Lombard—and seldom in the long and romantic history of the film colony has a love affair had the folks gaping and gabbling as this one has.

It's been on for a year now, and it's still fresh conversational material. If nothing happens to the young folks, the Hollywooders invent something. When they don't spat, lover-like, Hollywood fixes up a nice brawl for them and even prints it in the newspapers. The subject is that live!

And why not? Here was Bill Powell—"hard to get" as any man in town, except, probably, that king of all secretive and eyebrow-raising cusses, Ronnie Colman.

I might add, of course, that neither of the lads is technically a bachelor. Colman has a wife vaguely ensconced somewhere in England—the Powells were divorced eighteen months ago. She was Eileen Wilson, a non-professional.

After his divorce the girls took heart. Bill took them out, dined them, smiled on them a little loftily, but wore his well-known suit of chain armor over his heart. He squired Kay Francis about a bit, but there is no public record to the effect that the magnificent Kay stepped up his cardiac condition to any degree. And there were other pretty ladies, too. Bill gave them a little time, a lot of his courtly attention, plenty of his charming conversation. That was all. Not a sight of heart and hand.

Seemingly his participation in the tennis cabinet—Ronnie Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert and himself—was of first importance.

THEN came the blast that knocked Bill Powell's heart far back in his thorax.

Carole Lombard, blonde and pretty, stepped from a New York train. She had been playing in "Fast and Loose" in Paramount's New York studio, and now she was back on the Western lot. Stepping before the major executive in command, she saluted smartly and awaited orders.

She had had two big, heroic romances in her twenty-two years. They had been exciting and uplifting experiences. Both men were non-professionals, and she had loved both madly—at different times, of course.



Wouldn't you like to know what Bill Powell and Carole Lombard are saying to each other, as they glide around the floor at Hollywood's Mayfair party? Oblivious of the crowd, there are just two people dancing—Bill and Carole!

"I knew I shouldn't marry the second—the one I loved best," she told me. "We were temperamentally unsuited. I knew if I told him goodbye I'd almost die. I did. But I got better—I simply must laugh and clown through life."

The point is that when Carole Lombard faced the Paramount officer, she was heart-whole, fancy-free and very gay.

"I want you to meet your new leading man. This is Bill Powell!"

Bingo—just like that! And they were in love.

A WORRIED publicity man fretted out loud. "Gee, I hope they get on. Powell doesn't like many of his leading women."

He needn't have worried.

That night Bill Powell took Carole Lombard to dinner. It wasn't just an ordinary dinner. It was one of those events roped off with red plush cords in the memories of a man's life and a woman's.

Over the *hors d'oeuvres* they started matching spirits. They talked for seven hours!

What do men and women talk about? Oh—men and women.

"I think marriage is dangerous," Carole told Bill. "It spoils beautiful friendships that might have lasted for years. The idea of two people trying to possess each other is wrong. And I don't think the flare of love lasts. Your mind rather than your emotions must answer for the success of matrimony. It must be a friendship—a calm companionship which can last through the years."

These are some of the things Carole Lombard told Bill Powell during seven hours of intensive talk.

Seven hours of conversation—and love not only survived but flourished.

Remember this—Carole Lombard did not, and does not, want marriage. Not even to Bill Powell, not only one of the catches of Hollywood, but the man she loves.

SHE wants to be what the world calls a pal—a witty, intelligent companion. At least that's what she says.

And Bill? There's no doubt in his mind—or in the minds of the friends to whom he talks.

"She's marvelous! She's the one girl for me. I want to marry her. I'm going to marry her."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



The Prince of Wales looking for a horse? No, it is our bonnie prince Charlie in the outfit he wore while boar hunting with the Duke of Westminster. He ate off the mantel for two days after that historic event

CAL YORK

Announcing-



First picture of Harold and Mildred Lloyd, and young Harold, Jr., who from a three-pound incubator baby at birth has grown to an eight-pounder in three months. "Bud," as the world's most publicized baby is known to his dad, took his first experience before the camera as if born to the studio

BLONDE Miriam Hopkins and Brunette Claudette Colbert met in the full glare of the klieg lights and gave each other slap for slap at Paramount's Eastern studio.

It was a scene from Chevalier's "Smiling Lieutenant" megaphoned by Herr Lubitsch.

Miriam's part was more outstanding, more showy, than Claudette's.

Miriam did not attempt to hide her satisfaction.

Came the day for the face-slapping scene—the big scene of the picture when the girls fight over Chevalier.

The cameras cranked. The girls went to it with a will.

On the sidelines Lubitsch chuckled. "All for the good of the picture," quoth he. But as take after take brought bigger and better slaps the "crew" were a little worried. By the time the foreign version takes were reached, things were at their merriest.

"Cut!" commanded Lubitsch. He went over to the girls, congratulated them on their fine work and induced them to shake hands and smile prettily at each other.

AVISITOR asked little Robert Coogan, who played *Sooky* in "Skippy," if he wanted to be an actor.

"Not when I grow up. All actors are really crazy," he answered.

OUR old friend Pola Negri is in Hollywood on a very sporting chance. She ardently desires to make good in talkies—and whether or not she makes a picture for RKO-Pathe de-

pends on the success of a test she's taking on the Coast.

She traveled 6,000 miles to take that test!

I called on Negri in New York. She looks the same—a little heavier, perhaps, and certainly a little tamer. Since we saw her last, nearly three years ago, she's been divorced, and from an artistic point of view pretty much out of the spotlight.

The Perilous Pole is still a beautiful woman—and still, in her heart, the queen of queens. The death of her popularity in American pictures in 1928, her divorce—nothing has bowed that regal spirit.

POLA'S going to a new Hollywood—where queens are out of fashion. Now it's a place where a lot of hard-working men and women live. She'll work hard, because she's very ambitious. But she probably won't find a loose throne around the place.

Negri's voice is rich and deep. Of course,

there's a notable accent, but accents are pretty much the fashion in pictures now.

Pola talks freely enough about her recent divorce from Serge Mdivani. And about love and marriage in general.

"Happy marriage must begin calmly," she says. "Mental stimulus, not passion, should be the basis. I shall choose an older, understanding man next time, and we shall live happily ever after."

A MOVING picture producer is quoted as saying:

"All this talk about Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo being alike is wrong. Garbo is photographed from the hips up. Dietrich is photographed from the hips down."

HOWARD HUGHES' offer to Walter Winchell, New York tabloid gossip writer, to play the part of *Whitey*, the reporter with a

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



The be-sweatered Nordic in the center is the closest double for Greta Garbo found in a search of all Sweden. The girls on either side won second and third prizes. Now, you Garbomaniacs, be kind to them. They do not threaten your idol's throne nor declare themselves also of the royal blood

nose for glamorous living as well as news, in "Queer People," is no longer a rumor. It's a definite thing.

It carries such a wad of money with it that no one expects Walter to refuse.

As Winchell's newspaper contract calls for a daily column, his Broadway friends are chuckling over the prospect of the columns he would write during the seven weeks it would be necessary for him to be in Hollywood.

As Walter, himself, likes to be known as Little Boy Peep, the Great Gabbo, Big Ears and Vulture Vinchell, some of the names irate victims of his gossip have called him, Hollywood, as one man, would have to lock itself in during his stay.

NOW, let's get down to the love, marriage and divorce news of the month. There's plenty of it.

But don't fail to follow this department through to the back pages or you'll miss some-

thing you can tell at the next meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society.

AS this issue goes to press, the matrimonial battle of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey is in high—with shot and shell flying from both camps.

Jack has established a residence near Reno, with the avowed purpose of seeking a divorce under the generous Nevada laws.

According to best reports, Estelle, in Hollywood, has been closeted with her attorneys drawing up a suit which she intends filing—charging mental cruelty.

Estelle, in statements to the press, has said that she didn't care for the ex-champ's pals, and that he was terrifically jealous, and that there was nothing she wanted more than babies.

A few months ago she was quoted as saying, "Babies—never!"

Jack, in the very little talking he has done,



Undaunted by her old box-office toboggan, Pola is back in Hollywood wooing the microphone for a contract. She's off passionate love forever, she says. Ah me, Pola, how can love live without you?

has hinted that Estelle's insistence on a film career, to the exclusion of downright domesticity, has caused him great tribulation.

AND as matters now stand, both are suing. If Estelle wins, it means she will get quite a share of Jack's hard-earned fortune.

Rumors that all was not well at the Dempsey place have been common for several years. In the spring of 1929, for instance, the sure-thing gamblers of Hollywood were willing to wager almost anything that the marriage would not last through the year.

Now the long, sad story is out, with its charges and counter-charges, and another marriage is over.

PAULINE STARKE and her husband, Jack White, producer of comedies, are on the outs and bound for the divorce courts. Recently Jack sent word to Pauline that if she insisted on demanding one-half of his worldly possessions, according to the California community property law, he'd start saying things himself.

THE "lowdown" on Olive Borden's recent elopement with Theodore Spector, 31-year-old Paterson, N. J., stock broker, is an interesting tid-bit. Olive, it seems, was one of the guests that Ricardo Salcedo, Latin playwright, was entertaining at a farewell party for Anna May Wong in a smart Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The phone rang and a voice asked for Olive, who, upon answering it, relayed the message that her mother was very ill and she would have to leave immediately.

Tune in, Folks, on Cal York's



Oh girls, look what's happened to that nice Lew Ayres! Horrid black eye, n'everything. Mr. Ayres goes plumb to the dogs in Universal's "Iron Man" in which he plays the rôle of a roistering prize fighter

Her ill mother was the enterprising bridegroom himself, who was waiting downstairs in his car. The guests, who included Ruth Roland, Claire Windsor, Betty Blythe, Mrs. Frank Kiernan, Mrs. Kenneth Harlan, and Mary Lawlor, discovered that in the newspapers the next day.

WE hate to admit it, but old Cal, proud of his ability to sniff orange blossoms months away, must be slowing up.

When we called on Mary Nolan recently a bright-faced young man opened the door for us, took our hat and stick, and respectfully showed us to a chair.

A refreshing thing to see such a polite lad in these times, we thought, and immediately forgot him as the exotic Mary entered and we began talking over rough times in Hollywood.

A couple of days later Mary took the bright-faced young man down town and married him. He's Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.—and 23 years old if he's a day.

MARCH 31. The eleventh wedding anniversary of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. And they celebrate it a world



Not much privacy to those soulful waltzes in the movies, is there? This is how they follow a dancing couple with the camera—a low-wheeled platform is hitched to the camera truck. The beaming gent is Gary Cooper—the sad-faced partner, Sylvia Sydney. A scene from Paramount's "City Streets." Perhaps Gary stepped on her toe

apart—Doug shooting tigers in the Orient; Mary dancing with Johnny Mack Brown and other lads at the Mayfair.

But all the same, when Doug shot a panther in India, he forthwith announced he'd bring the skin home to Mary, for a coat.

PHOTOPLAY'S story about Mary Pickford, in last month's issue, started the newspaper reporters running to "Pickfair."

Her statement that "there might be a separation" set the news agency telegraphs clicking like mad.

Hollywood gossip has persistently linked the name of Douglas with that of Lady Mountbatten.

It is reported that her ladyship, now in Hollywood, is bound for Mexico and the Mexican divorce mills.

Yet Mary and Lady Mountbatten seem the best of friends, and are seen places together.

WE understand that the Marquis de la Falaise and Constance Bennett have definitely parted ways. Yes, you've read it before and it's still true.

Connie likes Joel McCrea.

And we've a hunch with some pretty strong facts to back it that Gloria likes the Marquis—yet.

THE Farrells—Charles and Virginia Valli—got back from their ten-week honeymoon happy and filled to the brim with sightseeing—and wild to get back to Hollywood and work. They spent several happy weeks in Italy—just rambling.

Then to Paris, where Virginia did some shopping, though she insisted she could do better in New York stores!

It was Charlie's turn in London. Never one to go in much for clothes, Farrell went on a regular suit-buying jag in the British capital. No less than ten new suits came back in Charlie's luggage, including a new tail coat and two dinner jackets.

It will be "Charlie, The Well Dressed Man," in Hollywood from now on!

CHARLIE and Virginia sent this message via postcards from their honeymoon in Europe:

"Having a grand time—glad you're not here."

THEY tell us that Janet Gaynor had a good cry when she learned Charlie Farrell was actually married.

Poor little Janet, with her personality and acting ability and her zodiac sign which foretells unhappiness in love matters!

JOEL MCCREA is Hollywood's latest Beau Brummell. You should just hear the ladies rave about him.

He is beaung Constance Bennett to openings, and the Marquis is not always among those present, either.

Yet he admits his ideal is Corinne Griffith—and he wishes there was another Corinne in Hollywood who wasn't married!

HHEIGHT of Something-Or-Other: Buddy Rogers and Anita Page dancing together at the Mayfair.

HELEN TWELVETREES ran into a little legal trouble lately. She divorced Mr. Twelvetrees and married Mr. Woody, but she did it a few days before her divorce became legal and now they'll have to wait and do it all over again. Her husband is a dead ringer (in his photographs at least) for Maurice Chevalier.

LILLIAN ROTH'S marriage came as a great surprise to the amusement world.

Only two months before the happy event, Lillian's childhood sweetheart died in New York, and she was reported heart-broken and in a state of collapse. Then, while playing in vaudeville in Atlanta, she married a Pittsburgh boy named William C. Scott.

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S



Close-up of a charming little lady staging a big come-back. Even though Renee Adoree is still confined to a sanitarium in Arizona, this smiling picture will reassure her many friends that she is really on the road to complete recovery this time. Good luck, Renee, we are waiting to welcome you back

Lillian played in Paramount talkies for over a year.

Her biggest rôle was *Huguette* in "The Vagabond King."

HERE'S the way in-laws are fixed up in Hollywood. Wally Beery and Herbert Somborn are great friends.

Somborn calls Beery "brother-in-law." They were—at different times—the husbands of Gloria Swanson.

HOLLYWOOD was only mildly interested at the divorce-court woes of Jack Luden and his wife. Luden sued his wife, Elizabeth, for divorce, charging that she was happy only when the house was full of dizzy guests crooking their elbows at the Luden bar.

Jack also charged that many of the bibulous boy friends not only got plastered on his liquor but insisted on enlisting the aid of his pretty spouse in enthusiastic petting parties.

Jack didn't like this, he says, and suggested they spend a quiet evening alone with a good book, or something.

Then, according to Luden, "She threw a soup bone at me and laid down a barrage of ash trays." Home, Sweet Home!

Jack was graduated from the Paramount School, in 1925.

He went to Hollywood, but soon dropped out of the glare, never clicking.

Hollywood can't be annoyed. Those things don't often happen to the hard-working and hence, successful!

ON Friday night Lew Ayres told a friend he and Lola Lane had split—'definitely and forever. On the following Wednesday, he asked another friend to play tennis with him and Lola.

That love affair has the ear-marks of going on the rocks, but ear-marks are not always true indicators.

WITHIN a few weeks Jeanette MacDonald will be definitely retired from circulation as the bride of Robert Ritchie, her business manager.

It's been on three years—this romance of Jeanette and Bob.

He's a big, good-looking fellow—and will be envied by thousands of admiring young men all over the Republic.

Jeanette has definitely announced the wedding for June.

And "The Love Parade" now turns into "The Bridal Parade" for the blonde singing star! Happy days!

WHEN Lilyan Tashman signed her new contract with Paramount, husband Edmund Lowe's comment was: "Just another excuse to postpone a blessed event in our family!"

HOLLYWOOD and, I imagine, the rest of the world as well, were all hot and bothered when a radio announcer declared over the air, that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was dead.

We haven't had anything like that for a long time.

Remember when you were always hearing that Theda Bara was dead and that girl you were seeing was a double? Then that Gloria Swanson died in Paris a few years ago?

In the recent excitement a reporter on a Los Angeles paper got the First National publicity department on the phone.

"Is it true that Doug Jr., has been killed?" he demanded.

"No," they said, "he's alive as ever and he's now out on the back lot playing tennis."

"Well, I've got to get a story. Isn't somebody dead out there?"

A CERTAIN theater carries this legend on its marquee, "The last word in the talkies."

Some folks wish that advertisement were true.



And here, dear readers, is a French nobleman you will see on the screen in "Cheri Bibi." It's our old friend Jack Gilbert behind that beard and monocle. Come on, Jack, show up some of these new stage chaps

MILLE. FIFI DORSAY (Canada) thinks she is seriously in love with Terry Ray, a stage veteran who has just come to the silver screen.

"How I wish," Fifi is quoted as saying recently, "how I wish that I had someone to show me the ropes when I came to Hollywood. I was a wild girl then, but that is all over now. Isn't Fifi coy?"

WELL, Cecil De Mille is now like the movies themselves, as cynics see them.

That is, he has a plot!

De Mille, making a talkie version of "The Squaw Man," famous old time play, says it's his favorite piece. He made silent films of the story in 1913 and 1918, his present thus being the third.

Furthermore, he says he's so devoted to the story that he wants to make it every ten years, and have his heirs and assigns continue the tradition.

Heigho and lackaday!

The only consolation is that some day we'll be too old to either see or hear "The Squaw Man!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]



"But, Imogene darling," pled I,
 "the editor is waiting . . ."
 "Let the old goof wait," she
 said, disrespectfully. "Here's
 mud in your eye, Bogie darling"

A Writer's Alibi

Dear Editor:

Illustrated by Walter Van Arsdale

THIS is to tell you that the story on Hollywood beauty shops is out—capital O-U-T in twenty-four point italics—as far as I'm concerned. It was a bum idea in the first place, even if it was my own.

Maybe you've forgotten about it. Well, I haven't. I never will. It got me into an awful jam.

Just to refresh your memory—we were sitting in your room at the Ambassador the last time you were here, quaffing, as I recall, a bottle of ginger beer. At least, we pretended it was ginger beer. I mentioned, apropos of something else, I knew a girl named Imogene Fitzfancy—a swell dish, too!—who worked in a palace of pulchritude. Whereupon you put on your glasses, which made you look very learned indeed, and said: "Do you suppose you could induce this Imogene to tell all?"

I said: "All what?"

You said: "All she knows."

I shuddered convulsively and asked you what you'd do with it if she did. You said you'd print it, of course. I said not and continue to send the magazine through the mails. You assumed a Hawkshaw expression and exclaimed: "Aha! Then it's just as bad as I suspected!"

I said to myself: "What the devil's the matter with this guy?" but to you I said: "It's probably worse. What do you suspect?"

"Well, it's this way," you said. "Every time my wife"—and before I forget it I wish you'd give your lovely lady my kindest regards—"appears with a new manicure or shampoo or marcel—the tales that woman brings home from the beauty shop with her! Why honest—I can hardly believe my ears!"

Whereupon you blushed—and anything that can make you blush, warrants investigation.

I asked what you wished to know particularly. You leaned forward like a Sax Rohmer hero and hissed: "About beauty shops—and what goes on within their curtained walls."

I said I thought it was a swell idea—which I really did at the time—and like a big sap said I'd ask Imogene.

"*Necessitas non habet legum*"—which is Latin and means a guy will do almost anything for money.

Well, I went about the thing pretty craftily. You see, when a man's married and has a wife and starts buzzing around beauty shoppes—Ha ha! I should be telling you, Mr. Quirk.

Bogart Rogers falls down on an assignment to write an article about Hollywood beauty shops. Just to teach him a lesson, we are publishing his alibi

I guess you understand. Anyway, I went up one evening and bearded this cookie in her luxurious den.

Right here is a good place to tell you about these Hollywood beauty shop operators and their luxurious dens, as I call them. A good dandruff scratcher or marcel waver—or even a cuticle pusher—in a first class shop in this town makes a lot of dough. They're booked solid for days in advance and the tips are big. They can afford nice automobiles and swell clothes and even husbands, some of them—and pay for them all by themselves. Isn't that fine! Imogene lives in a beautiful flat and flaunts her affluence by riding to work in a taxicab.

"Imogene," quoth I, "may I ask a few questions?"

She said she'd tell me anything but her right name.

I SAID: "Question number one is—could you use a little drink?" Get the idea, Mr. Quirk? In fact, I think it was you who advised me that was the best way to proceed.

Like a flash she said "Yes."

That was encouraging. Obviously she had nothing to conceal.

Well, I asked her the same question several times more. When she began to get hoarse from saying "yes" I switched to—

"Imogene, how's for telling papa the genealogy and history of the town's beauty shops and the beauty secrets of the Hollywood patooties?"

"Why the rush?" she asked. "Can't a girl get a little drink around this joint?"

"But Imogene darling," pled I, "the editor is waiting—"

"Let the old goof wait," she said disrespectfully. "Here's mud in your eye, Bogie darling. He's waited for better stories than you'll ever write"—which is probably true, Mr. Quirk, probably true—"and besides, judging from his picture on the editorial page, I'll bet he's the kind of an egg who would insist

on waiting if he knew a poor girl was dying of thirst. He has such a sympathetic face."

About three drinks later she started to talk. If this doesn't make sense, don't worry about it, Mr. Quirk. You aren't going to print it anyway and just about the time Imogene started to talk I discovered, to my horror, I was fried as a goat. I haven't been quite the same since.

As I remember, she said Sadye Nathan's was the first Hollywood beauty shop to really get a big play from the charming creatures of the films. Her husband—Sadye's and not Imogene's (Imogene had a husband but I think she talked him to death)—was cutting the hair. Sadye's shop became a fad. Business was swell. Then along came Jim. I'd better quote Imogene.

"Sadye needed another barber," she said from behind her glass. "She put an ad in the paper and *what do you think?*"

I beat her to it, Mr. Quirk. I said I thought we needed another drink. Now another drink was the last thing in the world I needed at that moment, Mr. Quirk, but how was I to tell? You know how *that* is.

So we had two drinks and Imogene said: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Imogene says beauty shop attendants never repeat any scandal they hear except to men, women and children between the ages of seven and seventy-nine



★ *THE SECRET SIX*—M-G-M

NO, gangster pictures are not dead—not as long as they produce thrillers like this! A sequel to "The Big House," it is not as gruesome and has more humor. And, of course, not as new and unusual.

If good citizens combine secretly and work as energetically to destroy gangsters and crime as gangsters work to promote themselves and their work, law and order will win—that's the theme. Bootlegging, subsidizing of public officials and gun play are the crimes. You will see exactly how liquor is made; you will witness the most thrilling gangster chase ever pictured. Beautifully produced and directed by George Hill (assisted by Writer Frances Marion), the cast is splendid, including Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable (watch this newcomer), Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow.



★ *QUICK MILLIONS*—Fox

IF you like gangster pictures, you'll like this one for its completely novel treatment. The film is as cold-blooded as the gangsters who are characterized, and this effect is gained by the remarkable use of apparently disjointed scenes that contrive to keep the thread of the story and your interest at the same time. It's a man's picture and is utterly lacking in wild histrionics.

Spencer Tracy is head-man, playing an erstwhile truck driver who becomes—sure, they always do!—leader of the racketeers. Although he tries to crash society, he remains a hoodlum and pays the penalty. He does his job perfectly. Sally Eilers gets first-lady honors, for Marguerite Churchill hasn't much to do. Recommended because it is the highest type, directorially and technically, of this breed of film.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *SEED*—Universal

THIS picture should delight everyone—fans and producers alike.

It follows none of the formulas of present-day pictures; it has nothing sensational to recommend it; it is wholly without obvious sex appeal; it offers no preachment, yet it is one of the finest pictures turned out this year. Charles Norris will certainly rejoice that the lesson in his book is presented so forcefully and yet with such delicacy.

A writer of great promise marries early, quickly has five children, finds himself weighted down with family responsibility, and is forced to abandon his writing.

A former sweetheart returns, as a member of his firm, and she immediately sets about to restore his aspirations to write. His wife has only time for the children and her household duties. You foresee the inevitable triangle.

Lois Wilson, as the wife, has her first good opportunity in months. She gives a beautiful, sympathetic performance. Genevieve Tobin, as the former sweetheart, is lovely and justifies all predictions made for her, but the big surprise is John Boles, who doesn't sing but who walks away with a most difficult rôle. The children are all natural and lovable.

Director John Stahl deserves much credit for this excellent picture. If you miss it, you won't forgive yourself.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

SEED	THE MALTESE FALCON
THE SECRET SIX	QUICK MILLIONS
FAME	CITY STREETS

The Best Performances of the Month

John Boles in "Seed"
 Lois Wilson in "Seed"
 Ricardo Cortez in "The Maltese Falcon"
 Wallace Beery in "The Secret Six"
 Spencer Tracy in "Quick Millions"
 Doris Kenyon in "Fame"
 Sylvia Sidney in "City Streets"
 Gary Cooper in "City Streets"
 John Barrymore in "Svengali"
 Ramon Novarro in "Daybreak"
 John Gilbert in "Cheri Bibi"
 Joan Crawford in "Complete Surrender"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 149



☆ FAME—First National

EVERY once in a while there happens along a picture so splendidly played and directed that it stands out distinctively from the ruck. Such a one is "Fame."

It's an unspectacular story of what happens to the hopes and dreams of people—people like "you and me"—when those hopes and dreams collide with worldly needs. There are no sensational climaxes, no "big" scenes. Instead, there is a story so beautifully and humanly told that it will hold your rapt attention throughout. Director Robert Milton has instilled into this picture that same quality that made "Holiday" a grand job. And Doris Kenyon, in the leading rôle, proves a right to top ranking among today's screen players. A less capable one might easily have overacted the rôle to death. The rest of the cast is nearly perfect.



☆ THE MALTESE FALCON—Warners

ARE you one of those who delight in a fast-moving gripping mystery yarn? Does your spine tingle in response to the clever machinations of the screen detective?

Then this picture is your dish, and you'll love it. See if you can untangle the mystery before the last reel. It's a great game.

Ostensibly, this is a starring picture for Bebe Daniels, but her part isn't one, two, four, compared to that handed Mr. Ricardo Cortez, the sleek young gentleman who is now doing the best screen work of his career. What a performance Cortez gives in this picture, playing the demon detective who is also a first-rate Don Juan.

The story, made from the well-known novel of the same name, concerns the desire of several people to possess a jewel-encrusted statuette of an enameled falcon, worth fabulous sums. Cortez is the lad who turns the trick.

Bebe does excellent work in a part that doesn't give her nearly enough elbow-room. Cortez, as we've said, is thoroughly fine, and good helping performances are given by Una Merkel, Dudley Digges and Otto Matiesen.

This is as fine a piece of film mystery—with chills and thrills—as the screens have held in some months. You'll like it, you mystery fans!



☆ CITY STREETS—Paramount

SEVERAL things set this timely, fast-moving gang melodrama apart from the general run of such pictures.

First, it introduces to Paramount audiences a grand little actress named Sylvia Sidney, a product of the Broadway stage. She was rushed into the feminine lead of this picture when Clara Bow was taken out to rest after the De Voe trial, and Sylvia justifies the company's faith in her. Gary Cooper, too, does a first-rate job as an unsuspecting youth caught in the activities of a gang of beer-runners. It's a thriller that rings true.

The supporting cast—including Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and William Boyd—is great, and there isn't a dull minute in the picture. Chalk up a hit for Director Rouben Mamoulian.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

SVENGALI—
Warners



JOHN BARRYMORE is the perfect *Svengali*. He might have stepped from the pages of Du Maurier's "Trilby." But there are many faults in the picture itself. With the exception of the superb Barrymore, the Andree Lafayette silent film was better. Little Marian Marsh photographs much too young to be convincing. Much of the Latin Quarter charm has been sacrificed to hypnotic gruesomeness. Not for children!

DAYBREAK—
M-G-M



RAMON NOVARRO, as a blithe, but slightly stupid student prince, seduces a girl and learns too late that he loves her. An old story, this rates A-1 because of sensitive acting and dialogue. It moves slowly, but this very fact helps to make it romantic and wistful. And the ending is intelligent! Helen Chandler is the girl you never forget—appealing, charming. "See it!" you'll say to others.

INDISCREET—
United
Artists



IF your requirement of a picture is entertainment—this is a good picture. There are only two songs in the picture, sung beautifully by Gloria Swanson. Not quite as good as "The Trespasser," it is materially better than "What A Widow!" There is comedy good for many laughs. Ben Lyon is delightful; Arthur Lake unusually good. Gloria keeps her come-back lead. Well worth your time.

IRON MAN—
Universal



IF Lew Ayres' name drags you in to see this, you'll be disappointed, for it doesn't seem built to give him the big moments. Although Lew is starred the picture is definitely thrown in Robert Armstrong's direction. He makes the most of the toss. Lew plays a prize-fighter who is influenced by his bad, bad wife to give his old pals the go-by. Sex rears its ugly head every time Jean Harlow appears.

LADIES' MAN—
Paramount



YOU wouldn't believe that William Powell could play a *gigolo* and yet retain the sympathy of his audience. Somehow he does just that. A man who can't help attracting women. The women in this case are Olive Tell, Carole Lombard, and Kay Francis, the last named being the one he really loves. Gilbert Emery gives his usual fine performance as the husband. An entertaining picture.

CHERI BIBI—
M-G-M



THE most entertaining picture Jack Gilbert has done in ages. It's straight drama, with a happy ending that removes any depressing afterthought. Jack is a poor magician, in love with a girl far above him. He is accused of murdering the girl's father and has four years of suffering before things are righted. Leila Hyams is again the beautiful girl. Plenty of romance and thrills to keep you happy and anxious.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE PUBLIC ENEMY—
Warners



OR they might have titled it "How to Become a Racketeer, with Special Attention to How to Sell Beer, How to Swipe Hooch, How to Slug Molls, How to Get Bumped Off." James Cagney and Eddie Woods in the lead rôles try hard. But the story's weak, so are many other things, so it's just another not-so-hot contribution to gang-lore on the screen. Hasn't there been about enough?

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—
M-G-M



SOME beautiful performances save this talkie remake of the silent that made Anita Stewart famous. Leslie Howard, for instance, achieves real heights in spots, but in others, he's still too camera-conscious. Conchita Montenegro makes an interesting and decidedly supple-hipped Polynesian maiden. It's lavishly produced, but after all, the story's old enough to have known better than go talkie.

BORN TO LOVE—
RKO-Pathé



THIS plot died of old age years ago. Now they've exhumed the poor thing, and without so much as dressing it in fresh clothes, they've asked Constance Bennett to make it entertaining. She does her best—but this wheeze about the war nurse, the two officers, and whose-baby-is-it is so defunct that it'd take a greater miracle-worker than Constance to make it live. They can do better than this.

DUDE RANCH—
Paramount



JACK OAKIE was never better than in this madly funny travesty on the modernization of the old West. How a group of itinerant actors are hired to pep up a dude ranch, and how a gang of bank robbers from the city complicate things make hilarious film fare. Gene Pallette is great, while gorgeous June Collyer is so lovely it's no wonder Oakie falls for her! A picture to make you forget your bank has crashed.

PARTY HUSBAND—
First National



THEY'VE got Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie and Dorothy Peterson working hard on this, but all the same, it's just another picture, and you'll probably not jump up and down and clap hands much over it. It tells about a couple of newlyweds. Hubby's work requires him to deal with pretty girls. Wife doesn't like it. She quits him. But they're reconciled. And that's it.

COMPLETE SURRENDER—
M-G-M



JOAN CRAWFORD is emotionally great in a sordid story you probably won't like. This psychologically sound character, a cabaret dancer who turns to the Salvation Army only to find she's human after all, is not the Joan of "Our Blushing Brides," but she's grand. Guy Kibbee, the only comedy relief, is perfect. Neil Hamilton, unsympathetic, gives an excellent performance.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 120]



ANITA PAGE, of course. Anita is not making the lightning streak to stardom on the M-G-M lot predicted for her. But please, Mr. Mayer, give our favorite beach flower a good big chance. We promise to go to your movies just to look at her

Seymour says—

Plot Your Summer Fashions by the Stars!

NOW that we are all being guided by the stars for the latest twist to our futures—why not also consult the stars for future fashions? The stars I would suggest to guide your fashion destiny are no farther away than the silver screen—you won't need a telescope to see them—only a discriminating eye.

What is new for Summer? Look to the screen. How much more interesting it is to note that white is a big fashion because so many stars sponsor it than to merely read about it. And that debate about pyjamas for all hours—are they really being worn? Of course they are. Haven't you seen the smartest stars on the screen wearing them? For beach, for garden—for tea, for dancing—you are assured it is a good fashion.

I have chosen this month's fashions for that vacation wardrobe of yours—bon voyage!

—Seymour



AHOY! Did you ever see anything jauntier than this sea-faring garb that chic Lilyan Tashman wears in her new picture "Up Pops the Devil"? It's the wearable sort of outfit that will be at home on a cat boat or a yacht. I heartily approve the way she wears her blue and white striped sweater over the white flannel trousers—especially when she ties a matching sash about the waist. Even the sandals are blue—true to the sailor-like note of it all.

Six New Fashions in



— Seymour

VIVACIOUS Lilian Bond has every reason to flaunt a feather in her hat when she can pick such a smart one. I would recommend at least one hat of this type for every Summer wardrobe. The shiny brown straw is designed with a medium brim that does not hide the face. The pert feathers at the back lend just the right note of contrast. Smart for general wear—very smart for traveling. And note the jaunty tie to the silk striped Ascot scarf.



WHAT type of jewelry is suitable for sports costumes? I would say that Dorothy Mackaill answers that query with the stunning bracelet and necklace ensemble she chooses for a sporting mood in "Party Husband." Both are of gold designed in a scalloped effect. Their simplicity makes a perfect foil for a tweed-like knitted sweater in brown and tan. The beret matches the sweater—the skirt in tan wool crepe is smartly buttoned down the front. Can't you visualize it on that vacation you are taking?

WHITE is the big thing in the fashion firmament this Summer, you know. You can wear it alone—or you can use a color contrast as Bebe Daniels has done here. She has chosen this white tweed suit to wear in a scene from her new picture, "The Maltese Falcon." I would vote it perfect—from her black and white crocheted straw turban to her white pumps trimmed in linen to match her bag. The white silk crepe blouse is belted with the smartest belt of the hour, black alligator trimmed with ivory. Try the collar of your blouse over the jacket like hers—it's very flattering.



Leading Summer Rôles

MORE pyjamas! And it is Lilyan Tashman who wears them again in "Up Pops the Devil." This time they are for teatime, but I would say you could wear them to luncheon or even a quiet dinner at home. Would you ever guess that all that circular fullness could be trousers? The blouse is chartreuse silk echoing one of the colors of the huge dots in the trousers. The big straw hat is a topping topper!

Seymour



IT IS hard to maintain the reputation for being the best dressed person anywhere—but Lilyan Tashman's consistently smart selections make her a worthy claimant to the honor. This boldly printed crepe frock, for instance—simply charming with its flared peplum. The skirt should be ankle length, however. And the very newest evening wrap is just such a monk's cape wrapped casually about the shoulders—in green velvet.

SEYMOUR SELECTS FASHIONS FOR A YOUNG GIRL

IF YOU are one of those busy young things who is planning a perfect whirl of a Summer holiday, I would suggest that you look to pretty Joan Marsh for some fashion pointers. This sports outfit, for instance, just the sort of thing you should have. A short sleeved jacket in those stripes I like so well, tops a white sleeveless frock. As you can see in the smaller picture, the armholes and neck of the dress are bound in stripes. The matching beret, white socks, and low-heeled oxfords are absolutely right.



— Seymour —

CERTAINLY little Miss Marsh will not have to wait wistfully for very long in such a frock! It is the sort of lace and chiffon concoction that breaks up the stag line—especially when worn by one so charming. The sash and ruffled neckline are just what they should be—but the skirt should be shorter. Good taste is shown in the softly waved hair so simply knotted at the nape of the neck.





At the left is the Buddy Rogers we knew—a star at twenty-two, adored by the flappers. At the right is the new Charles Rogers, demoted from electric lights and facing a fresh struggle for film fame



“Am I An Actor?”

AM I an actor? Buddy Rogers wants to know.

As a boy he became “America’s Boy Friend.” Women of all ages stormed the theaters where his pictures were showing or where he made personal appearances, tore handkerchiefs from his pockets, ripped neckties from his neck, tore his clothing—anything for a souvenir of “America’s Boy Friend.”

At twenty-two he was one of Paramount’s biggest stars, owner of a staggering contract and riding on the crest of a tumultuous wave of public affection.

Like every other boy who ever lived, though, Buddy Rogers grew up, and the man who tried to play those boy rôles became suddenly ludicrous. Those who had laughed *with* him, turned to laugh *at* him.

“One of the Rover boys” was a bit of cutting criticism that stuck to him. Overnight he lost his public—just as he had gained it.

And today, no longer starred, but sharing marquee lights with others, Charles—no longer Buddy—Rogers wants to know, “Am I an actor?”

With all the appealing earnestness of youth, he is trying to answer the question for himself. He wants to play a gangster, a cowboy, a mechanic in grimy over-alls—anything that will give him a chance to act.

He’s had all the good things that any movie star could ever ask for: fame, money, affection. He had them all as a boy—and lost them.

Now he wants them all back again—as an actor.

It gives a little tug to the heartstrings to hear with what pathetic determination he asks for the opportunity to act his way back to the lofty pinnacle that was his as just a sweet-faced kid with a gay manner and an appealing voice.

Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers must find out NOW, as he stands at the cross-roads to new Stardom, or oblivion!

“I didn’t ask for all this fame in the first place,” he says. “It was more or less thrust on me. I’ve never had to battle for anything. I went to college and was thrust into earning forty dollars a week in an orchestra without even trying. A friend got me the chance to try for the Paramount school. I was chosen without even asking for the opportunity.

“I played the lead in the Paramount picture, ‘Fascinating

Youth,’ without any effort to get it. They put me under contract. They gave me ‘Wings.’ Mary Pickford chose me for ‘My Best Girl’; Ann Nichols for ‘Abie’s Irish Rose.’ A year and a half before my old contract was up they offered me a new one. When I went on personal appearances it was like taking a peppermint stick from a baby. “And now this—”

IT was a slap he never anticipated. Like the tyro at the race-track who made his first bet and won, he naïvely asked: How long has this been going on? In just the same manner he thought it would go on forever. His crime was in not realizing that he had to grow up.

But now that he has grown up he’s taking his wallops like a man. They’ve hurt and he remembers them, a little bitterly, perhaps, because he couldn’t quite understand what it was all about. Lionized one day, laughed at the next, he still can’t get over such devastating cracks as:

Peter Pan.

Should be singing in a choir.

Should go away to the mines and work for ten years.

They’re still deeply imbedded in his memory, but he wants to stick it out. He could go on the stage as an orchestra leader, he says, and, counting income from radio, vaudeville and phonograph records, make as much money as he is making in pictures. George White, the New [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

By Cal York



Looks pretty fit, doesn't he? The Lew Cody of today, brought back to life, after two years of critical illness, by the help of his faithful friends and his own staunch spirit. Plenty of jobs, thank you, and all kinds of pep!

They Saved His Life With *Laughter!*

By Jeanne North

THEY don't usually come back in Hollywood. They either climb into the heavens of fame and shine brilliantly and long, or they make the climb, flicker a bit and die out. There have been few exceptions.

Lew Cody is one. He is Hollywood's man who actually came back.

He left the screen when he completed his M-G-M contract in "A Single Man." He was away from it for two years. He returned in "What a Widow!" with Gloria Swanson. He has since made seven pictures in rapid succession: "Divorce Among Friends"; "Dishonored" (with Marlene Dietrich); "Beyond Victory"; "Three Bad Men"; "Not Exactly Gentlemen"; "3 Girls Lost" and "The Registered Woman."

When he left the screen he was making \$2,500 weekly. Today he receives exactly the same money.

Two years ago they said he couldn't possibly live. He couldn't move a muscle. His valet had to move even his fingers. The bed clothes were tented above him because the touch of a sheet brought such torture that his body could not bear it. Yet he lives!

Recovered, there seemed to be no hope for him on the screen. Friends shook their heads. Companies shook theirs, in the belief that the world had forgotten. Yet he lives on the screen. How did it happen?

Cody gives the credit for his physical recovery to his friends; he gives the credit for his professional recovery to Gloria Swanson. But the credit for both goes to Lew Cody.

Let's take a look at the man as he was before he was taken ill.

One of Hollywood's best fellows. A play boy.

"Let's call up Lew Cody and have a party!" was one of Hollywood's famous lines. Lew lived up to it.

"It never entered my head not to! 'What will you have—white rock or ginger ale?' was the first question asked me in every room I entered. I answered, 'white rock.' "

His gags were famous. He was the funniest man in Hollywood and could be depended upon to be just that at every social gathering. The gatherings were many.

When he went to New York, following the conclusion of his picture contract and preparatory to sailing for Europe and a vaudeville appearance in London, the good-fellow story was repeated.

The complete collapse I have described came quickly. Lew Cody was on his back from neuritis.

Quiet! No visitors. No excitement. Complete rest. That was what the doctors ordered. He gave in at first. Gave in until he knew he must die if the prescription continued. If he must die, he would die as he had lived.

"Send 'Bugs' Baer to me," he ordered.

"Bugs" Baer came. "Shall I read you tomorrow's column or *ad lib*?" he inquired. "They have given me ten minutes. Take your choice."

That ten minutes began the return trip of Lew Cody.

He did not need to *order* more friends to be sent to him. They came without invitation as soon as they learned he was receiving. O. O. McIntyre, Walter Catlett, Leon Errol, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, a magazine editor with a sense of humor who said: "I've got about seventeen grand in the bank. It's yours, you old skinflint!"

FRRIENDS whom he had made with his gift of telling jokes now brought jokes to him. And Lew joked back at them.

When the doctors thought him too weak to talk, he insisted on kidding with the boys with whom he had always kidded. When nurses thought friends should read to him, he answered, "I have never been a reading fellow. I read the headlines and surmise the rest!" As jolly good fellows had furnished his mental stimulus while he was well, so he insisted upon the same stimulus while he was ill.

It was the same way when they carried him back to the Coast. His bed was to be switched from the New York train to the Palm Springs one at six-ten in the morning. Five minutes for switching. Roscoe Arbuckle was then running the "Plantation" in Culver City.

"He was up every morning until the small hours; he was always tired with that kind of job. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

The True Story of Lew Cody's Great Comeback

She Wants to Thrill Us To Tears!

By Harry Lang



LOUISE FAZENDA has probably made more people laugh with her dizzy drolleries than any other woman on the screen. And yet what she wants most to do is to make them cry—she wants to play one of those teary mother-sacrifices-herself-for-her-daughter rôles! Funny, these comickers—Chaplin wants to play Napoleon, and Fazenda this!

For twelve years, she's been buffooning it without a serious rôle. As this is written, she's doing the first real serious bit in her career—one of the war women in "The Mad Parade." She's so darned afraid people will laugh at it that she prays a moment before going into her scenes before the camera—prays that people will know she's being serious at last, and that they won't guffaw.

When she was a kid, Louise had two pigtailed down her back. She's still got them! She never had her hair bobbed. And once, in the Mack Sennett days, she had her pigtailed insured for \$10,000. Now, because her long hair is such a nuisance to dress, she wears a wig in virtually every one of her screen characterizations, so you're probably not seeing Fazenda's hair at all.

Fazenda's a mighty pretty woman when she's dressed up. But she's very sensitive about her dark skin. It is a heritage of her Portuguese ancestry.

"I wish," she confided to an intimate recently, "that some day, just once, Hal would say that he thinks I'm pretty." Hal is her husband, Hal Wallis, one of the Warner Bros. executives. Hal is just about ninety-nine per cent of Louise's life. The other one per cent is her work and her friends.

She's so crazy about Hal and keeping Hal's love that she'll do almost anything to avoid letting him see her in one of her comedy make-ups. When she comes home from the studio wearing one of the goshawful messes, she sneaks in by a side-door and takes it off before letting him see her.

But the other day she played a part as a cute little French maid. She looked adorable. And she took particular pains to let Hal see her.

She's a domestic-hearted little soul. If she couldn't have both her home and her career, and had to make a choice, she'd instantly jettison the career.

"I'm just an old-fashioned wife with modern ideas," she

She's a beauty, this Louise Fazenda—and for eighteen years she's been a rough and tumble comedienne on the Hollywood lots, beginning as one of the earliest custard pie targets in the brave old days of Sennett. And an artist!

explains. "Like an old-fashioned house with modern plumbing—comfortable but convenient." She can cook like nobody's business, and her recipe for lemon pie is one of Hollywood's institutions.

And she writes poetry!

Besides cooking and writing verse, she likes to plan and build and sell houses, and collect antiques. She has built and sold quite a few houses—and she bosses the job herself, hiring the workmen and supervising the job. She even goes so far as to make them tear up a two-inch cement floor when she's specified a six. The house she and her husband live in now was one she designed and built herself. They live simply, in the upper part of the house, which is a duplex. They've only one maid, and they rent the lower floor.

IN the front hall is a lamp from a synagogue in Budapest—In the living room is a pistol Buffalo Bill once used. Scattered all over are all sorts of curios and antiques, particularly early California stuff. And in the cellar is the greatest collection of fan mail in Hollywood. She saves all her fan letters!

"The first ones thrilled me so," she explains, "that I couldn't bear to throw them away, and that started the habit of keeping them all." Among her fan mail writers she has many steady correspondents—exchanging letters constantly.

She remembers her most faithful fans. Last Christmas, she sent thirty of them each a hand-tooled leather brief case, with a big photograph of herself enclosed.

When she gets fan mail, she believes she can tell by rubbing her fingers over the letters which of them she wants to open and read. The rest she files in her cellar.

She's superstitious, and believes in astrology and numerology. For a long time, because she believed so thoroughly that the stars at birth control a person's destiny, she was afraid to have her horoscope read, fearing it might be bad news. But, just recently, she had it done. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

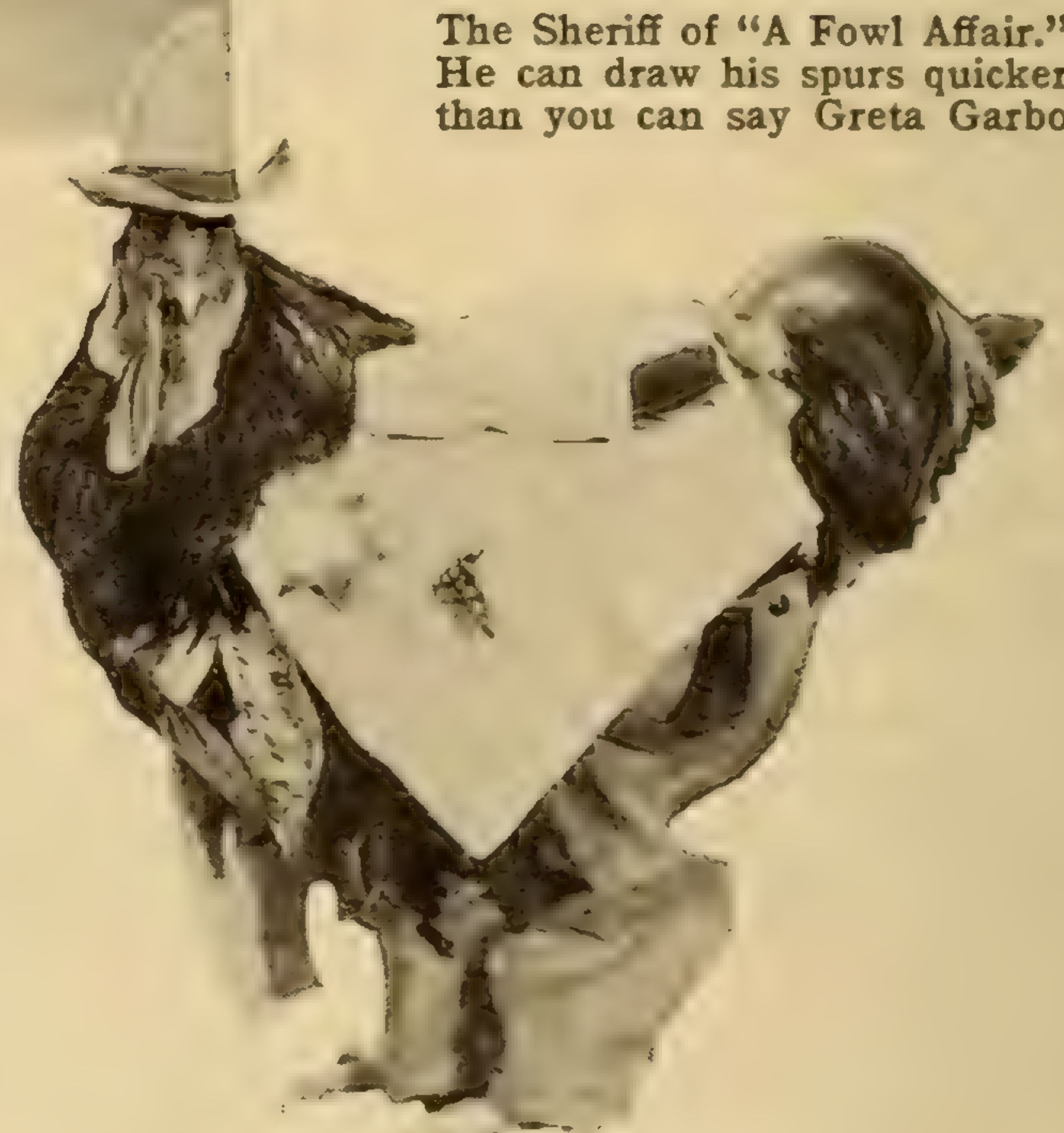
A Comedienne Who'd Like to Play *Ophelia*

A Very Fowl Affair



Now chickens,
ducks and
turks get their
place in the
talkies

- The tall and handsome gentleman at the right is Elmer. Imagine his embarrassment when Genevieve, his ever-loving wife, presents him with a family—all web-footed! This is one of the tragi-comic moments of "A Fowl Affair," Educational's all-quackie comedy



The Sheriff of "A Fowl Affair."
He can draw his spurs quicker
than you can say Greta Garbo



Did you ever see a dowager to beat—or even tie—this one? It's the turkey-lady in the box seat at the show. She is just ready to level her lorgnette at the girls on the stage

Ah-ha! A villainous pick-up on the streets of Fowl-Town! The Fleet's in, and Jack Ashore is making a mash on the simple country maiden. Is there no one at hand to save her from the goggling gob?



Success hasn't softened the hard knocks that were Barbara Stanwyck's welcome to Hollywood



She Has Hollywood's Number

By
*Katherine
Albert*

BARBARA STANWYCK is a bitter woman and a very wise one, not a temperamental one, as Hollywood would have you believe.

A case hardened trouper, as well as a sensitive, capable actress, she isn't fooled by the homage she finds awaiting her at the very height of her success. Having broken box-office records with "Illicit," and been hailed as a great discovery in "Ladies of Leisure," she hasn't forgotten the time when she was just "that girl Frank Fay married."

Now that she is a success, she remembers vividly those other days and Hollywood's friendly palm can't conceal the back of the hand she once felt. Battling her way through Broadway's hard school, rising from a homeless Brooklyn orphan to a star in the talkies, she has Hollywood's number. And once having been a telephone operator, she knows her numbers. Hollywood's, she'll tell you, is the wrong one.

Her story is more dramatic than "Cinderella." For being a good little actress in the New York production of "Burlesque," Barbara was given the usual reward of merit, a movie contract. She and Frank Fay presented themselves to the mogul of the United Artists Studio. They looked at Barbara to find a not too beautiful woman whose face was, according to their standards, marred by crooked teeth.

"You must have those fixed," they said. "Actresses must be perfect. The job is easily done. That one crooked tooth can be removed and a false one put in."

Barbara answered simply, "Not if you give me the whole studio, I won't."

The teeth remained as they were.

They gave her a part in "The Locked Door." It was an old-fashioned story with such dialogue as, "If there is a God in heaven, He'll protect me." Barbara felt a trifle silly about saying these lines and said so. She felt sillier when she heard herself on the screen. Barbara Stanwyck was a flop. Her contract was not renewed. Well, well, the little lady of "Burlesque" was just a big farce.

But her husband—ah, he was a success. Frank Fay, having left United, proceeded to grab off a big fat contract at Warners.

"Under a Texas Moon," so everybody said, would prove a sensation. Picture Frank and Barbara at a Hollywood party. Frank, important, successful, sought after, surrounded by women, slapped on the back by men, invited to all the best places.

And Barbara? "Oh yes, that Stanwyck girl—hasn't done so well." Barbara merited only

a perfunctory "hello."

If it had not been for Frank, his wife would not have stayed on. One night a producer called her from New York. He had a perfectly swell show for her to do and wanted her to come East immediately. But Frank couldn't go, so she declined. "You see," she said much later, "I sort of love that man and if I went to New York all I'd have would be a good play. If I stayed I'd have Frank."

A few more pictures. Failure again, and by this time "Under a Texas Moon" and "Show of Shows" had been released. Frank Fay had made the grade. Barbara Stanwyck had not.

A test at First National brought a shake of the head from a producer. At Columbia Frank Capra said, "I'd like to use you in 'Ladies of Leisure' but, of course, you'll have to make a test."

"I CAN'T," said Barbara. "I simply can't go through any more of this silly business. No more tests, if I never work in pictures again."

But at last when Capra could not find another girl for the part, he said, "Come on into the cast and try this thing without a test."

And thus, by a stroke of sheer luck, you were introduced to a new and brilliant "discovery," a discovery who had been lying around loose in Hollywood for months, languishing on the sands at Malibu, being merely tolerated by Hollywood's socially elite—"that girl Frank Fay married." Now, of course, Frank Fay has become "Barbara Stanwyck's husband." It takes such a little time for these great changes to occur.

"Ten Cents a Dance" followed "Illicit" and it was during the making of that film that Barbara fell from a parallel and hurt herself badly. She should [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]



You don't have to leave your own native shores to find plenty of fascinating material out of which to write your story of "Beauty and the Boss" or any other modern, romantic theme. The above scene from the Warner picture "My Past," showing Lewis Stone and Bebe Daniels, is one example of the type of gripping stories woven out of modern, native material

\$2,000.⁰⁰ *For Your*

THE day of the land rush may be over, but the manuscript rush is only about to begin. And it is very likely to prove more lucrative than cutting yourself a piece of Oklahoma prairie, for *your* manuscript might be the very one for which Warner Bros. will pay \$2,000, through the contest being conducted by PHOTOPLAY.

Warner Bros. want your story for their title of "Beauty and the Boss," and, as we have told you before, they'll take up to nine more stories if they are suitable for picture production, and pay \$2,000 for every one of them accepted.

You've had plenty of time to think over your story and put it into form. If you haven't done so already, you still have plenty of time, for the contest does not begin until May 15, and runs until midnight of July 15. That gives everyone a chance at those \$2,000 checks that are waiting for interesting, original, human stories.

In earlier announcements we've told you that you don't have to be an experienced writer, nor possess a literary style. That still goes. You don't. But be original. *Your* story is what is wanted in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest.

Last month Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department of Warner Bros.-First National, wrote a helpful article in which he gave you some friendly hints to aid you in telling your story.

THIS month we're going to give you some more help, some more advice and some additional suggestions from Mr. Wilk. Read them and benefit by them. He says:

"Stick to native subjects of today. You don't have to go to Europe, or Asia or Africa to find life and romance and adventure. Stick to home—and to the present.

"Don't write stories about the Revolution, or tell us who won the War of 1812. That type of stuff, if we want it, can all come from other sources.

"Fighting the French Revolution all over again isn't nearly as exciting as the revolution of modern youth and modern people today.

"Keep away from these period themes.

"Instead, give us romance of the present, the excitement and humanity of every-day life as we live it today. There is

The best story idea for title "Beauty and the Boss" wins \$2,000 in cash. And the same amount will be paid for other short picture stories accepted

enough of this material right around you without delving into histories for laborious tales of the past."

That gives you still a clearer idea of what is wanted—original, human, modern-day stories. You might have lived a story in your own life that would make a gripping picture, or observed such a theme in the life of someone else. This doesn't mean that they have to be true stories. They can be complete fiction. But they must ring true!

So look around you. Think! And then get busy after those two-thousand-dollar checks.

They're waiting for you!

SINCE the first announcement of the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest, a great many letters have come to the office of PHOTOPLAY, asking for additional information. Most of these letters were needlessly written, simply because our correspondents didn't read the announcement and the rules carefully.

Another thrilling tale laid in an up-to-date setting and spun out of the every-day incidents of modern life was "Illicit," the Warner picture with Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie. As glorious and as romantic as the past may seem to be, present-day American life is every bit as romantic and as exciting. Plenty of material for your own stories



Picture Idea

This is essential! Read the rules. They will answer all of your questions and tell you all you want to know, for they are complete and simple and easy to understand.

In a contest of this kind, where there are so many entrants, it must be obvious to the reader that PHOTOPLAY cannot enter into any correspondence, much as it would like to answer all of you personally. Therefore, please do not write in, requesting additional information. Read the rules.

As a result of not having read the rules carefully, several entrants have already submitted their stories. This, of course, is in violation of the rules. Rule 2 clearly states that stories should not be submitted before May 15.

Nobody can beat the barrier and expect consideration that is not accorded others.

After May 15 you can send in your stories as fast and as furiously as you like and PHOTOPLAY will be waiting to receive them.

But under no circumstances are your stories to be submitted before that time.

The stories already submitted have been disqualified, in accordance with the rules of the contest.

Further, don't merely write in suggesting that such and such a book, or such and such a poem might make a good moving picture.

Warner Bros. themselves are fully aware of the excellence of a lot of printed tales, through a department they maintain just to read what others have written and have had printed in book, play and short-story form.

What is wanted is original stories—your stories—and not someone's else.

IN submitting your stories, don't neglect to sign and attach the coupon printed on the same page with the rules. This is most important. And if you want to submit more than one

*Read the Rules and
Conditions of Contest
Carefully on Page 100*

story and have only one copy of PHOTOPLAY to clip the coupon from, don't write in and ask for more coupons.

Copy it off on your typewriter and sign it.

Each story must have its own coupon signed and attached.

And now about the unsuccessful stories. A lot of readers have been

troubled by the thought that their stories, even if they don't win the \$2,000 prize, would remain the property of Warner Bros. and that they would lose all rights to them.

Read the coupon carefully and you will see that you give your story to Warner Bros. *only* for one of those \$2,000 checks that are waiting.

And *not* for nothing.

Accordingly, as soon as the winners are announced, all of the unsuccessful stories will be automatically released and are yours to do with as you will.

You had better keep a copy of your story, for PHOTOPLAY cannot undertake to return unsuccessful manuscripts to contestants.

NOW! That's a lot of advice, isn't it? But now that you've had everything carefully explained, and have been given some additional suggestions about writing your story, hop to it and win that \$2,000.

"Beauty and the Boss" is a title already selected, around which you can write a fascinating story.

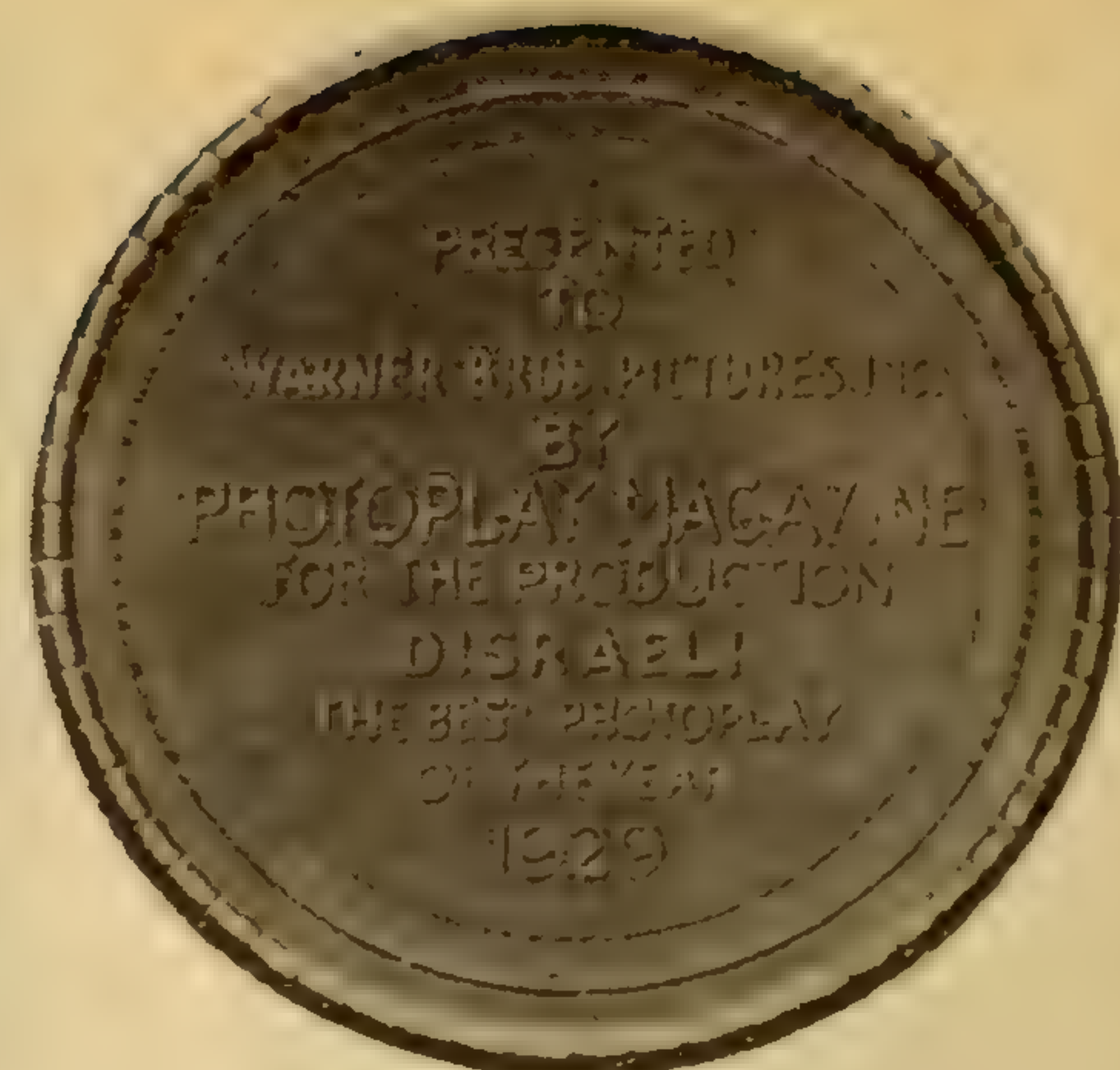
And nine others will also be selected if they will make original, modern-day stories of the type that you, yourself, would want to see on the screen.

And \$2,000 for each one of them will make a lot of dreams come true—that long-planned trip to Europe, the payment on that house in the country, or a new car, or, perhaps, the start in your own business.

Read the rules carefully! They'll answer *all* your questions. Now go to it!



Voting Begins!



Cast your ballot early for the Eleventh Annual Award of The Photoplay Medal

BALLOTING begins this month to choose the best picture released during the calendar year 1930.

To the producer of the film so chosen goes the eleventh annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor—the most coveted prize in the world of motion pictures.

What the famous Nobel prize is to the world's scientists and literary artists, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is to the people of the films. Moreover, the PHOTOPLAY Medal is truly a popular award—it is the ballots of you, the fans, that crown good work with this high honor.

For your convenience, a ballot is printed on this page. Use it. Below, also, is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released last year. Your choice, however, is by no means limited to this list. Vote for any picture of 1930 that you think worthy of this high honor, for all are eligible.

In 1930 the motion picture world became definitely committed to the talking screen. The tenth annual award, that for the best picture of 1929, went for the first time to an audible screen drama, "Disraeli," felt in all quarters to be a worthy choice.

At a reception and tea given at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, last fall, the Medal was presented to Harry M. Warner, as head of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., who, in turn, presented a solid gold replica to George Arliss, star of the picture.

For ten years the PHOTOPLAY Medal has been awarded for a truly brilliant line of great pictures. To refresh your mem-

Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"Humoresque"
1921
"Tol'able David"
1922
"Robin Hood"
1923
"The Covered Wagon"
1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
1925
"The Big Parade"
1926
"Beau Geste"
1927
"7th Heaven"
1928
"Four Sons"
1929
"Disraeli"

ories, a list of the winners is printed on this page.

Each, we feel, has been a worthy recipient of this high honor. From the tender "Humoresque" to the rich, romantic drama of "Disraeli," each film has marked a high point in its respective year's photo-dramatic endeavors.

In 1930 the talking pictures reached new high levels in artistic technique and technical advance. With many mechanical problems solved and the artists surer of their ground, it was a memorable year in the film world. A great picture will win the Medal for 1930.

FROM the beginning we have asked that in awarding the PHOTOPLAY Medal, personalities be forgotten and all aspects of a picture be considered. The chosen film drama should be preëminent in story, in direction and in acting; it should be distinguished by the motive and spirit behind its making.

We feel that every reader of PHOTOPLAY should take great pride in helping to make this prized award, so eagerly awaited and highly valued by the motion picture industry. It is the one great gift of motion picture-goers to those who serve them well, and surely it is a privilege to have a voice in the giving.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in

diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

Now to the choice! And may it be the worthiest!

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

Abraham Lincoln
All Quiet on the Western Front
Animal Crackers
Anna Christie
Big House, The
Big Trail, The
Case of Sergeant Grisha, The
Caught Short
Check and Double Check
Common Clay
Dawn Patrol, The
Devil May Care
Devil's Holiday, The
Divorcee, The
Doorway to Hell, The
Feet First
Free and Easy
General Crack
Green Goddess, The
Grumpy
Hell's Angels
Holiday
Journey's End
King of Jazz
Ladies of Leisure
Laughter
Let Us Be Gay
Lummox
Manslaughter
Men Without Women
Min and Bill
Moby Dick
Monte Carlo
Office Wife, The

Old English
Outward Bound
Rogue Song, The
Romance
Sarah and Son
Seven Days' Leave
Song o' My Heart
So This Is London
Street of Chance
Tom Sawyer
Unholy Thrice, The
Vagabond King, The
White Hell of Pitz Palu
Whoopee
With Byrd at the South Pole
Young Man of Manhattan

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

MISS ANNE MORGAN

Daughter of the Late J. Pierpont Morgan

Discusses modern women.. their success, the importance of attractive appearance, the wise care of the skin

WOMEN'S SUCCESS... the very words kindled enthusiasm in Miss Morgan's fine dark eyes, so like her famous father's. "I am deeply interested," she agreed, "in what women have made of themselves—fully developed personalities."

We sat in Miss Morgan's boudoir, she very handsome in her chair of crimson brocade before the open fire. Sunlight fell on her Chéruit gown of golden beige lace, her superb pearls, her wise, kind face, her clear skin and fresh coloring.

Miss Morgan is so famous as president of the American Woman's Association that I had come to ask her opinion about the care of the skin and its importance to women. Unhesitatingly, she answered.

"Modern women desire that their complexions shall be always clear and vigorous," she said. "A high standard of personality demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care.

"I myself have used Pond's for years," she added... I felt a thrill of pride that



MISS MORGAN IN HER BOUDOIR IN HER HOME IN SUTTON PLACE, NEW YORK

these simple beauty aids had, by sheer merit, won the approval of one familiar with every luxury wealth can buy.

"Through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, Pond's helps women achieve an attractive appearance... I am sure they all are grateful," Miss Morgan concluded, with her unforgettably sincere and charming smile.

Pond's four famous products keep your skin enchantingly fresh and clear by the four simple steps of the Pond's Method:

1—For pore-deep cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—To wipe away the cream, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because softer, more absorbent... in white or Parisian peach color.

3—To tone and firm, close and reduce pores, pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener. It banishes oiliness, keeps texture smooth as satin, brings roses to your cheeks.

4—For powder base, protection and peach-bloom finish, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, on face, neck and arms... wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep your hands soft and white.

Tune in on Pond's Tuesdays 5 P. M., D. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women Speakers, W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network. After May 26, Friday evening, 9:30 P. M.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T
114 Hudson Street New York City

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1931, Food's Extract Company



"Women are grateful," Miss Morgan says, for Pond's four famous beauty aids

“I don't care how old you are

warns

LEW AYRES

Universal Star

*Learn the Complexion Secret
nine out of ten lovely
screen stars know*

“WHAT TYPE do I most admire?” asks Lew Ayres, Universal star. “The type doesn't matter much—if she has that radiant charm I can't resist—*youth*.”

“I don't mean the kind that's measured by birthdays! But that glowing, compelling something women nowadays seem to have at almost any age!

“The lovely stars know how vital youth is, and how to keep it! Every woman should learn their complexion secret.”

Indeed the actresses seem to have no birthdays—to be always young, delightful, appealing, no matter how long their list of successes. “A flawless skin is the secret,” they will tell you. *They* use Lux Toilet Soap!

*Guard Complexion Beauty
the Hollywood Way*

In Hollywood, alone, 605 of the 613 important actresses are devoted to this very white fragrant soap. It is found in theatres everywhere—is official in *all* film studios. Countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars depend on it.

Buy some Lux Toilet Soap—today!



The caress of dollar-a-cake

French soap

Youth LUX

...but you must keep Youth!"



(above) MARY NOLAN, beautiful Universal star, is one of the 605 important Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly!* Mary Nolan says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin smooth and lovely."

(below) HELEN CHANDLER, piquant stage star now in the movies, says: "The many close-ups in the talking pictures demand flawless skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the very smooth skin which is required."



(above) GENEVIEVE TOBIN, charming Universal star, is equally enthusiastic about this white fragrant soap. She says: "I am devoted to Lux Toilet Soap . . . it is marvelous for keeping the skin in excellent condition."

Toilet Soap... 10¢

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]



Hold that pose! Beauteous Carole Lombard has to rehearse this scene from "Up Pops the Devil" for each of these attentive gentlemen—Director Sutherland, the camera man and the sound man. Would you look as calm before such a critical bevy?

started dickering with him. The part would be given to an actor Coe does NOT like. Coe says he thinks he'll sell it.

A CERTAIN celebrated actress, infuriated by some of John Barrymore's vagaries, stormed off the set with the sizzling announcement that she would never act with him again.

"Well," tittered Jawn, giving her that certain profile business, "you never have!"

A CAMBRIDGE, MASS., woman, in telling it all to the judge in request for divorce, said that during the seven years of their married life, her husband had only taken her to the movies three times. She got her divorce.

THE studio is still receiving hundreds of fan letters addressed to Lon Chaney every week.

And although Louis Wolheim has been dead three months, fan mail is pouring into his old studio.

THE screen gets another distinguished stage actress.

This time it's Frances Starr, for years a Belasco luminary in the theater, and star of such great successes as "The Easiest Way" and "Rose of the Rancho."

She will play the tragic rôle of the mother in "Five Star Final."

RIVERS are now flowing up hill, and the sun is rising in the west! A Mary Pickford picture has been censored.

Hard to believe? Almost impossible! But just the same the fact remains that the censorious board of the proud State of Virginia held up release of "Kiki" until certain deletions were made.

At last this has happened to Our Mary, whose pictures have always been synonymous with sweetness, light, the innocent prattle of little children and the tweeting of the birdies! It'll be a Jackie Coogan picture next, if we're not careful!

AND then there's the author who's telling Hollywood that Producer So-and-So turned down his story about an old man's romance.

"My leading character," the author says he told the producer, "is a sex-agenarian, and . . ."

"Don't tell me more," the producer cut in. "I don't want the story. We're making clean pictures only. None of that sex stuff for us!"

IT'S not always beauty that gets a girl a part in a big picture. Consider, for example, the cast of Vivian Winston and "An American Tragedy."

Vivian, among other girls, was being interviewed by Director Josef Von Sternberg.

He looked at her rather uninterestedly as she arrived.

"No. You're too pretty. You won't do for the part I have in mind."

"Can I come back in half an hour?" she begged.

"You'll only be wasting our time," said Von Sternberg.

But she came back.

She had used make-up, and added a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

She had changed clothes. She looked utterly UN-beautiful.

P. S.—The girl got the job.

THEY are telling this one about Charles Francis Coe—you read his short stories in PHOTOPLAY.

Some time ago, he wrote a story called "Pennies." Lon Chaney read it and liked it as a picture plot.

M-G-M was about to buy it when Chaney died.

Then the Fox people thought it would be a good story for Milton Sills. While they were negotiating for it, Milton died.

Coe believes there's a jinx on the story, so he refused recently to sell it to a studio for a leading man Coe liked.

But even more recently, another studio

ONE of Eddie Cantor's young daughters is an autograph fiend. In her little leather book are contained the signatures of Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford and others.

One day Eddie said, "Now don't you want me to sign one of the pages?"

His daughter looked at him in amazement and asked, "What for?"

WHEN they threw the reception for Chanel, the élite of Hollywood went in their grandest finery. The famous Parisian costume [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



When you sit tensed over the thrilling court room scene in "An American Tragedy," you won't see Director Joseph Von Sternberg among those present. Here he is though, directing the scene from on high. One of the many specially constructed sets for the filming of Dreiser's great story

Drink of Beauty at the Saline Springs



*The Saline Way leads
to radiant beauty and buoyant charm*

★

BY ALL means give some part of each day to a ritual of beauty with your lotions and your creams. They do give smoothness to your cheek, softness to your skin. But don't cheat them of their power by neglecting the most important beauty secret in the world!

For there is no radiant *natural* beauty except that which comes from within, and Sal Hepatica is the saline way to complete internal cleanliness.

In clearing the system of toxins and wastes, it banishes bodily poisons and brings new clarity, new radiance to the complexion.

Each year thousands of fashionable Europeans follow the saline treatment. To Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix these

lovely continentals regularly go, to "take the cure". And as they drink of the saline waters of the famous springs, health returns to their bodies, and their skin becomes once again clear and young.

Sal Hepatica is the American equiva-



lent of the famous European spas. It gets at the source of complexion troubles by eliminating poisons and acidity from the system. For the same reasons it frees you from other digestive ills—from headache and colds, auto-intoxication and rheumatism.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely does it fail to act within thirty minutes. Taken once a week, it is a guard against many of humanity's most common ailments, and keeps the skin always fresh and young.

Get a bottle today. And merely for the asking, by mailing in the coupon below, you may have the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which describes in detail what Sal Hepatica will do for you.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS Co., Dept. G-61, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

© 1931

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]



Here are a couple of Hollywood Tildens. None other than Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess "putting it there" after a friendly match. These two old cronies are staging a big reunion over at First National these days

designer showed up in a simple suit of tweed, loaded down with strings and strings of pearls. The reception was not what you would call a howling success.

HERE'S a hot one. Helen Kane, of Boop-poop-a-doop fame, has been made an honorary colonel at Dallas, Texas. Mary Pickford was the first to get this honor. Boop-a-doop is the fifth.

Halt! as we military fellows say.

THE best of news! Lila Lee is well again, and setting off on a long ocean voyage before daring the studio rigors!

Lila was recently discharged from the sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona, where she has been fighting for health since last July. The ravages of tuberculosis have been completely checked, her doctors say.

LITTLE Renee Adoree is still at the same institution, and waging a successful fight.

Renee made a return to Hollywood some time ago, but she wasn't ready yet for the battle of life, and had to return to Prescott.

Our Katherine Albert visited her not long ago and found her game and chipper—and eleven precious pounds heavier than when she went into the desert.

Katherine reports that Renee looks remarkably pretty.

She's let her hair grow, and it now tumbles down about her shoulders.

BY the way, there's bad news from Gary Cooper.

The big boy went from influenza to yellow jaundice, and now there's a report that Cooper may have to give up picture work for a time

and seek some health in Arizona. He doesn't look so well in his latest picture "City Streets."

CLIPPED from the same newspaper:

Item 1 — Page One headlines: "Nevada Legislature Passes Legalized Gambling Law."

Item 2—From the movie chatter column: "Clara Bow is reported to be considering the purchase of a cattle ranch in Nevada."

THERE wasn't an actor on the M-G-M lot who would take Lon Chaney's dressing room. Superstition. Then Metro signed Jean Hersholt and assigned it to him. He didn't know the difference until some kind "friend" told him.

"That's splendid," was Jean's immediate answer. "Lon and I shared the same dressing room in the early days at Universal. We used to work out different forms of make-up together. We were friends, always, you know."

"But you may see him—there—some day," the friend's voice was awe stricken.

"I hope so. We would give a great deal to have some of our friends come back to see us. I would give much to see Lon Chaney at any moment."

So would many of us.

YOU have probably heard the good news from the newspapers—Mae Marsh is coming back to pictures.

She is going to play the mother in a talkie revival of William Fox's great success "Over the Hill."

THERE is no doubt that while Ina Claire was making "The Awful Truth" a few years ago she was temperamental. She was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



Presenting Mr. Floyd Gibbons. This famous writer and lecturer whom you have heard on the radio, will now be seen and heard on the screen. Mr. Gibbons is scheduled to do a series of shorts for Radio Pictures

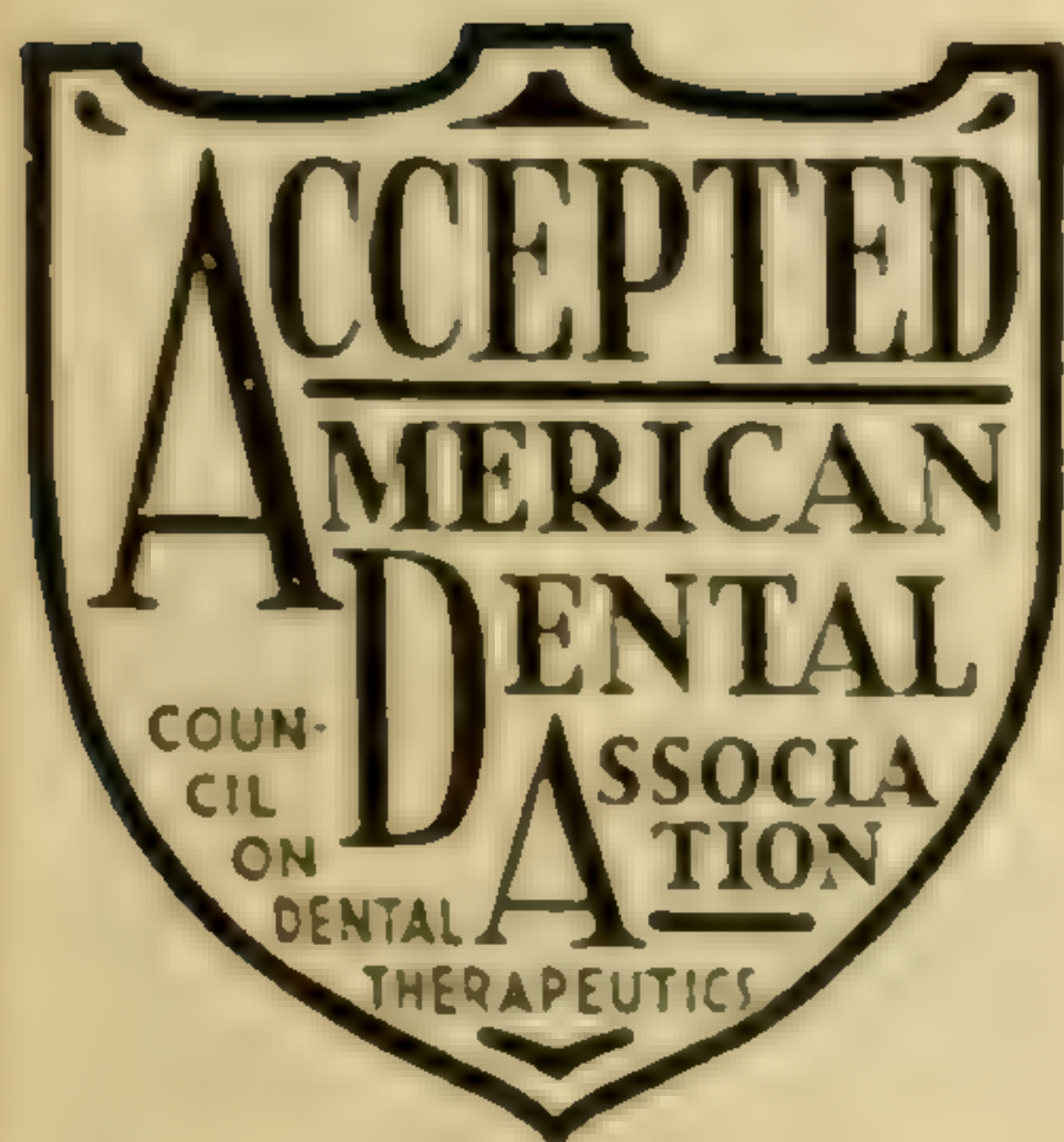
PRICE DOES NOT MEASURE QUALITY IN THIS TOOTHPASTE

Council on Dental Therapeutics
accepts

COLGATE'S

PRICE

25^c



See if the seal of
acceptance is on
the toothpaste
you buy

COLGATE'S is the biggest selling toothpaste on the market — and has been for 30 years.

Colgate's is more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

Colgate's now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]



Mr. Dreiser to you. The famous author had this somewhat dubious expression on his face upon arrival in Hollywood. His classic, "An American Tragedy," is being filmed. He got \$150,000 for his story and is worried about the Hays code

late to the set; she was unpleasant to those around her.

You read the tales at that time. They were not exaggerated.

Today, she is on the same lot making "Rebound." But she is a different girl. Never late; always pleasant. Walk onto that set any time and you'll find her joking with Director E. H. Griffith, or even the boys who are photographing her. She can't say enough kind things to those around her. She says:

"All I want of Hollywood this time is to be allowed to work."

Which explains her change of attitude better than we could explain it!

DON'T let this get to John Barrymore, but after seeing a preview of "Svengali" somebody remarked, "That Mr. Barrymore is getting so he acts more and more like Fredric March."

AN unusually large crowd waited until the opening of "Strangers May Kiss" was completed to demand that the stars autograph their books, handkerchiefs, hats, etc.

And the star they wanted the most—there was no mistaking this—was Marie Dressler!

WELL, you don't need to lose any more sleep over the fate of George Bancroft. He's doing right well, thank you, has come home, all's been forgiven and Paramount has received him with open arms

Well, perhaps, not too open. Originally, the studio offered George \$80,000 a picture if he would return. He was holding out for \$120,000.

They've reached a big compromise. He'll get \$100,000 and like it. But, then, who wouldn't?

VON STERNBERG discovered Marlene Dietrich, but she has no corner on his professional attentions. His latest choice for future glories is Frances Dee—lead in "An American Tragedy."

He's putting her through his kindergarten training for stars-in-the-making. Taking her to lunch almost daily and explaining his ideas to her. She must be on the set every morning at nine o'clock and not leave until shooting is finished whether she is working or not. So she can hear his every word to other actors.

Well, Frances' legs aren't quite as good as Marlene's but she has her points. Let's see what we see of this Frances Dee when Von Sternberg has finished.

OF course you'll be hearing this one over and over again, but they do say that the only person to stop those quick on the answer Marx brothers is Jackie's little brother, Robert Coogan.

"Well," said Groucho, in a friendly fashion, "did you like 'Animal Crackers'?"

"Yes," said Robert, "with frosting on top."

THE Height of Femininity as manifested by June Collyer:

George Arliss has been searching for a girl

to play the colonial vamp in his new picture, "Alexander Hamilton."

The customary "vamp type" was definitely out—the veteran Arliss wanted nobody on that style.

Arliss talked to June Collyer. June, fresh from a sequence of gaga-sweet rôles, was terrified at being selected to play a vamp. Doubly terrified at being questioned by the GREAT Arliss.

June is, to tell the truth, quite unsophisticated and easily awed by "big" names.

Well, Arliss selected her for the rôle.

"But I was so scared—even though he was very nice—that when the interview was over, I just had to go to a shop and buy myself a new dress and hat to restore my self-confidence, even though I couldn't afford it!"

GLENN TRYON tells this one on himself, so it's okay.

With a friend of his he's been making an ultra-modern two-reel film in which he plays the rôle of an idiot.

Before starting he consulted a make-up expert.

"What sort of make-up would you suggest I use for this idiot rôle?" Glenn asked.

The expert looked him over carefully and said, at last, "Oh, just a little number seven powder will be okay."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Wedding bells for Mary Nolan. The ill-starred beauty who so recently deserted Hollywood for a stage come-back, will now play a leading domestic rôle opposite the good-looking young man here. In other words, meet Mr. and Mrs. Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.

Beauty experts warn

against this common error in choosing soap

WOMEN prize youth. Men are attracted to youth. Youth means radiance, beauty, natural charm. "That schoolgirl complexion" is responsible for more conquests than men will admit.

Palmolive Soap is made for one purpose—and one only—to keep lovely complexions young—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Ordinary soaps may harm

Don't be misled. Just ordinary soaps—whatever their claims—will not do for you what Palmolive does.

Until women saw the value of Palmolive as a beauty cleanser, few used soap on the face.

When the cosmetic oils of olive and palm were blended in a complexion soap millions, on expert advice, turned to this new, simple, natural beauty method. Millions of lovely complexions testify to its value.

Today over 20,000 leading beauty experts—recognized specialists—urge the use of Palmolive. Because they know the use of this soap makes their work easier and surer of perfect results. No other soap

—no other beauty aid—has or ever had such a weight of professional authority back of it.

Why will these important beauty specialists with large clienteles stake their reputations on this strong recommendation? It is important for you to know.

Olive and palm oils

Palmolive—uniquely—is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatever. This is very important to you who would use soap on the face. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care and beauty. More women know that—more believe it today than ever before.

There is nothing in Palmolive to roughen or dry the skin. Only the "deep cleansing," lotion-like lather so peculiar to a soap containing olive oil. No wonder beauty specialists urge it.

They see its results. They note the smooth, soft, clear complexions that result.

If you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion, choose Palmolive Soap—and no other!



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

TANGEE



LONDON, TOO ADVISES THIS NATURAL LIPSTICK



SKETCH, famous London magazine, says: "This season, a vivid artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony. The first essential is to choose a lipstick and rouge that blend perfectly with your own natural coloring."

"TANGEE changes color magically on the lips and cheeks to exactly the right tone of the natural coloring of the skin. TANGEE suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or titian-haired."

TATLER, world famous authority, adds: "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P6
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

BETTE DAVIS ("Bad Sister," Universal) is a Lowell, Mass., girl who makes her talkie début in this picture. Born in 1908, and a pretty blonde, she played on the stage for two years, having rôles in "Broken Dishes" and in "The Solid South," the Richard Bennett play, from which Universal took her for the picture rôle.



GEORGE BRENT ("Charlie Chan Carries On," Fox) was born and educated in Dublin, Ireland, and has spent eight of his twenty-six years in the theater. By his own admission, he has played 200 rôles in stock. Some talkie training. He's dark, six feet, one, and single. Fox has George safely under contract, and is glad of it.



LORETTA SAYERS (Columbia) is the very newest of Hollywood Cinderellas and, as such, earns mention here. An exceptionally pretty blonde, eighteen years old, Loretta left the younger set of Larchmont, New York, to take a Columbia film test. Out of hundreds of girls tested, she was chosen, and it was heigho, off to Hollywood!



HUGH O'CONNELL ("The Smiling Lieutenant," Paramount) isn't a stranger to the camera—he's appeared in some howling Vitaphone shorts. One of the stage's best "dumb" comedians, Hugh is now playing the dumb-producer leading rôle in "Once in a Lifetime," the Hollywood satire, and doubling into the Chevalier film.



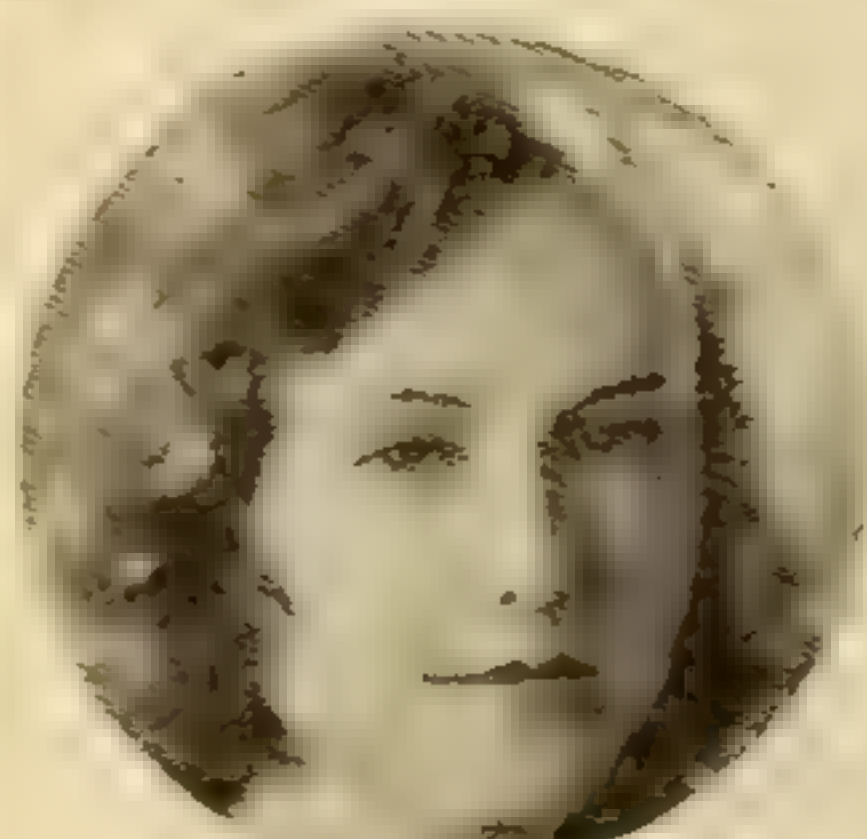
GLADYS FORD ("Big Business Girl," Warners) has had name trouble. Her real name is Mary Blackford. Warners signed this sixteen-year-old hopeful, and changed it to Janet Ford. This conflicted with the name of an established player, and as Gladys Ford she was cast in "Big Business Girl." She's a Beverly Hills product.



LORIN RAKER ("Riding for a Fall," Fox) has been for years one of the best known farce actors in the American theater. Recently he's been a radio player, too. Visiting friends in Hollywood, he was given a rôle in Otis Skinner's talkie, "Kismet." Raker liked the lots, with the result that film jobs are tumbling his way.



JOAN CASTLE ("Mr. Lemon of Orange," Fox) is another of the countless Gus Edwards discoveries. As Rosalind Cassell, the sixteen-year-old girl did radio broadcasting for two years, and Gus heard her on the air. Fox signed her, changed her name and nursed her along in small rôles till the Brendel picture. A New York City girl.



GUY KIBBEE ("Complete Surrender," M-G-M) played on the stage for thirty years before reaching Broadway. Then, last fall, he scored a sensation in "Torch Song," and played it on the screen under the above title. Now he is in tremendous studio demand. He has appeared in "Man of the World," "Stolen Heaven" and "City Streets."



Buy a bandana with that \$3 you save



Compared with dentifrices in the 50 cent class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents saves you \$3 a year. Let your fancy dictate what you buy with the money. The bandana is merely a suggestion.

Critical women prefer this tooth paste— and for a very definite reason

WOMEN who try Listerine Tooth Paste invariably refuse to use any other. They will not run the risk of affecting their teeth with an inferior dentifrice.

This tooth paste, they find, keeps teeth whiter—more sparkling—absolutely free from discoloration. It cleanses gently and smoothly, with a really amazing quickness.

The secret of Listerine Tooth Paste's popularity lies in the cleansing agents. They are hard enough to remove tartar, and dislodge even the tiniest food particles between the teeth. And yet they are too soft to work mischief on the enamel.

A lifetime of preparation was necessary to produce a dentifrice embodying all the virtues of Listerine Tooth Paste. That's why, once we offered it to the public, it was acclaimed by ever-growing numbers.

Now 4 million people, in all walks of life, have discarded more expensive brands in favor of this new one at about half the price.

Don't take anyone's word for it. Make it a matter strictly between yourself and us. Try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. Then study the improvement in the looks of your teeth. Watch for the added lustre. The purer white color. The new feeling of health and aliveness in your mouth.

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ a tube saves you about \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Buy things you need with that saving.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.



The makers of Listerine
Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢

LOLA LANE, the youthful Tiffany-James Cruze star, is one of the first to sponsor the new all-white sports costume. On the tennis courts you find her endorsing the fashion of shorts. In the evening, over a deceptively simple gown of chiffon, she wears the season's smartest choice, the "little" wrap of white bunny.



ABOVE ALL THINGS—THE NEW STYLES REQUIRE A

SMART SPORT TOGS, the blithe new tennis shorts, clinging evening gowns—each is a subtle test of your figure.

Is there, indeed, a single ensemble that doesn't require a figure of alluring rounded slimness? A figure so few have—and so many desire?

Yet it is possible for almost every girl to achieve this rounded slimness—*by diet and exercise.*

Perhaps the most serious fault with most reducing diets is that they are lacking in roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons remain in the body, causing pimples, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

What a pity—when the addition of one delightful cereal to an adequate reducing diet will avoid all this danger. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean, regular and healthy. It is not fattening—but it does add iron which brings color to cheeks. Isn't it far better to eat this pleasant cereal, than to take pills and drugs that may be dangerous? Add

GOOD FIGURE!



two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to your reducing menus.

Serve it as a cereal; in soups and salads; in omelets or cooked into bran muffins or breads. Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. A-6, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____

Served at the Studios

New Recipes for Sandwiches Salads and Sundaes



Dinner coats at noon! It's in the M-G-M studio restaurant and John Miljan and Adolphe Menjou are due back on the set shortly

PERHAPS it's just a tongue and swiss combination to you, but on the M-G-M restaurant menu it's listed as an ANITA PAGE SANDWICH and served on whole wheat or bran toast. And it does taste better. Or, maybe, admiring Anita, I just imagine it.

All the studio menus are bright with the names of their current stars and leading players. Even the orders take on a movie flavor. When Hugh Herbert and Evelyn Brent were working together on the Radio Pictures lot, making "Traveling Husbands," Hugh ordered a special sandwich. Evelyn, who had already ordered, watched with hungry eyes. Next day she headed for the same waitress and said: "I'll have a *retake* on that sandwich Mr. Herbert had yesterday!"

OVER at the Paramount Studio restaurant you can lunch royally on MAURICE CHEVALIER SANDWICHES. This is the way they are made:

Mash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned salmon and add to it 1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg and 1 tablespoon finely chopped cucumber pickle. Season with salt and paprika, and moisten with cream salad dressing. For a second mixture, mash yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons melted butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons chopped nut meats, and a few drops anchovy essence.

Remove the four crusts from a slightly stale white loaf, and cut five one-third inch slices lengthwise of loaf. Spread three slices, on both sides, with butter worked until creamy, buttering remaining two slices on one side. Spread two mixtures alternately between slices of bread, sprinkling egg yolk mixture with finely chopped green pepper. Wrap in paraffin paper or cheese-cloth, place under a light weight and let stand until serving time. Cut in one-third inch slices crosswise and then cut each slice in half. Arrange, overlapping one another on a plate covered with a lace (or lace paper) doily.

GARY COOPER SANDWICHES are made of whole wheat or bran bread, sliced thin and with the crusts cut off. They are spread with a mushroom mixture, cut in finger-shaped pieces, and sautéed in butter until browned on both sides.

The mushroom mixture is made as follows:

Melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour and stir until well blended. Pour on gradually, stirring constantly, one cup thin cream. Bring to boiling point and add sautéed chopped mushrooms to make right consistency to spread. Season with salt, pepper and paprika.

TAKE a generous scoop of pineapple ice and place it on a slice of canned pineapple. Top it with whipped cream, and sprinkle with chopped nuts and cherries.

"That's a double pineapple sundae," you say, your mouth watering. But out at the Warner-First National studio commissary in Burbank, they call it a LORETTA YOUNG SUNDAE.

The extra girls' favorite is a RICHARD BARTHELMESS SUNDAE. A sliced banana is covered with ice cream, half chocolate and half vanilla. A mixture of marshmallow and hot butter-scotch is poured on the ice cream, and the whole is topped with whipped cream and sprinkled with chopped nuts and cherries. Such devotion, at the risk of digestion, must be deserved!

A FRANK FAY SUNDAE is a work of art. Strawberry ice cream is put in a stem goblet, followed by pineapple ice. That's

covered with green mint sirup, which, in turn, is topped with the inevitable whipped cream and sprinkled with the inevitable nuts and cherries.

The salad list is adorned with so many famous names it's difficult to choose.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. SALAD is made of prunes, stoned and stuffed with cream cheese, and served on a bed of shredded lettuce with French dressing.

BEBE DANIELS SALAD consists of sliced avocado and tomato, in alternating slices on shredded lettuce. Usually served with French dressing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.



"Dear Mickey Mouse—"

Our Garbo

This department is making a collection of Garbo poems. We already have over 3,500 of them. When we get a total of 5,000 poems to Greta Garbo we are going to have them printed on fine vellum and bound in royal purple leather. The following beautiful poem, written by Miss J. K., of Ray, Arizona, was chosen because of its lofty sentiments, its sublime imagery, its ineffable nuances and its ephemeral *je ne sais quoi*. Also because it is very short.

*Garbo, Garbo, famous star
Nothing does your brightness mar.*

*Climbed the rounds of fame so high,
Wrote your name across the sky.*

*When the evening sun is set
And our comrades we have met,*

*Then we'll seek our great delight—
Find a Garbo show tonight!*

Good Mean Fun

Clara Bow is reported to have a hideaway in the mountains, a hundred miles from Hollywood. Shucks! In six weeks the place will have a tabloid newspaper! . . . "Wild Boar Charges Chaplin," says a story from Saint Saens, France. Chaplin has been charged by wild bores for twenty years, which is one of the reasons his poll is white at forty-two. . . . Everything on the Radio Pictures lot these days is labeled "B. C."—"Before Cimarron." . . . Mary Brian and Jack Oakie are said to be really *throbbing* for each other now. . . . Lupe Velez is doing a stage show in Los Angeles called "La Argentine," thus clear-

Reeling Around

*with
Leonard
Hall*

ing up the mystery of why theaters are forced by law to install asbestos curtains. . . . Jean Harlow, busy every minute since she appeared practically *au naturel* in "Hell's Angels," has been cast for the lead in a picture called "Blondie." They'll have to change the title to "Whitey" for that baby. . . . Kay Francis is a pet-lover. She has two dogs, a cat, a rabbit, two canaries, a parrot and seven goldfish, not to mention the new husband, Ken MacKenna.

The Gag of the Month Club

Solly Violinsky is a vaudeville boy who has become one of Hollywood's most famous layoffs. You could number his jobs on the thumbs of one foot.

Not long ago the Marx Brothers signed him for ten weeks as gag-man on their new Paramount comedy. The next afternoon Solly ambled into the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel, says *Variety*, and found his wife sitting in a lobby chair, like one of the gilded rich and easeful.

"What?" screamed Solly, the layoff, "has my going to work gone to your head?"

Getting Personal

Father Carl Laemmle is said to look with disfavor on the current romancing between Junior Laemmle and Sidney Fox, the pretty little girl who made her talkie debut in Universal's "Bad Sister." . . . William (Paramount) Boyd and Addie McPhail, leading woman in many Lloyd Hamilton comedies, are said to be going hither and thither seriously. Boyd was recently divorced from Clara Joel, stage actress. . . . Bobby Jones says that if he ever makes any more golf pictures there's going to be a clause prohibiting studio bosses from asking how to improve their game. . . . Fifi Dorsay's nineteen-year-old brother is in Hollywood and may rate a Fox contract. . . . The Betty Compson-Hugh Trevor romance is said to be cold, with Jack Cabot, a Los Angeles society man, the newer squire. . . . Crane Wilbur, the old-time movie hero-writer-director, and his latest wife, Beatrice Blinn, have separated. Temperament, she says. Crane has been playing in "On the Spot," stage melodrama, this season. Anna May Wong in the cast, too. . . . Nice break for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. They've been making a personal appearance tour—together. . . . "Pat," the police dog who was with Director F. W. Murnau when the German genius was killed, disappeared immediately after the accident and has not been seen since. . . . One of the Gish girls keeps working on the stage. Dorothy has been appearing in New York in the Theater Guild's revival of Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." . . . Voice from the past—Carlyle Blackwell, who used to fascinate the American flapper fifteen years ago, has just signed to make three talkies in England. Older, but still booful. . . . Greta Nissen, slated for big vamp rôles at Fox, has bought a new house in Beverly Hills. . . . Six real newspapermen were hired by Paramount for court-room scenes in "An American Tragedy." The director told them to "act naturally, as though working." All six went to sleep with their feet on the desks.

"How thrilling . . . to find the fountain of youth in a perfume bottle!"

—says—

HELEN TWELVETREES

"Goodness knows *I'm* no explorer! . . . yet I've found it . . . the fountain of youth . . . right here at my own dressing table! It came disguised as a perfume, in a *precious* flacon . . . and every droplet smiled and twinkled . . . well, just like an April sunbeam. I lifted the stopper, and knew at once . . . that Seventeen was no *ordinary* perfume. For at once, almost, it caught me up—and held and held me—in its own thrilling mood . . . of Seventeen!"



To impart the skin-tone of Seventeen . . .

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a new and different powder which brings youth to your complexion, as *Seventeen Perfume* brings youth to your mood! *Seventeen* is a *two-tone* powder . . . in which tones are blended, just as Nature blends them in the youthful skin. Thus, *Seventeen* imparts the true skin-tone of youth to your complexion . . . the combination of tones gives life and radiance, and avoids the flat appearance of ordinary powders. In four fascinating shades.

Other *Seventeen* toiletries . . . Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compacts, a solid and liquid *Brillantine*, *Sachet*, *Toilet Water* . . . and the blithe perfume, *Seventeen*.

Seventeen





THE 3-FOOT CIRCLE TEST

Inside the three-foot circle — even a slight trace of armpit odor gives offense. Yet the offender can hardly ever notice that odor herself.

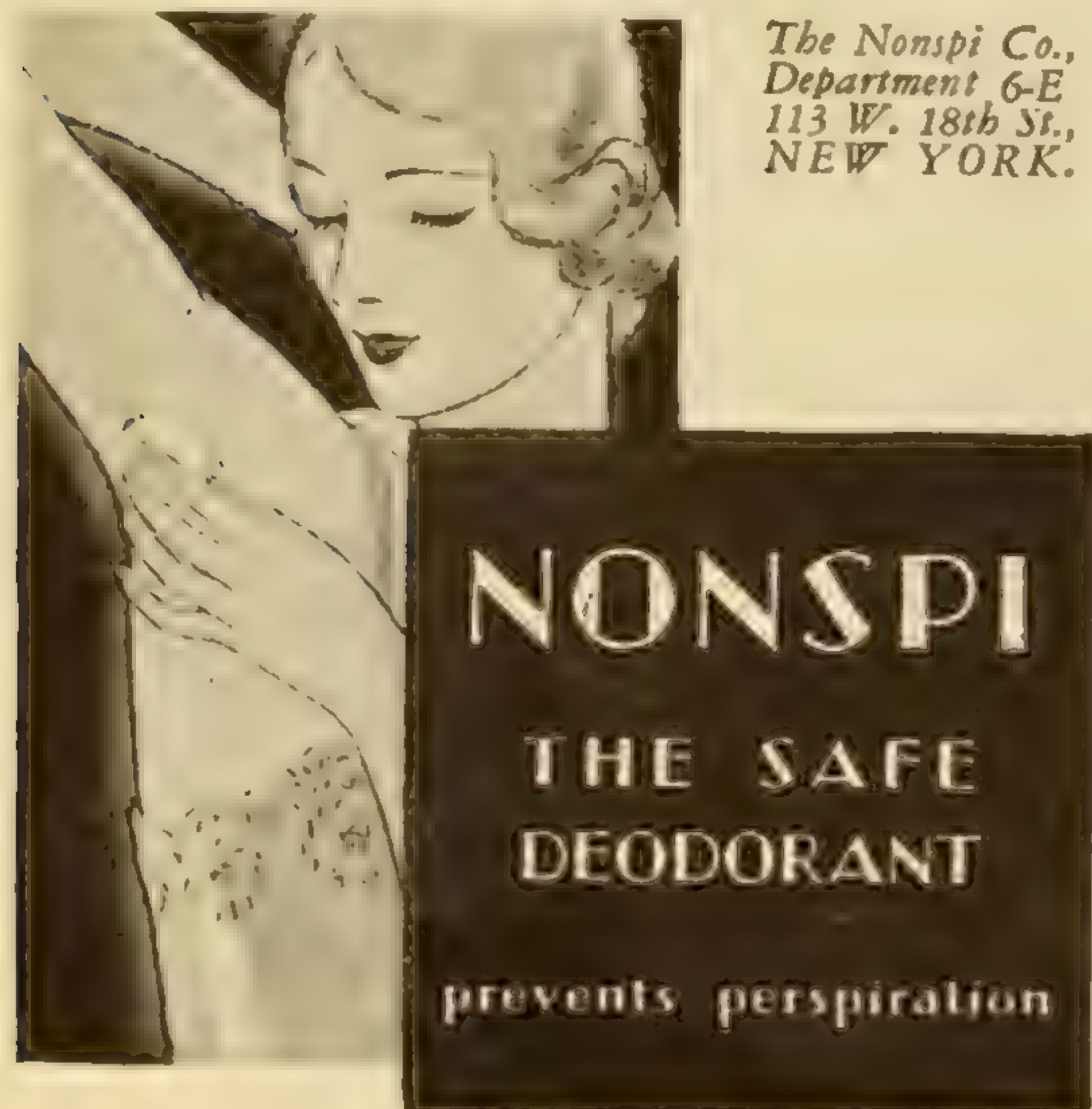
Fortunately, there is one *safe* and *lasting* way to prevent armpit odor — Nonspi.

Nonspi is *one* deodorant pronounced both harmless and effective by competent medical authority.

Why? Because it is perfectly safe, and yet protects you for 3 days (72 hours). You need to use it only twice a week. A special ingredient used *only* in Nonspi makes this possible.

By checking perspiration, Nonspi not only stops armpit odor, but also protects you from staining, perhaps ruining, expensive frocks.

Send 10¢ for generous trial bottle, enough for 2 or 3 weeks. Or start today; get full-sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.



Short Subjects *of the Month*

THE movie-makers are taking courage and going into a new field. At last they are no longer afraid to take a sly comic dig at Hollywood, its people and its ways.

One of the funniest short comedies in months is along this line. It's called "In Conference," and is reviewed below.

IN CONFERENCE

Sennett—Educational

This could be taken as a model for two-reel comedies, and proves that the old master, Mack Sennett, keeps well out in front. A Scotch picture producer, played by Andy Clyde, and his Jewish partner are faced by a soprano-voiced male star when the talkies come in. A riot.

THE RINGLEADER

Educational

A William J. Burns mystery, made from a case record of one of the mysteries solved by the great detective. These Burns two-reelers are being very well done and are better than some of the big features shown on the same bills.

CHASING AROUND

Tiffany

One of the best of the clever chimpanzee series so popular with the youngsters. This one is about the hard-working papa and the shiftless college son who falls hard for a gold-digger. One of the biggest howls in the picture is the monkey son's rich Hahvahd accent.

SECOND HAND KISS

Darmour

If you think slapstick comedy is only for kids, you just go down and watch Louise Fazenda and Jimmie Finlayson, trying to adopt a child, each one concealing the fact they already have a child by a former marriage. It's a wow.

PARTNERS

Vitaphone Variety

This is a faithfully photographed vaudeville act. Sometimes they are flopperinos, but this one, being a good sketch, makes a fine two-reel comedy. William Gaxton stars in it, playing a young, impoverished business man trying to bluff his way into a big sale. His office boy's the partner.

HIS PRICE

Paramount

Remember Johnny Burke, who served quite a spell with Mack Sennett when talking comedies were new? Here he is again, playing in a little laugh-maker in which he plays a worried stockbroker all jammed up with domestic entanglements. Johnny's an able comic, and the skit has roars.

OUR WIFE

Hal Roach

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have turned in another winner! This comedy is a laugh from start to finish, thanks to Hardy's frenzied efforts to stage an elopement with Babe London, who is no featherweight herself. And when the runaway does come off, Ben Turpin is the J. P. who ties the knot!

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

Sennett—Educational

Old Mack Sennett himself, without makeup, takes a part in this. With his comedian, Marjorie Beebe, playing straight, they show a Baron around Hollywood. It's a sort of comedified travelogue of the film capital, and a grand treat for those who'd like to come to cinemaland.

THE PIP FROM PITTSBURGH

Hal Roach—M-G-M

Two tried and true troupers on the Roach lot—Charley Chase and Thelma Todd—manage to get a good deal of fun out of a slim script. Charley, faced with a blind date with a girl from Pittsburgh, does everything he can to duck it—until he finds it is the beautiful Todd!

WAY OF ALL FISH

Radio Pictures

Don't miss this one. It's the perfect comedy. Ned Sparks—with that dumb pan of his—plays an ardent trout fisherman who goes wild when his best flies won't work and a farmer boy catches a beauty with a bent pin and a worm. Addie McPhail and Roberta Gale are swell. It's a scream.

SKY HIGH

Vitaphone Variety

There is a definite place in the short subject field for little musical pieces, and this is a good one. It contains singing, dancing and a little comedy—it features a beautiful Broadway hot-song singer named Janet Reade (she's a platinum blonde) and it pleases the folks.

THE LONE STARVED RANGER

Radio Pictures

Roscoe Ates stutters his way to a sure-fit comedy hit again. Just let Roscoe open that staccato mouth of his and the laughs are sure to begin. This time he gets all tangled up with the law as well as his tongue, and almost gets himself lynched for robbing a Western bank.

AFRICA SHRIEKS

Vitaphone Variety

As was to be expected, a travesty on the African Travel-and-thrill films has come along, and it's a screecher. Hugh Cameron, a well known comic from musical comedy, is Joe Zilch in Darkest Africa, and the comedian and some funny photographic clips make this an extra enjoyable short.

THE GOSSIPY PLUMBER

RKO—Pathe

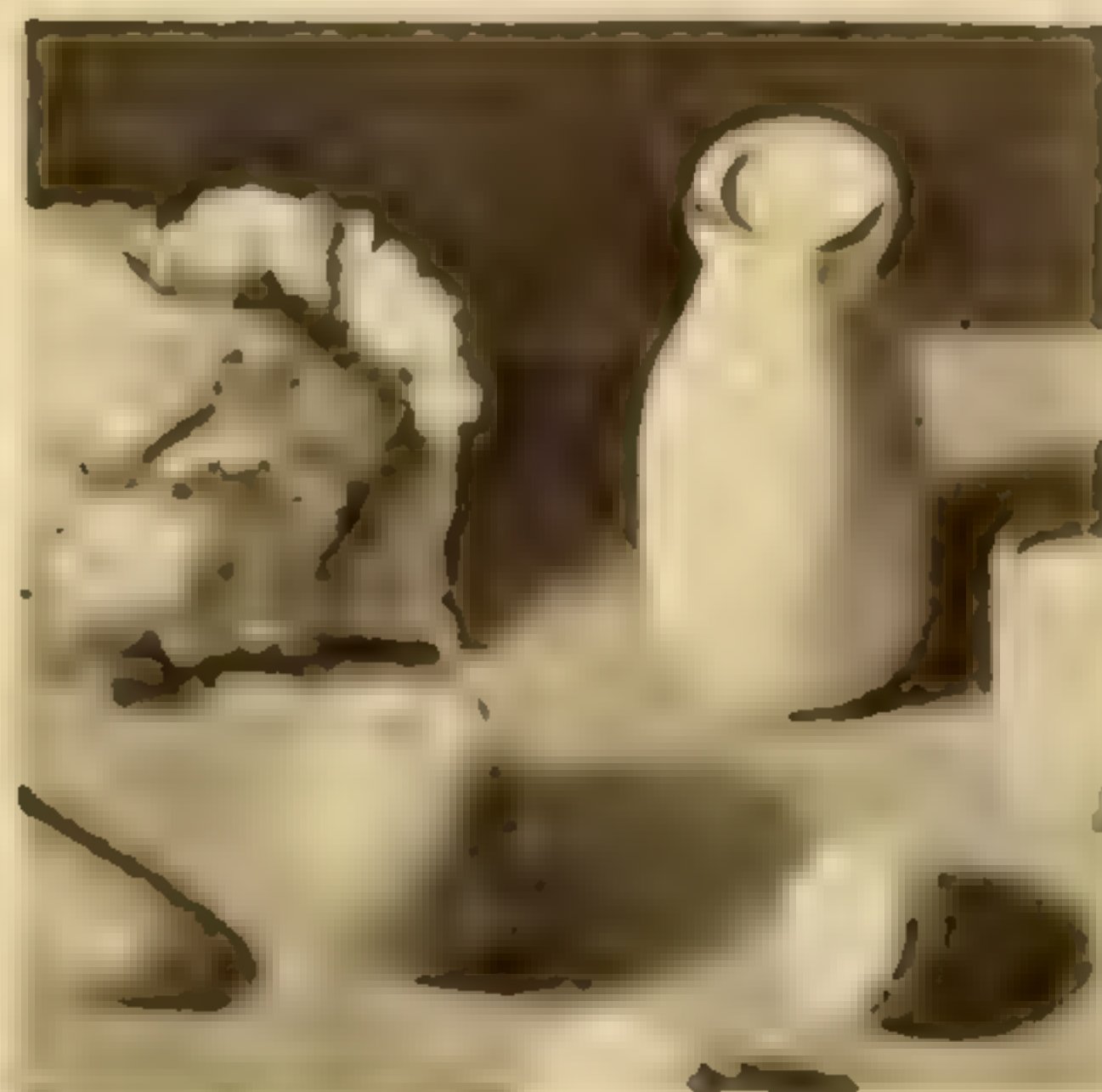
Well handled slapstick for those who like it, and good dialogue for those who like that, this short will provide plenty of amusement. Arthur Wanzer as the plumber is so real that you'll be disappointed if he doesn't come to fix your pipe next time you call one.

The three rules for strong, healthy teeth

Eat Right *to resist Decay*

Remove Film *to prevent Decay*

See your Dentist *to check Decay*



1. Include these in your daily diet.

Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, 1/4 lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

STEP by step science discovers what makes teeth strong and healthy. There are three rules. The first two you already know — "Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year."

The third rule governs the food you eat. Study the panel on this page and let it guide your diet and your children's. It is remarkable what proper diet can accomplish in preventing decay and gum disorders.

Remove film daily

But while correcting your diet, don't neglect the equally important safeguard of keeping teeth film free.

Film covers all teeth. It seems to harm some more than others. Film contains germs. It glues them to the teeth—their action, it's believed, destroys enamel.

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. These stains most people mistake for naturally discolored teeth.

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your den-



Don't wait to see your dentist until teeth ache.

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

tist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

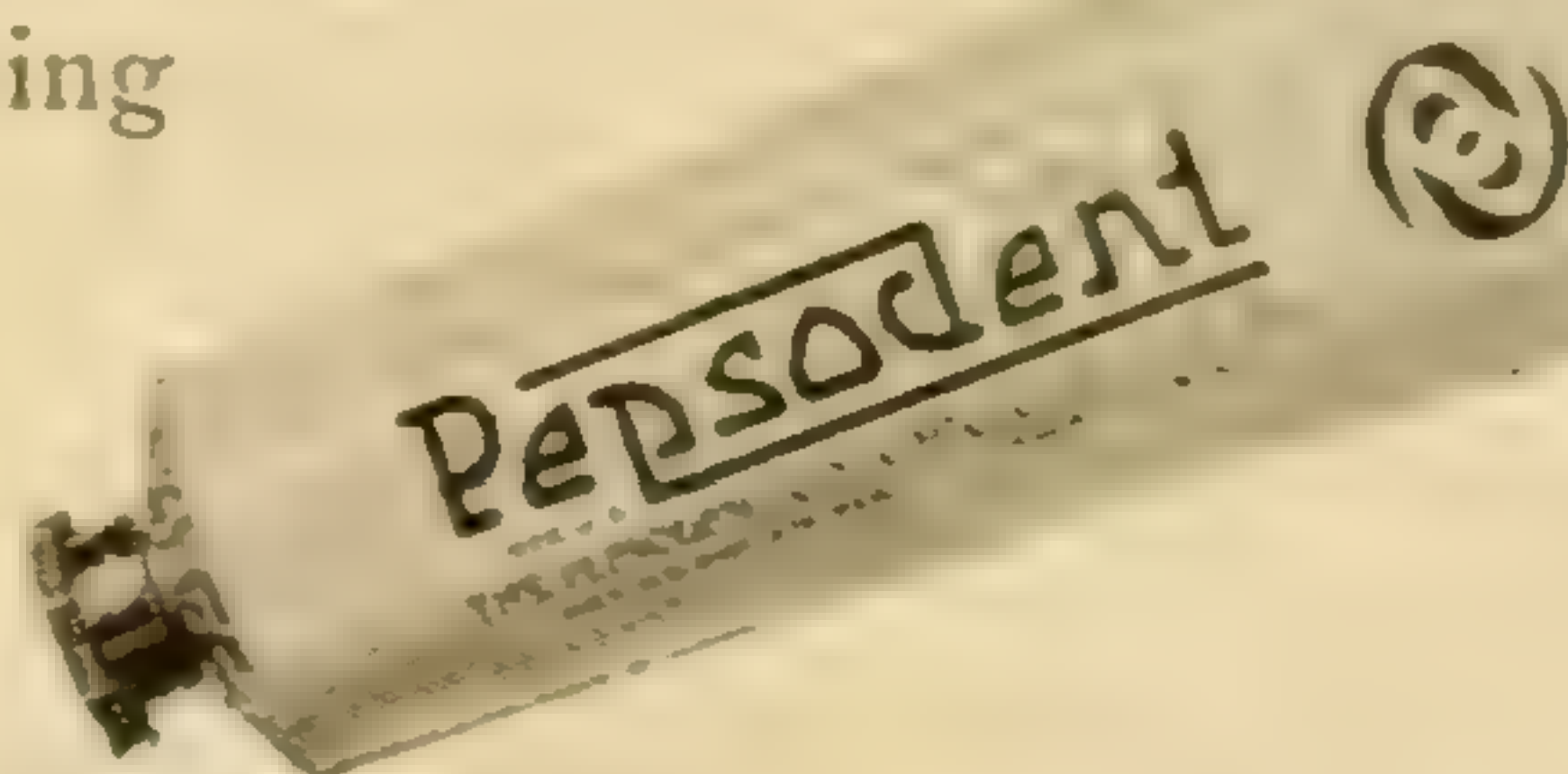
Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today — it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth.

Newly discovered
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
MOUTH WASH
NOW at your
nearest druggist's

AMOS 'N' ANDY brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste



Win Fame and Fortune

1,000 Prizes for United States

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. Children. Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. Scenes. Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations. Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors. Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. Informal Portraits. Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. Animals, Pets, Birds. Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

\$25,000 in U. S. Prizes

GRAND PRIZE

\$2,500 in cash and a Bronze Medal

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class \$500
For the next picture in each class 250
For the next picture in each class 100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class . . . 25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class . 10
(847 prizes, totaling \$16,330)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made in May and June and entered from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state \$100
Second Prize, each state 50
Third Prize, each state 20
(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling \$8,670)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and . . \$10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and \$1,000.

* * *
Total U. S. Prize Money \$25,000
International Awards 16,000
Prize Money for rest of world 59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$500 class prize, the \$2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$14,000 for a single snapshot.

Read these simple rules for U. S. A.

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)
3. An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)



The owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to capture a prize as users of costly cameras. Picture interest is what counts.

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure more than 8 inches the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed. Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on opposite page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be judged solely on general appeal—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize, will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

with a Simple Snapshot

**\$25,000 in Cash Prizes for United States alone
... A Thousand Opportunities to Win!**

*Only amateurs may compete.
Pictures must be made in May,
June, July or August, 1931*

A CAMERA . . . a roll of film . . . some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International \$100,000 Competition!

It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of pictures you take are the kind wanted for this contest!

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling \$25,000, for pictures from the United States alone. In addition, the first-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland . . . where there are six \$1,000 class awards and a grand award of \$10,000 and a handsome silver trophy.

And, as the list of prizes shows, one simple snapshot may win \$14,000!

State Prizes for Child Pictures

Three Special Prizes will be given in each state for the best child and baby pictures made in May and June. Pictures entered in this "half-way"

contest may also win prizes in the general contest ending August 31.

So get your camera busy. No special skill, no long experience, is required in this contest. Picture *interest*, not photographic excellence, is what counts.

Famous People acting as Judges, Patrons

Photography is the universal language that brings nations closer together and makes for international goodwill.

In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

European princes, oriental rulers . . . presidents and premiers, makers of history . . . leading figures in society, science and the arts . . . such celebrities are sponsoring this important event.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler

Christy; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on Kodak Film, or the new Kodak *Verichrome* Film. Only Eastman makes these films. Both come in the yellow box.

Get busy! See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots! Send in as many as you please, as often as you wish. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10:00 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.



For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.



Rear Admiral
Richard E. Byrd,
Chairman of Judges

Mary Roberts Rinehart,
foremost authoress,
Judge



Howard Chandler Christy,
celebrated artist,
Judge

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____
Street Address _____
Town and State _____
Make of Camera _____
Make of Film _____ Number of pictures _____
P. 6 _____

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Adolphe Menjou, Mary Brian and Pat O'Brien glimpsed in a big moment from "The Front Page"—smash newspaper talkie, conceded the best of its kind, to date

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

"THE FRONT PAGE," that dynamic newspaper talkie, has got the fans in a high state of excitement this month. Brilliantly directed by Lewis Milestone, who made a classic of "All Quiet on the Western Front," this picture has all the ingredients to gladden the heart of the most critical fan. Mary Brian was borrowed from Paramount to play the girl, and Pat O'Brien, a newcomer to the screen, plays the young reporter, *Hildy Johnson*—a character drawn from life; incidentally this real Hildy Johnson died in Chicago recently, while still on the job. The real interest, however, centers around Adolphe Menjou in the part of *Walter Burns*, the tough managing editor. Menjou steps out of his routine sophisticated rôles and makes his characterization something that will long be remembered for its realness.

A. B., NEWARK, N. J.: Right you are, A. B. Adolphe Menjou is married. He has been married twice. Kathryn Carver is now the lucky girl, and the happy event took place in 1928. Menjou hails from Pittsburgh, Penna.

EILEEN MERRY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.: Pat O'Brien's portrayal of *Hildy Johnson* in "The Front Page" was the first part he's played in pictures, with the exception of a few Vitaphone shorts he made in the East while filling a New York stage engagement. He is 31 years old, was born in Milwaukee and married Eloise Taylor last January.

DIANA FRANKLIN, CHICAGO, ILL.: George Stone was born in Lodze, Poland, May 25, 1903. He weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet, 3 and has brown hair and eyes. He has been in the movies since 1927.

KAY, CLEVELAND, OHIO: Edward Everett Horton was born in Brooklyn, New York. He has never married and has been in pictures for about 10 years; during which time he has produced and played in a number of stage plays in Hollywood and Los Angeles. His last pictures are "Lonely Wives" and "The Front Page."

LUCIEN VOISARD, PLYMOUTH, OHIO: Helen Twelvetees is really Helen Jurgin, but Joan Blondell kept her own name. Nancy Carroll changed hers from Nancy LaHiff. Elissa Landi, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were all born that way.

CHARLOTTE M. SCHAUER, HOLYOKE, MASS.: Janet Gaynor is a Philadelphia girl, born October 6, 1906. She has lovely naturally curly auburn hair and brown eyes, weighs 96 pounds and is just 5 feet high.

J. D. CIULLA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Bert Wheeler was born in Paterson, N. J., Robert Woolsey in Oakland, Calif. Yes, Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers.

MARY SMITH, MEMPHIS, TENN.: Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, Calif., November 5, 1905. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Before he entered pictures in 1928, he played several parts in amateur theatricals. His most recent pictures are "Kept Husbands" and "Once a Sinner."

MARION PEARCE, PEORIA, ILL.: So you're a Kay Johnson fan, Marion. She was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes. Kay is Mrs. John Cromwell. Her husband directs pictures now. He was on the stage directing and acting.

A FAN, DETROIT, MICH.: Paul Lukas is from Budapest, Hungary, born on May 26, 1896. He was educated at the Royal Hungarian University and when he came to America in 1927 he couldn't speak a word of English. He was in pictures in Budapest and on the stage abroad for 14 years. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 182 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. His two latest pictures are "Unfaithful" and "The Vice Squad."

CAROL CANNON, ST. PAUL, MINN.: Little Mitzi Green is 11 years old. Stanley Smith is on the New York stage in a musical comedy called "You Said It." You'll see Charles Rogers next in "The Lawyer's Secret." He has been in Europe. Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll played together in "Stolen Heaven." Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914, and Robert, his brother, is just 6 years old. Davey Lee was born January 3, 1925.

A READER, DETROIT, MICH.: Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, like Paul Lukas, is a native of Hungary. He played in several stage productions, one of which was "Dracula." He is now working at the Fox Studio in "Women of All Nations."

EARL EDWARD THORNTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.: Lois Moran did a play in New York this winter, but she's back at the Fox Studio now. She was born in Pittsburgh, Penna., March 11, 1909, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall. She has blonde hair, bobbed, and blue-gray eyes.

LILLIAN M. DUCK, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.: Ina Claire (real name Inez Fagan) was born in Washington, D. C.

LORRAINE BIDDLE, CHICAGO, ILL.: Monroe Owsley was born in Atlanta, Georgia. He weighs 156 pounds, is 5 feet, 10 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Before appearing on the stage, he was a newspaper man. You'll be seeing a lot more of him. He has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. His last picture was for Paramount—"Honor Among Lovers."

DORIS B., SAGINAW, MICH.: So you think Anita Page is awkward. She really isn't. She weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Winnie Lightner is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds.

ANNA MARGARET KRONTLER, NASHVILLE, TENN.: Dorothy Janis is not a sister of Elsie. Her real name is Dorothy Penelope Jones. She played opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan." May McAvoy hasn't been in pictures since her marriage to Maurice Cleary.

B. M. C. DEANE, TORONTO, CANADA: Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton. He was born in London, England, September 10, 1901. He has blond hair, blue eyes, weighs 168 pounds and is 6 feet tall. His last picture was "The Bachelor Father" with Marion Davies at the M-G-M Studio and if you write there you'll surely get a reply from him. Marion Davies was born on January 3, 1900.

KATHLEEN BARTHLON, FREDERICK, MD.: Virginia Valli was married to Demarest Lamson before she married Charlie Farrell. She is of Irish-American birth, born in Chicago, January 19, 1900. She weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Entered the movies when she was 16 years old.

HELEN C. MORRIS, NEW YORK, N. Y.: Here's a short biography of Ramon Novarro. Born in Durango, Mexico, of Spanish parents, on February 6, 1899. Entered the movies as an extra in 1917. He has five sisters and four brothers living and none of them are in pictures. He studied singing with Louis Graveure. Ramon has dark brown curly hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. His latest picture is "Daybreak."

MARGARET ERDMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.: Constance Bennett was born on October 3, 1904, in New York City. Sharon Lynn was born in the same year but in Weatherford, Texas. Marjorie White hails from Winnipeg, Canada. She was born on July 22, weighs 103 pounds and is 4 feet, 10½ inches tall. Norma Talmadge was born on May 26, 1897, in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

66 Your six stars
are my lucky stars 99



By Frances Ingram

I HAD almost forgotten her—the amusing and quite delightful girl who came to see me months ago. And then—this letter from California.

"Remember when I came to consult with you, last September? I told you I was going to find a big hat with a wide floppy brim—and a veil! To hide what a whole summer spent principally on the Sound had done to my poor skin.

"I'm doing the *Pacific* now," the letter goes on to say. "But every night I spread your Milkweed Cream lavishly over my face and neck, and leave it for several minutes so that the delicate oils can penetrate deeply into the pores.

"Then—I put on a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and pat it in, stroking outward and upward at the six stars shown on your mannequin.

"You have no idea what a difference your cream and your method have made in my skin. It's soft now—without a single blemish!

"And I can wear an off-the-forehead hat with entire nonchalance!"

Will you try my starred way to a soft, clear skin? You have only to follow the instructions given below.

In my radio programs "Through the Looking Glass With Frances Ingram" (Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E.D.S.T., WJZ and associated stations) I discuss many skin problems. Mail the coupon below for my free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young".

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★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crinkles, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from puckering, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

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Tek fits like this behind your front teeth. So it contacts every curve and crevice of your dental arch.



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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Ten Years Ago

in



Gaston Glass and Vera Gordon in "Humoresque," the picture that won the first PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, back in 1921

TEN years ago this month we announced the foundation of, and the first balloting for, the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal of Honor—destined to become the outstanding award in the motion picture world for good work well done.

That epoch-making announcement outlined the rules for the award as they stand to this day—the expression of your mass opinion on the best motion picture released during the preceding calendar year.

Through the summer of 1921 the balloting continued, and a few months later the first PHOTOPLAY Medal was awarded to the producers of "Humoresque," that remarkably fine sentimental story in which the leading rôles were played by Gaston Glass, Vera Gordon and the late Alma Rubens.

In this issue we announce the start of balloting for the eleventh award of the now historic medal. In a few months another great motion picture will be added to the honored list of past winners. And now, if you haven't already, turn to the Gold Medal page, clip the ballot and vote for the best picture in 1930!

And it was just exactly a decade ago that the learned Burns Mantle attacked his typewriter in behalf of the first film version of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee," calling it the second best comedy of the year—"The Kid" being ranked first by our critic.

Today the country is chuckling at the talkie version of the same great yarn, with Will Rogers as the Yankee. The rôle was played ten years ago by Harry C. Myers, recently with Chaplin in "City Lights." Here are some of the other players, then and now—*The King*, Charles Clary and William Farnum; *Alisande*, Pauline Starke and Maureen O'Sullivan; *Queen Morgan La Fay*, Rosemary Theby and Myrna Loy.

It was a swell picture then, and it's a good picture now. If there's another sort of motion picture in another ten years, we can expect "A Connecticut Yankee" again. And why not?

A BEAUTIFUL roto picture of Madge Bellamy, then only seventeen. Hmm—that makes her only twenty-seven now! Where are

you, Madge? . . . Two pages of pictures of Gloria Swanson, too—from a solemn baby of eighteen months, through girlhood and custard-pie days at Sennett, to her 1921 status as DeMille star. Accompanying the photographs, a story about her by Elinor Glyn . . . Then we have an interview with the Gish girls, in which Lillian and Dorothy tell family tales about each other—in a very nice and ladylike way . . . Carolyn Van Wyck makes her bow in our pages.

THE month's gossip says—

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks postponed a Mexican trip for several days because of the alarming illness of Jack Pickford. The boy was very low with double pneumonia.

Pauline Frederick has again returned to the speaking stage.

Richard Bennett, stage star, is in Hollywood learning to direct pictures (this is 1921 speaking, mind you!).

A son has just been born to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner.

SOME memorable and remembered productions among the pictures of the month. How many do you recall with pleasure? . . . Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood" . . . Doug Fairbanks in "The Nut" . . . Marguerite Clark's brief return to the screen in "Scrambled Wives" . . . Wally Reid and Agnes Ayres in "The Love Special" . . . Thomas Meighan in "The City of Silent Men" . . . and Fatty Arbuckle in "The Dollar-a-Year Man," with Lila Cuddles Lee as his leading woman—and a plump little thing she was, too, in those far-off days at Paramount.

THIS month we print the first magazine story about Jackie Coogan, the mighty mite who snared all our hearts in "The Kid."

Miss Joan Jordan, interviewing Master Coogan, was able to get little out of the young man save on the subject of dogs.

When asked how he liked pictures, he summed it all up by remarking that he "liked the Chaplin studio fine because there was a lot of dogs there."

Only this brilliant Nail Make-up gives finger tips enduring *Charm*

Costs less, wears longer. Chosen by smart women in 8 capitals of the world . . . "Gives nails exotic brilliance," writes famous Beauty Editor from the Lido.

. . .

BEAUTY-WISE women all over the world enhance the allure of their most graceful gestures with Cutex Liquid Polish.

"The Italian woman . . . adored for her seductive Latin charm . . . quite naturally avails herself of this romantic new nail make-up," says Maria Carelli Mastrigli, of the Roman fashion journal, "Carnet Mondain."

"We brush it on smoothly, quickly . . . and in 30 seconds it has dried. Then for days it keeps our nails sheathed in crystal brilliance, without cracking, peeling or discoloring.

"Smart women of my country are glad to find that Cutex Liquid Polish contains no perfume. For we choose our exquisite perfumes as we select our gowns . . . to suit our personalities. But we choose our polish* for its lustre. And the brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures long after perfumed polishes are dull and lifeless."

Alluring fingers the world around are groomed by the simple Cutex method:

First scrub the nails. Then remove the old, lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser.

Now brush on your favorite shade of brilliant Cutex Liquid Polish.

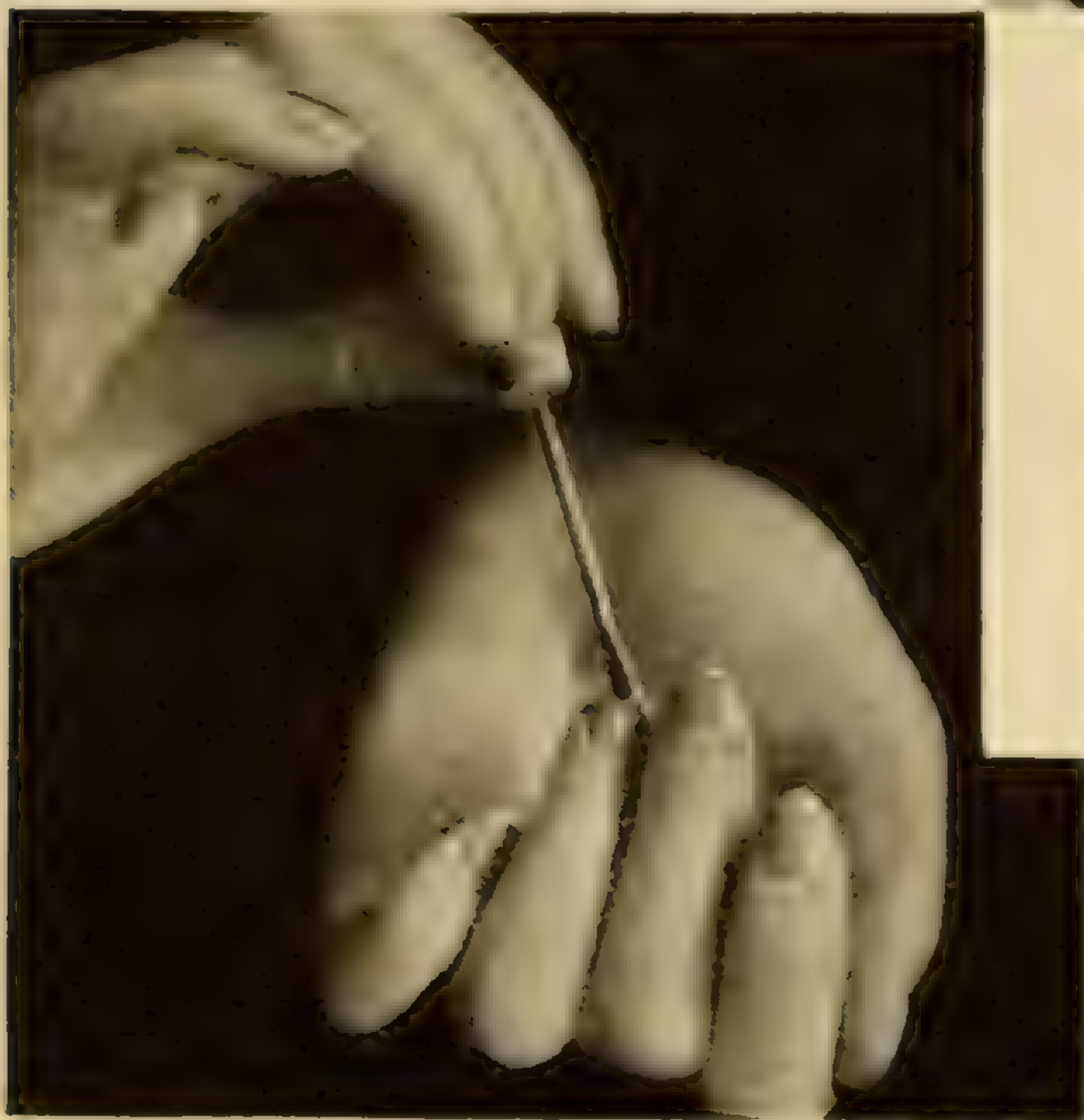
End with a touch of Nail White under the nail tips for accent—Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream.

After this quick manicure once a week, a few minutes each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips, and

use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

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 5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.
- Cutex Manicure Preparations, 35¢ each.
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IF your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

Just put a few drops of Glostora in the palm of your hand and pat it on your hair before you wave or comb it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

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It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

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Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields

Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Charles Rogers
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymer
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Myrna Loy
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Gaylord Pendleton
Nat Pendleton
Rosalie Rae
Will Rogers
David Rollins
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr.
Noel Francis
Ralf Harold
Hugh Herbert

Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Sharon Lynn
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay

John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Allan Lane
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
William Powell
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



Will they be as proud
of each other five
years from now?

Love cools when husband or wife grows careless about 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

NEVER was there another husband so wonderful as *mine*, the bride rejoices. Never another wife so lovely, so desirable, he proudly tells himself. So think every happy couple on their wedding day.

Yet too often the bridal glamour fades tragically soon—many times because one or the other grows careless about *little* things. They become a little less particular about their clothes—their persons. Sometimes they even let "B.O."—body odor—offend!

Don't take chances

We never notice "B.O." in ourselves because we quickly become used to an ever-present

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Lifebuoy's creamy, antiseptic lather—so abundant even in hard water—purifies pores, removes all odor, leaves you gloriously fresh and clean. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from "B.O."

A real complexion soap

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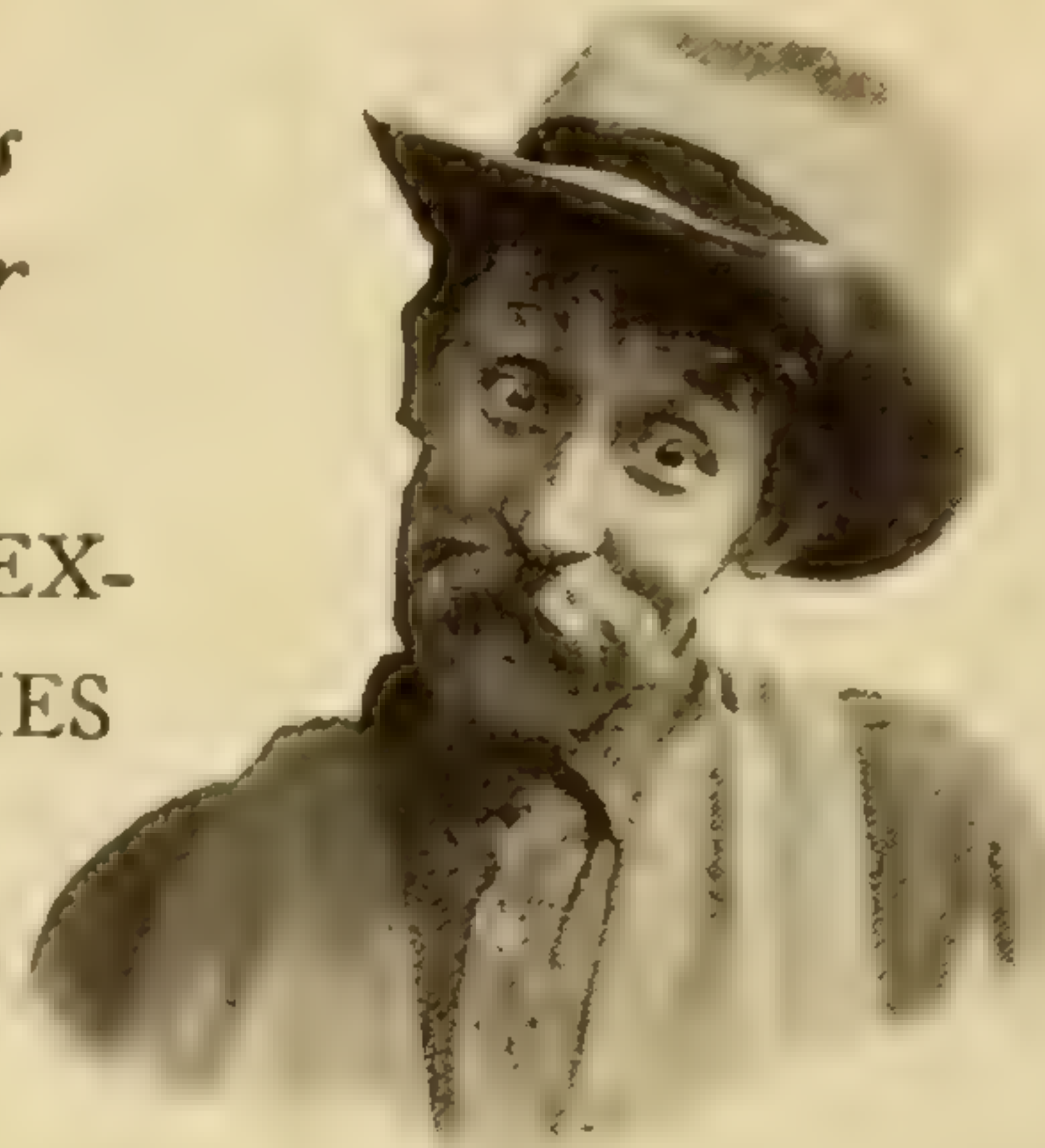
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stops body odor—

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

adds
another
EX-
to the EX-
STORIES



A MEMBER of the cabinet resigns an' publishes a book under the headin' of "Ex-Member." A woman gits a divorce an' writes a book, callin' it "Ex-Slave." A man of mystery retires on his millions an' writes the story of his life, namin' it "Ex-Hijacker." The library shelves an' the cigar store book counter are piled with books about ex-somebody.

Well sir, Elmer Ridgway was talkin' to the clerk at the drug store. "I've read those ex-books," sez the clerk to Elmer, "till I am jest about ex-hausted. My head aches, an' I'm seein' spots before my eyes, an' I'll have to git myself some glasses I ex-pect."

"Maybe it ain't your eyes," sez Elmer, pointin' to some little blue tin boxes of chocolate tablets behind the counter an' sez, "Try some of your own goods an' maybe you'll feel *ex-try* good."

"Chic" Sale

ISN'T it gratifying to know that the laxative you take has the weight of medical approval behind it?

"Those little chocolate tablets"—called Ex-Lax—are great favorites with doctors. They know that Ex-Lax is simply pure chocolate, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At all druggists—10c, 25c, and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with

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Spinster

Two nights a week from her pathetic dole

She takes the coins that buy her sheer romance;

And, with a movie palace for a goal,

Sets out with prim and half-averted glance;

She gains her seat, as noiseless as a mouse,

And waits the current lover of the screen,

Small lot she cares that half the magic house

Is filled with couples blissful and serene.

The picture starts—the lovely heroine

Is cast aside, and she is in her place,

Eyes wide aglow, she drinks the heady wine

Of one beloved—and shares in each embrace.

(The picture ends—the palace sheds its gloom—

She falters out and seeks her tiny room.)

—Don Wahn

(From Walter Winchell's column in the New York Daily Mirror)

"Git back, Mister— we don't want *Yellow Fever* in our town!"

Grim-faced men, armed and ready to shoot, turned the refugees back.



IT was certain death to go on, and almost as dangerous to turn back. In the rear lay the fever-ridden city. In front were grim-faced, determined men, armed and ready to shoot.

Yellow fever had pounced on Memphis that summer of 1878. Thousands of families sought safety in flight, only to be turned back by the implacable "shotgun quarantines" that guarded every road.

These conditions were not peculiar to Memphis alone. All through the South during the nineteenth century, the first rumor of yellow fever was enough to drive people to panic-stricken flight.

Today, thanks to modern sanitation and disinfection, such scourges are controlled. And one of the chief weapons of medical science in its war on deadly diseases is "Lysol" Disinfectant. For more than forty years, "Lysol" has been a standby with doctors and hospitals

the world over. They use it whenever there is a real job of germ-killing to do—in the operating room, the sickroom, even at childbirth.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household on telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your

druggist today. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Meanwhile, send for "The 'Lysol' Health Library" of three free booklets: "Protecting the Home Against Disease," "Getting Ready for Baby," and "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene." Thousands of women have found them invaluable in the home. We will send them without charge, in a plain envelope, if you will write Dept. 45A Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

"LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene, by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.

© 1931, L. & F., Inc.



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

Lysol
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."



Spring, Youth,
Love, Going Places and Doing
Things—Lips made eternally
young with Lipstick Ybry—
the very spirit of springtime
and youth. Permanent—
scented with the "world's cost-
liest parfum." A shade for
every modern type.

Featured at best shops



AMAZINGLY
LOW FOR
A FRENCH
CREATION



© 1931 YBRY, INC.



Ybry, Inc., Dept. P-6, 50 W. 57th St., New York City
Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 70-71

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros.
Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street,
New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all winning stories as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any winning story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....Address

As Personal as if your name were on the bottle



With Packer's Scalptone you make
your own prescription for your own scalp

"Really? A personal preparation for *my* hair?" Yes—and it's a new idea that's taken the country by storm; for it's such a practical, simple way to the scalp health which means hair loveliness.

Isn't it only common sense that no one tonic just as it comes from the bottle can be good for all types of scalps and hair? Oily hair needs an astringent tonic, and dry hair needs one which supplies extra oil. To make one tonic equally effective for different kinds of hair—that *was* a problem.

But now, whether your hair is dry, or oily, you may give it scientifically correct treatment at home; yet you have only to ask for Packer's Scalptone at the druggist's.

Here's the reason. In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone, there's a little tube. This tube contains a pure, vegetable oil. If your hair is dry, you add as much of this oil to the Scalptone as your particular scalp needs—there are directions to guide you. If your hair is oily, you simply massage Scalptone, just as it comes in the bot-

tle, into your scalp. Of course it's sensible! Try it and watch your hair renew its youth!

A dermatologist's formula

This wonderful new preparation is a dermatologist's formula, a scientific corrective treatment for scalp problems. Regular massage with Scalptone will keep your scalp vigorous, and healthy and young! You'll find your hair becoming glossy, vibrant, alive. Scalptone keeps your hair free from those troublesome little flakes of worn-out skin tissue; and it's antiseptic—which means it helps to check dandruff.

And here's a very feminine reason for liking it, which I discovered myself; hair that's treated with Scalptone regularly is easier to wave, and the wave stays in better.

Your druggist doubtless has Scalptone for you by now—if not, send me his name and address, and I'll try to see that he gets it to you.

JEAN CARROLL

PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-beauty depends on scalp-health

Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.



new!

Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Then massage daily with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks *regularly* with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing, softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate pine tar. After these four sham-

poo, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

10¢ for 1; 25¢ for all 3

For 10¢ in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25¢ I will send you samples of all three. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-F, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1.00 with your note.





• no more
BRITTLE LASHES
COARSE LASHES
• with this
double treatment

• Women commanded this new product. "Can't we get an eyelash preparation that *won't* make lashes brittle and stiff—one that *will* give a natural effect?" they asked.

Here is the answer: The NEW Liquid Winx, utterly different from anything you may have tried. Different—because it is an eyelash preparation with a *double treatment*. First, it beautifies lashes by giving them a dark, enticing shadow. And then—it actually *softens* lashes. Amazing—but regular treatment with this new Winx makes your lashes finer and silkier.

This "Double Treatment" idea at last gives smart women what they want. Beautiful eyes—without fear of brittle lashes.

The new Winx (with the Double Treatment) comes in two forms. Liquid is absolutely waterproof. Cake is now packed in a smart, silvery compact which fits into the flattest bag. Winx is easy to use.

For
Lovely
Lashes



A Regal Wedding Gown For Any Princess

—Seymour

You don't need to be a princess such as Miriam Hopkins is in "The Smiling Lieutenant" to wear a gown like this. It is the sort of bridal dress that anyone might choose. I particularly like the rather medieval air of it, don't you? The square neckline edged with pearls, the long sleeves so beautifully pointed over the hands, and the gracious sweep of the skirt into a long train are perfect. The fine silk lace has a shimmering quality. Note the pearl rope girdle at the normal waistline—and the arrangement of the tulle veil.



For ever and ever



At top—Genuine Orange-Blossom wedding ring, hand-chasing on platinum from \$21.50 . . . on gold from \$10. . . . Above—Matched set, engagement and wedding rings. In platinum \$425 . . . in gold \$250. . . . There is a Traub ring to fit your finger and your pocketbook.

Traub

- No matter how madly you're dashing about these exciting days . . . remember that the choice of your wedding ring is as important as almost

anything else! The cretonnes and the linoleum can be changed, when you tire of them, but you will wear the ring you buy now for years to come.

- That is why your ring should be a Traub. Traub rings are made to last, for ever and ever. They are seamless . . . flawless unbroken circles . . . perfect in every detail of workmanship. They are made with fine metals . . . of chosen gems.

- Would you like a band of gleaming platinum, or a modest gold circlet? Both are lovely, hand-chased with the Orange Blossom or any one of Traub's beautiful designs. Perhaps you prefer a diamond circlet . . . or a modern squarish ring, bevel-edged? Choosing yours is great fun—and every Traub ring is correct on every count.

- Stop in to see your jeweler about this weighty matter. He will show you Traub engagement and wedding rings. And jewelry stores are delightful places to visit anyway. You'll see many other things you simply must have for the new home. . . .

- Are you wondering about your wedding—just how to manage it smoothly? Write for our little book, "Bridal Etiquette"—it will solve all your problems. Traub Mfg. Co., 1933 McGraw Ave., Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. TRADE MARK

"Now...I can stand the Public Gaze" ..Can You?



CRITICAL eyes...challenging closeups...fateful moments that I once dreaded...but now...with a skin that is smooth and hair-free, I can meet them without the least embarrassment. You can, too, because it is so easy to keep your under-arms*, fore-arms and legs free of disfiguring hair when you use

DEL-A-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover

—now comes in two sizes

50c New Larger \$1

Here at last is a cream that removes hair, more quickly and more thoroughly than anything you have ever used. Creamy-white, DEL-A-TONE removes hair in three minutes or less...Faintly fragrant, it is just as easy to use as cold cream and leaves your skin clean, smooth and white. *Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

Mildred Hadley

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



Del-a-tone has attained wide popularity on real merit alone. No extravagant, exaggerated advertising claims have ever been made. Superior quality is the reason for asking you to try it and to guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied.

Del-a-tone Cream, 50c and \$1 (also Del-a-tone Powder, \$1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, the Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 86, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 86, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Clip and Mail TODAY

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

occasion for them is over, as every woman knows!

When her anger had died down and his apology had been grudgingly accepted, she began to admit to herself that he might be right. After all, she had had to work rather hard and make some effort to please to hold her position before marriage. What had made her think that a home could be run on an entirely different set of principles?

So she started to demand a little more of herself, to look upon housekeeping as a job in which she was expected to give her husband some of the cooperation she had given her employer. And, just as this system had worked out in an office, it brought better results in her home.

I SUPPOSE that the beginning of summer finds us all less than ever in the mood for taking life too seriously. But I find that the lazy, warm days in which I am less active physically give me more time for mental inventory. And that it's no more difficult to think constructively than destructively, and certainly less enervating.

Maybe you're the kind of girl who berates herself soundly for every slip of the tongue, for every small mistake. Then you don't need to be goaded by any outside force. But if you suspect that you are too "easy going," too apt to find excuses for yourself, better find out if that isn't the reason you are not getting the business promotion you want, the coveted place in club or sorority, or even the invitations and interest of the boy you admire.

Maybe you are too easy on yourself in the matter of appearance. Maybe you think it is

too much effort to look well groomed in hot weather, to worry about keeping your blouses unmussed and unsoiled and your skirts unwrinkled. Maybe you are careless about keeping engagements on time, about showing gratitude for little favors. Maybe that's why you are losing out.

Wouldn't it be much easier to be hard on yourself?

CLAIRE:

If your face is rather wide through the cheek bones, like Claudette Colbert's, dress your hair to add length, rather than width. Miss Colbert's long bob is trained into flat curls at the ends, and no matter how she changes her style of hairdressing, you will notice she always draws her hair out around her cheeks. Even when, as in "Honor Among Lovers," she tucks her hair behind her ears, she lets a little of it come forward above the ear. It's an easy little trick to follow, and a flattering one to girls of your type.

SUE:

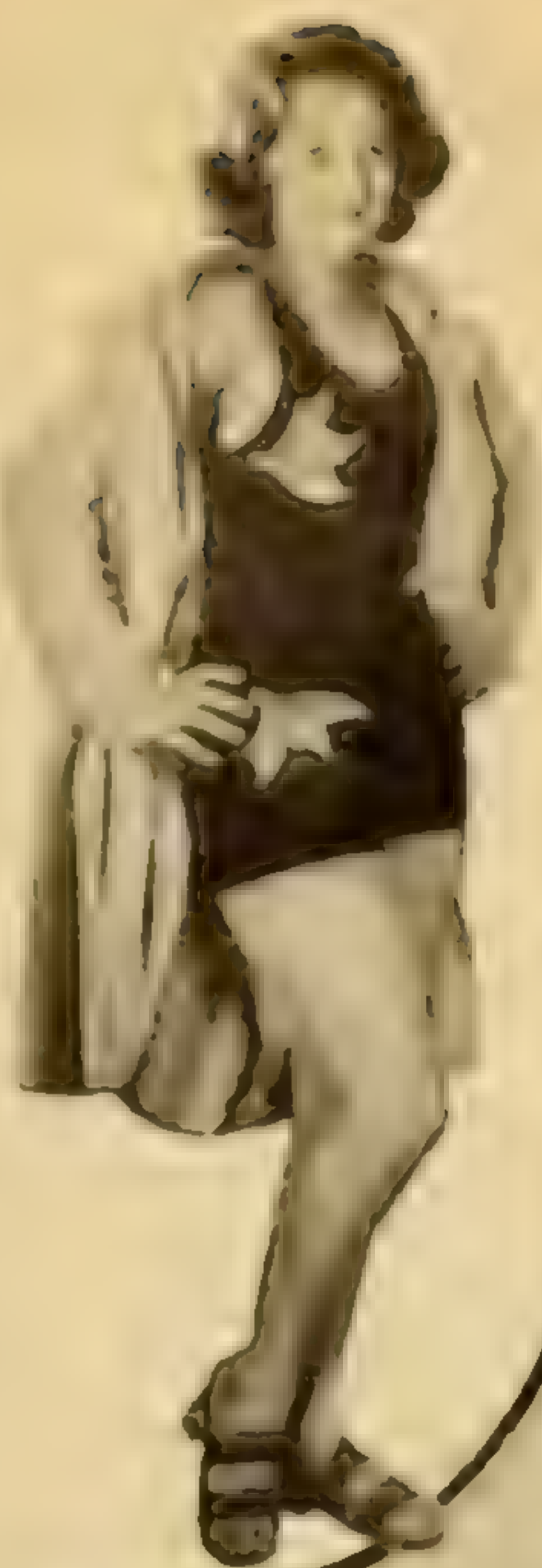
I had to read your letter twice before I could believe it! A girl who wants to broaden her hips is something new under the sun. A good portion of my mail comes from girls, even otherwise thin girls, whose main object in life seems to be the achievement of narrow, flat hips.

If you are sure your hips are out of proportion to the rest of your body, there are some excellent exercises in my free booklet that are designed to normalize the figure. If you will repeat your request, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope I'll send the booklet promptly.



Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, did not adopt a child, as newspapers reported. This is a beautiful picture of the Bannisters and their only child, Jane

Lots of thunder about DOROTHY GRAINGER! Not content with helping Charley Chase warble in the "Thundering Tenor" at the Hal Roach studios, this winsome player slips into a Catalina to listen to the thunder of the waves.



DOROTHY JORDAN, featured M-G-M player, explains in one quick pose why so many of our best young men will feel the urge to join the navy after seeing her in "Shipmates."



WORN BY THE

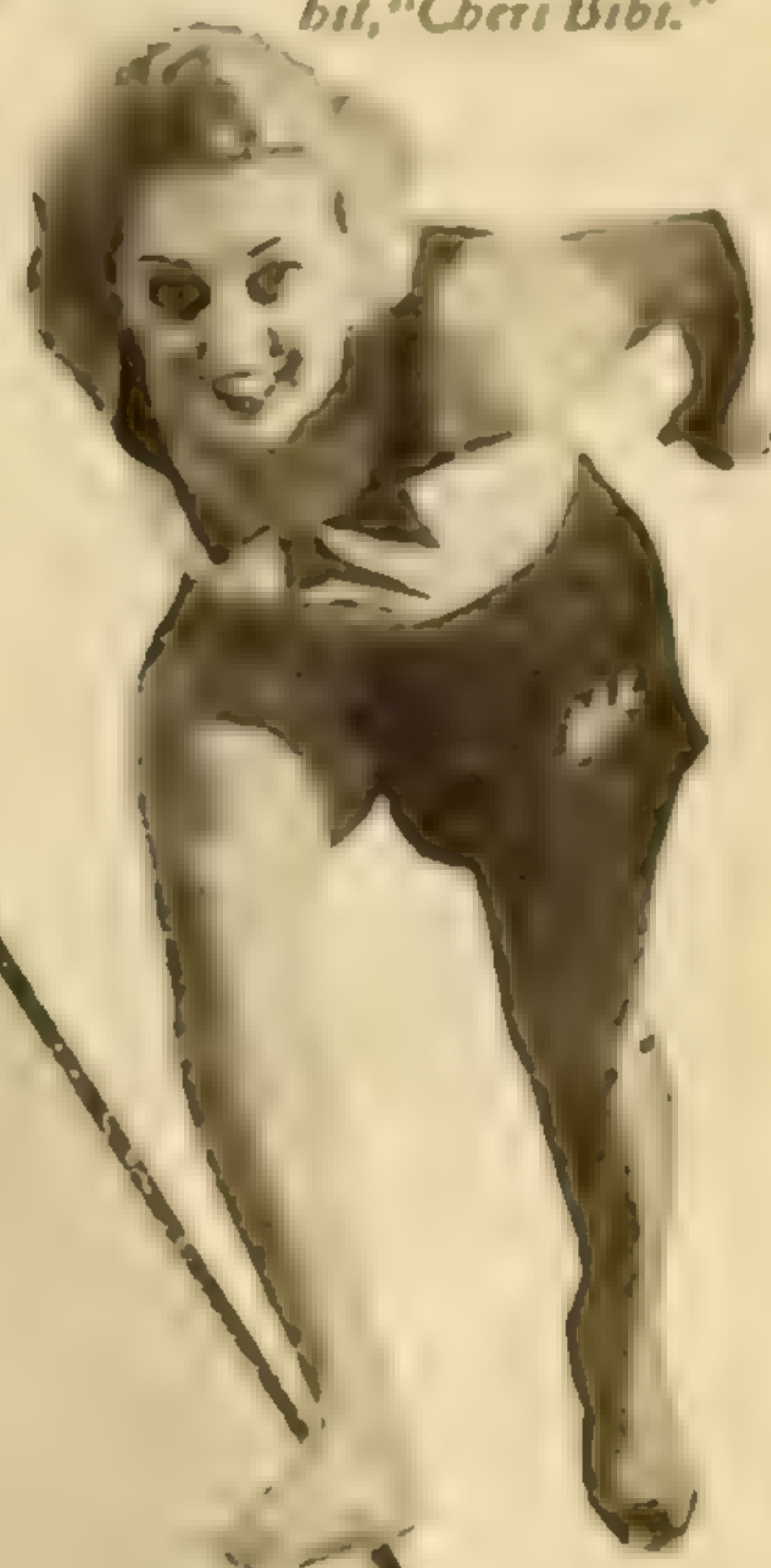
Stars OF HOLLYWOOD

WERE you, as it by some sudden wave of magic, to find yourself a week-end guest of Hollywood's famous stars... were you to drink your fill of summer sun at Santa Monica, Malibu, Coronado, Catalina, Santa Barbara, Ensenada and other seaside haunts of Filmdom's smart set...

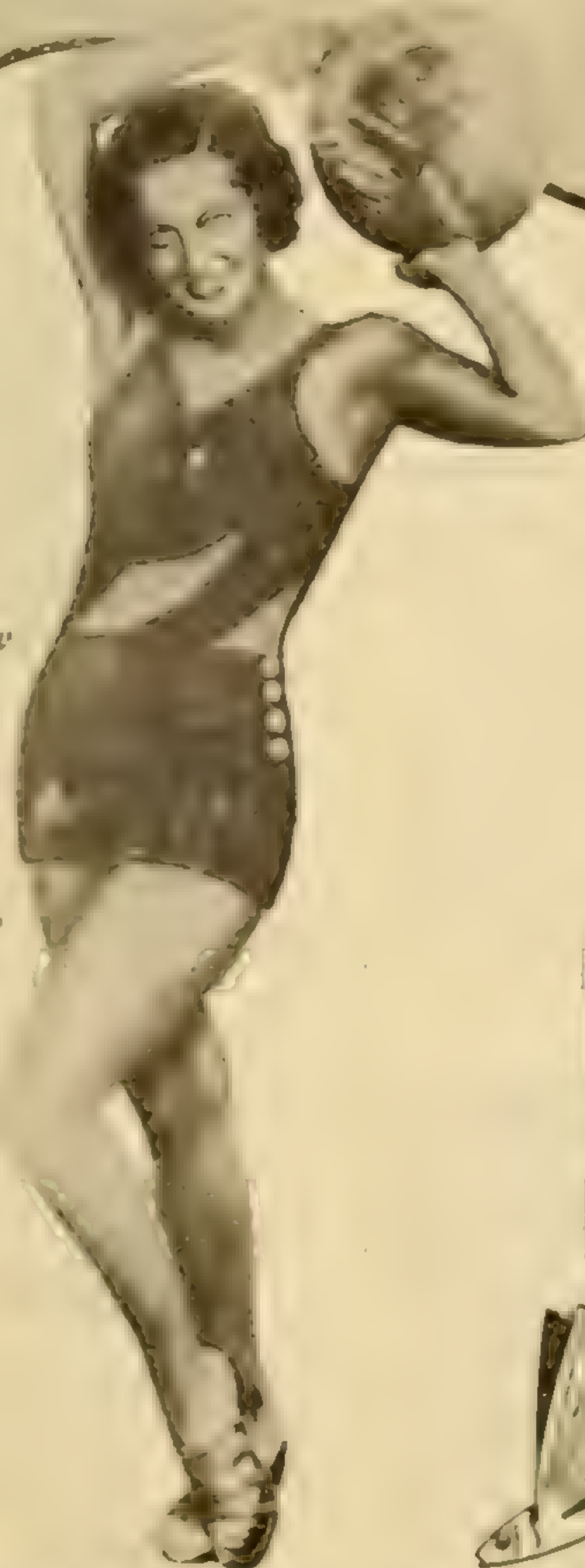
You would be struck especially by the character of their swim suits. Suits so daringly styled along voguish, slenderizing lines; suits so free-and-easy yet form-fitting, so cleverly color-crafted, that the stars of the silver screen (the "choosiest" folks on earth!) select them for personal wear.

In a word... CATALINAS! The famous "Flying Fish" swim suits that are worn by the stars of Hollywood! Cut-by-hand! Knit-to-fit! Styled for stars! Priced for everyone! See them at your dealer's... and look for the "Flying Fish" on the label. Should your dealer not have them in stock, please write us direct and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. Address Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles

Gangway! Here comes LILA HYAMS all ready to plunge into her next M-G-M bit, "Cheri Bibi."



A fresh-from-the-camera view of JOAN CRAWFORD, M-G-M star, cooling off at the beach in a fetching new Catalina Swim Suit. Joan, by the way, does some of the finest work of her career in "The Torch Song," current M-G-M release.



ROBERT MONTGOMERY, who does a lot to make M-G-M's "Shipmates" the salty yarn it is, believes in keeping his eye not only on the ball, but on the other fellow.



LOOK FOR THE
Flying Fish
on the label



CATALINA SWIM SUITS

This old, old dilemma of the MARRIED WOMAN



**need never bother
her any more**

WHAT a dilemma it has always been for the young married woman . . . this whole question of feminine hygiene! She desires, she *demands*, the security which can only be provided by real *surgical cleanliness*. On the other hand, some of her friends advise her to use caustic and poisonous antiseptics for the purpose. She is worried. She is fearful. And nobody can blame her. The truth is that such advice is completely out-of-date. It is no longer necessary to run the risks of these poisons.

Don't use poisonous antiseptics

Much as doctors approve of feminine hygiene itself, they do *not* approve of the old-fashioned methods which included bichloride of mercury or compounds of carbolic acid. The germicide and antiseptic of *today* is Zonite. For Zonite offers great germ-killing strength combined with perfect safety.

There is no danger that Zonite will harden delicate tissues or leave areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous. *Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Send for women's booklet

When a woman reads "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" she stops worrying. She knows the facts—for this little book is full of information. Why don't you send for it? Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles:
30c, 60c, \$1

Both in U. S. A.
and Canada



Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION		PH-16
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.		
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.		
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home		
Name..... (Please print name)		
Address.....		
City.....State..... (In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)		

Hollywood's Newest Romance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

That's what William Powell, the unapproachable bachelor, says.

And Carole loves Bill—make no mistake about that. Even though she doesn't see why marriage should spoil their friendship. They phone each other three times a day. They dine together each evening. He gives Carole magnificent gifts. It was a Cadillac for Christmas. From Agua Caliente come huge bottles of costly perfume. For a valentine he gave her a cigarette case of jade, diamond-studded—on Easter a cigarette case and match-box to match. Since they met, a year ago, they have not been three days apart. Love?

But the lovers did have one quarrel.

IT was Carole's fault. She told Bill—"I want to be alone for two days—not to see you." She didn't—and Hollywood seethed.

It's an uneventful romance, this love story of Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. They are more like a happy married couple than any married couple in Hollywood. They understand each other—they placidly enjoy each other's company, and don't try to conceal it.

But they do love each other, in the fullest and most beautiful sense of the word. Carole says Bill is a darling, and means it—she calls him "Junior," and she says he is the most wonderful man she has ever known. And Bill—oh, he calls his sweetheart what men have called their beloveds since time began.

But in the heart of all love there is a canker of sadness.

There is one in the romance of William Powell and Carole Lombard.

Powell is thirty-eight—his sweetheart is only twenty-two. How often this tragic problem has been faced by lovers! For to them age—mere years—is no respecter of persons!

For instance, when Carole is thirty-two, a grand age for a woman, Bill will be forty-eight. Not old, but well on the way to middle life, when "the heyday of the blood is tame."

Carole Lombard, being no fool and no creature of impulse, knows this. How could she help but be aware of it?

"Life becomes really interesting when you have passed thirty. Young girls are really silly—they have no background for happiness. At thirty, one has understanding—a background to make life interesting.

"Bill wants to travel—he wants an interesting, friendly person to travel with. I'm not ready to travel. I have to concentrate on my career. When I can't go—and he wants to go certain places—he can't seem to understand—now. And if we were married—"

Carole's voice trails off. It's a sad little story—no less sad because it's old. Love which should have come to him when he was younger—love which should have burst upon her heart when she was older—more settled, more satisfied.

BOTH are strong characters. One may conquer at any moment. Who can foretell the outcome?

In the meantime—William Powell and Carole Lombard love each other. And, like all love stories, the issue is on the lap of the gods. Only—let us wish them well, and much happiness.



PHOTOPLAY announced exclusively the secret marriage of Irene Dunne of "Cimarron" fame, and Dr. D. F. Griffin of New York. Here they are vacationing at Miami Beach, Fla.

Hers to awaken LOVE!

Men found Nan a sympathetic friend . . . they confided in her their love for Vivienne, for Mabel or Lois. *She herself had never had a proposal!*

But tonight there was something intense about Steve, as they sat there lightly chatting.



His voice had lost the usual casual note . . . his arm trembled as he drew her toward him.

"Nan, dear, you've changed so. Your eyes and your hair have such strange, mysterious lights . . . your skin is like a sun-warmed rose . . . your lips are a tropic night!"

Nan felt a warm flood of color mount from her throat to her temples! This was what it was like to awaken love, to change men from friends to poets!

● -It was the same Nan

The same girl but, to the eye, a miracle might have taken place. The lifeless skin had vanished . . . an opalescent film of Pompeian Beauty Powder (in Rachel tone)—a light veil of Pompeian Bloom, a creamy rouge (in dusky Oriental tone)—the vivid, living color of a new indelible Pompeian Lipstick, all had quickened her to arresting beauty.

● Your skin may be brought to undreamed of loveliness

Pompeian toiletries are unlike all others. Of the finest ingredients that can be bought, they are so skillfully blended

that for your skin—for *every* skin—there is a vital, enhancing color scheme.

You will find that the powder, rouge and lipstick will do for your skin what Pompeian did for Nan. And, because so many millions of women insist each year upon Pompeian, the price is unbelievably low. The use of Pompeian means a substantial saving—a saving which may readily add smart new dancing slippers, an array of silk stockings to your wardrobe.

● Pompeian is sold everywhere

Go to your nearest drug or department store today and select Pompeian toiletries for your individual coloring. With the very first trial, you will observe a new, glowing youthfulness in your skin. Charming, generously packaged powder, rouge and lipstick are only 60c each. (10c sizes of Pompeian Powder and Creams are available at 10c stores.)

● The newest Art Panel—and the loveliest

The latest Pompeian Art Panel, exquisitely painted and expensively reproduced will add beauty and color to your walls. Sent you upon receipt of the coupon properly filled in.



Mme. Jeannette de Cordet,
Dept. 16-6,
Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Canada—10 McCaul St., Toronto)



Pompeian Toiletries include:

Beauty Powder Powder Compact Dusting Powder
Bloom (Rouge) Night Cream Massage Cream
Indelible Lipstick Day Cream Talc
Each is priced at 60c (Talc, 25c)

POMPEIAN

POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

WHY DO

A MILLION

WOMEN USE



1. BECAUSE *it stops odor instantly.*
2. BECAUSE *you can use it any time.*
3. BECAUSE *there's no "drying" delay.*
4. BECAUSE *it does not irritate the skin.*
5. BECAUSE *it does not injure fabrics.*

MODERN women know they must use special weapons against that tricky old enemy, underarm perspiration odor.

Today, they have their choice of a number of safeguards. And more than a million of them choose Mum!

Think of a magic snowy cream which you can use any time when dressing or afterwards. There is nothing in Mum to harm your clothing or irritate your skin!

No difficult directions to follow; no waiting. Just a fingertipful to each underarm—and there's no more need to worry for that day or evening.

Mum doesn't interfere with normal, healthful perspiration. It just destroys that disagreeable odor which every careful person so abhors. It's so soothing you can even use Mum right after shaving!

And here's another way Mum helps. Rubbed on the hands, it kills every lingering trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

You can get Mum at any toilet goods counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum also gives invaluable service to women as a deodorant for the sanitary napkin.



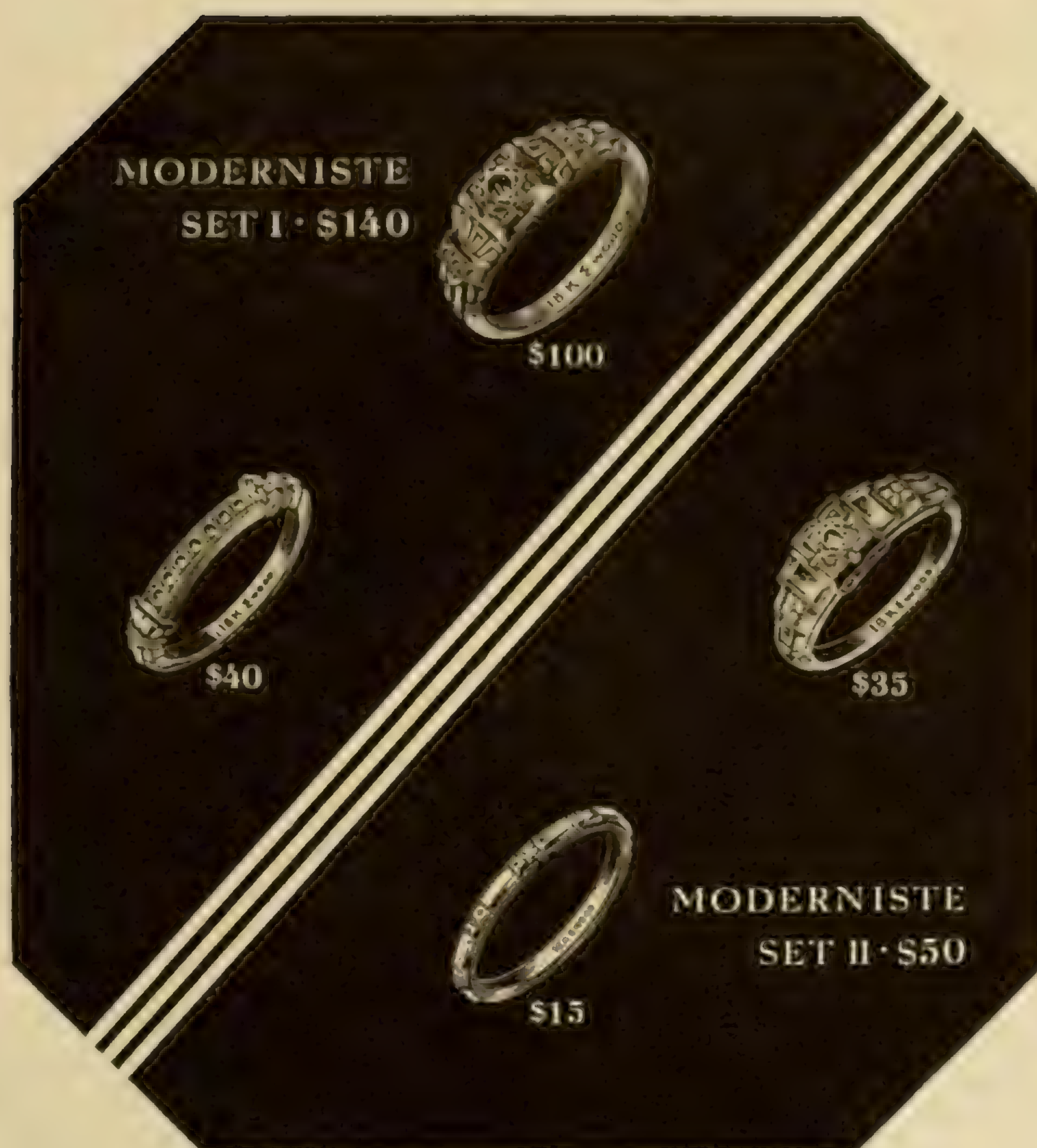
"A Lovely June Bride" Votes Seymour

If fashion prizes, like literary ones, were awarded once a month, I would cast my vote for Marguerite Churchill as one of the best. When you see her like this in "Quick Millions"—note these smart details. Her classically simple gown is crepe Roma, a perfect choice for Summer weddings because it is semi-sheer. Her long train is part of the skirt—her sleeves smartly stop just below the elbow. I would have chosen gloves to meet the sleeves. The cap effect of the tulle veil is charming, isn't it?

- Seymour



*Two slender precious bands
that mean so much*



The rings illustrated are 18-karat white gold. The diamonds are fine blue-white Wesseltons.

Write for a free copy of "The Lover's Lament," and the name of your nearest Wood jeweler.

You've dreamed about these rings, and, now the dream has come true, think well before you choose. You must know beyond the question of a doubt that the rings you choose will be always beautiful—always fine. You will be sure, if you choose Rings by Wood, the House of Rings

for eighty years. You will find style as smart as your bridal gown, exquisite craftsmanship, values that are true. Look at the rings in matched designs shown here. You can see all the newest Wood designs, at reliable jewelers, everywhere. Be sure you ask for Rings by Wood.



RINGS *by* WOOD

J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Creators of Fine Rings for 81 Years
15 Maiden Lane, New York • Paris • Amsterdam • Chicago • Brooklyn
Wedding Rings • Diamond Rings • Diamond Circlets • Stone Rings • Signet Rings



Treat that corn sensibly

Why tolerate a throbbing corn . . . or let feet that are charming turn clumsy with pain . . . when relief is simple, swift, waiting for you at any drug store? Buy and apply Blue-jay, even at the last minute, and know that neither misery nor humiliation will haunt your evening.

Blue-jay stops the pain and starts its gentle, safe, certain treatment instantly. A ring of velvety felt circles the corn and protects it from pressure and friction. The mild Blue-jay medication softens and separates it for easy removal.

On or off in 20 seconds. Bath-proof, invisible in use. Made by a house famous for surgical dressings. At all druggists, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and prevent corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, 2528 So. Federal St., Chicago.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

IN Hollywood, apparently, they'll do anything for a laugh—or a swim. This is the story being told about a certain writer who went, by invitation given some weeks before, to the home of a friend at Malibu. Imagine his chagrin when he found the house closed and a real estate man outside who said, "You can't go in there. The place is for sale."

"But I was invited down to swim," the writer insisted.

"I say you can't go in. The place is for sale."

"How much?" said the writer, pretty mad by now. The real estator told him.

"Here," said the writer, handing him a check for the amount, "now open up that house and let me change into my bathing suit!"

WELL, Edmund Lowe's prediction, made when Robert Coogan was born, has come true—with five-year-old Bobbie's new contract with Paramount. Eddie said, "The Coogans have brought in a new gusher."

NOW here's a nice cry for you some day when everything is going just too doggone well.

Just sit down and contemplate those three perfectly swell actors who made "The Big Parade" the poignant lovely thing it was.

The three were Jack Gilbert, Karl Dane, and Tom O'Brien. Jack—well, you know all about him. Dane has been playing in pretty bad comedies pretty infrequently, and Tom O'Brien, reduced to quickies, still advertises in various casting directories that he was the famous Bull of "The Big Parade."

And Renee Adoree is in a sanitarium.

BOBBY JONES is delighted with B-retakes in making pictures.

"All my life," he told a writer the other day, "I've been wishing I could make some of my shots over again."

NO matter what way you may look at it, it's still a funny business—this movie-making.

For instance, John Boles was originally put on contract by Universal because of not so much his good looks as his good voice. So they had him sing and sing.

Then musicals "went out," as Hollywood believes, and they put John Boles, the singer, into the leading rôle in "Seed," wherein he doesn't sing a note.

And now they're talking about "bringing musicals back!"

Is there NO reason?

RICHARD CROMWELL, who brought "Tol'able David" to the talkies, was sitting next to a motion picture magazine writer at luncheon.

"Tell me," he asked wistfully, "how many pictures do you have to make before a writer asks you for your love secrets?"

There's a boy who's going to know when he's arrived, let a writer tell you!

ANNA MAY WONG, the Los Angeles Chinese girl who has made stagehits in London and New York, is studying Chinese.

Anna's being signed by Paramount came as a surprise—until we discovered there are three pictures with big Chinese female parts scheduled for this next year.

"Daughter of the Dragon" is the first, and it probably will go into production before you read this.

FOR the first time in his half-century on the stage and screen, Veteran Joseph Cawthorn had to play the rôle of an intoxicated man. It was in a picture he did for Radio Pictures. And forthwith, he began to learn the vagaries of censorship.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



Recognize the three bartending boys who are just about to toss off a couple of fingers of ginger ale? Reading from left to right, they are Owen, Tom and Matt Moore—just as they'll look in the Hollywood Masquers' first film comedy, "Stout Hearts and Willing Hands." The three Moores are among the hundred well-known picture actors who'll appear in the comedy—which is said to be funny enough to melt a traffic cop's heart

TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!



RICHARD
DIX

"BORN TO THE RACKET"

From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother"... A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

▼ ▼ ▼
Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: "White Shoulders" with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; "The No Girl", a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.



▼ ▼ ▼
"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of CIMARRON), in "Bachelor Apartment."

R A D I O P I C T U R E S

YOU *THRILLED* to



These two girls live, work and love in a skyscraper. The men they associate with supply abundant chances for romance—and heartache. You know how people poured into the talkies to see Faith Baldwin's "Office Wife." Her new Cosmopolitan serial, "Skyscraper," is even more exciting.

This is
JENNIE LE GRANDE
who learns a lot about men as
clothing model for a French
wholesale house.

NOW *THRILL* to "SKYSCRAPER"

"OFFICE WIFE"

by FAITH
BALDWIN



*This is
LYNN HARDING,
Business Girl
who meets Jennie LeGrande
in the Seacoast skyscraper
and sees life as her roommate.*

The career of vivacious Lynn Harding reflects the lives of countless girls caught by the glamour and adventure of 1931 Manhattan. Her story will be the talk of offices and homes for months to come. It starts for you in *June Cosmopolitan*.

McClelland Barclay

A New Novel by *Hearst's International*
the author of
"Office Wife" in *Cosmopolitan*
combined with
June *Now on Sale*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

For instance, in one state it is all right to show a man drunk, but the censors will not let him hiccup!

So Cawthorn had to shoot the scene twice—hiccuping in one, and then not hiccuping for the anti-hiccup state.

LIFE, as some one once said, is like that. Or rather, like this. Hilding Johnson, the *Chicago Herald-Examiner* reporter, whose counterpart in "The Front Page" is thrilling movie audiences the country over, was getting sixty-five dollars a week when he died recently, still sticking at his post in the pressroom of the Criminal Court.

He died a few days before the picture opened and never saw it.

Yet, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, who fictionized and dramatized Johnson's hard-boiled newspaper exploits, made a fortune out of them on stage and screen.

And Pat O'Brien, who plays the rôle of the super news-getter, earned more for his few weeks' work than the original Hildy made in two years.

AND while we're in the Life's Little Ironies Department there's the case of Joseph Kilgour, veteran stage and screen character actor. In thirty-five years of acting he probably played more millionaire rôles than any other actor in America. Today, broken in health by the death of his wife and his fortune swept away by the Wall Street crash, he is in the Percy G. Williams Home for Aged Actors at East Islip, L. I.

WELL, Chaplin's grand tour of the Old World was like nothing that had ever happened before to a picture star—not even to Doug and Mary, those inveterate grand tourers.

Everywhere it was the same—London, Paris, Berlin, Budapest. Riding on the tops of

automobiles, battling with a smile to get in and out of railway stations and hotels. Probably the climax, for the little grey comic, was a magnificent luncheon in Paris, given by Aristide Briand, famous cabinet member. Then came the presentation of the red rosette of The Legion of Honor—a tribute never before paid a foreign motion picture star.

The whole trip was a succession of mad ovations.

JOHNN WAYNE'S free-lancing now. The big, husky and handsome boy who was plucked from obscurity in the property department to play the lead in "The Big Trail," has been dropped from the Fox contract list.

Big John played in two other Fox pictures after his début. But they evidently caused no public singing and dancing in the streets. And now Wayne's on that other big trail—from studio to studio.

SOMEBODY asked Robert Benchley, humorist and dramatic critic, what he thought of the talkies. "Well," said Bob, "I don't believe they'll ever replace the horse."

WERE the photographers amazed at the last Mayfair party? The always gracious Hedda Hopper refused to have her picture taken.

And Hedda has never yet refused to have her picture taken. She had a good reason.

Hedda had been to an "exclusive" shop and she had bought an "exclusive" gown.

But when she arrived at the party she found two other prominent stars wearing the same gown.

They were, of course, in different colors, but in a picture they would look the same.

The other two ladies had already been photographed.

And that's why Hedda refused.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

NEW WONDERFUL FACE POWDER STAYS ON LONGER

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited,
Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 52)
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____
Kindly write here name of your favorite store:



Is the famous Chevalier smile a little forced here? Yours would be if you were in his spot. It seems that the slaps Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert exchange in "The Smiling Lieutenant" are a bit too lusty! Tut, tut ladies—not jealous?



Hearts
will throb-

Blood
will race-

Eyes will fill
with tears!

THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL..
Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough
For This Mighty Drama!

DIRIGIBLE! Gigantic challenge to the elements . . .
forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver
sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above
the earth . . . and in the ears of the super-men spinning
its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the
thunder of heaven defied . . . a sinister reminder that
the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"
. . . or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust
. . . "angel"!

DIRIGIBLE

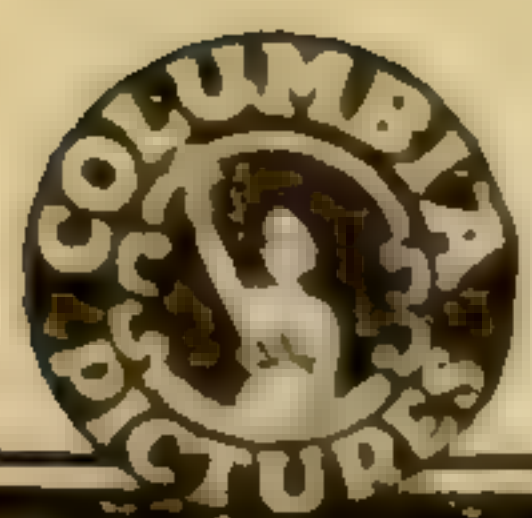
COLUMBIA'S
LEVIATHAN
OF THE
AIR!

with
JACK HOLT
RALPH GRAVES
and **FAY WRAY**

A Frank Capra Production

From the story by
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, USN.

Adaptation and Dialogue
by Jo Swerling



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN



IVORY SNOW

gives silks

A quick trip
through gentle Ivory suds

Dissolves instantly
in lukewarm water

When you just look at Ivory Snow, you know it will protect delicate silks, fine woolens. Ivory Snow is snowy-white, of course. Every tiny Snow-pearl is pure Ivory Soap and so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

Now—no waiting for hot water. No “beating up” suds. No cooling of hot suds. (And you know how hard it is to guess at the safe temperature for silks and woolens after you’ve been whisking up hot suds.)

Ivory Snow is quick, handy and very, very kind to fine things. A big box for 15¢.

New!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Pure



Silk
and woolen
manufacturers agree

“A perfect soap for silks,” say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. “The ideal soap for woolens,” say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

THE “happy ending” seems to have come to an unhappy ending. Maybe the film critics panned it to death—but the fact remains that at one time, they were shooting on the Warner Bros.-First National lot alone, seven pictures whose ending deviated completely from the one-time “must” rule for the happy ending—

In “Svengali,” both Barrymore and the heroine die at the finish.

In “The Maltese Falcon,” the lead—Bebe Daniels—goes to jail—and her lover phones a sweetie for a date.

In “The Public Enemy,” the ending is double death, and gruesome at that.

In “The Finger Points,” Barthelmess is killed.

In “Smart Money,” Edward G. Robinson dies at the finish.

In “The Mad Genius,” Barrymore goes to another unhappy ending.

In “Upper Underworld,” the leading man is killed. Or there’s an alternative version—his daughter dies. As this is written they hadn’t decided which was unhappier.

IS there a strange and direful jinx on those who played in Cecil De Mille’s great and reverent screen drama, “King of Kings”?

Certain of Hollywood’s more superstitious souls think there is.

Attention has been called to it again by the recent deaths of Robert Edeson, the *Apostle Matthew*, and James Neill, who played *James*. People point to other tragic happenings that followed in the trail of the big picture.

Shortly after it was finished, De Mille’s home was robbed and his yacht burned. Dorothy Cumming, the *Mary* of the picture, went into the divorce courts with a blasted romance. Rudolph Schildkraut, the *Caiphas*, died. Frank Urson, the assistant director, broke his neck diving. Joseph Schildkraut and Jacqueline Logan, both in the picture, got divorces from their respective mates. Leroy Burns and James Carruthers, of the executive staff, passed away, and Peverell Marley, star cameraman, at last became separated from his wife, Lina Basquette.

Of course, these things might have happened in due course of nature. Schildkraut, Edeson and Neill were elderly men—and so on. And yet the jinx story on the “King of Kings” dies hard in Hollywood.

ANOTHER accent has survived the talkies—odd how most of them do stick around in front of the microphone!

This one issues from the handsome throat of Lily Damita. Time was when the wise ones had her condemned to the hulks because of the accent. But she’s whipped the situation, like many another gallant trouper, and has a nice new three-year contract in her reticule. Lily’s been loaned ’round by United Artists, but will be back on the old home lot in the Fall. Joseph Schenck, big boss of the lot and Norma Talmadge’s husband, is showing her the lot.

NORMA SHEARER’S “Strangers May Kiss” was another million-dollar Hollywood opening. Klieg lights, surging throngs and radio announcements. Miss Shearer’s car had moved up, according to the radio announcer, from thousandth in line to the point when Miss Shearer stepped from it and said a few words over the microphone.

Next in line was Nicholas Schenck, who expressed nothing but pleasure and satisfaction for being president of a company which produced such fine pictures as “Strangers May Kiss.” Finishing off in a burst of enthusiasm

he eulogized the fine work of the great star of the picture, "Miss Norma Talmadge!"

HERE'S a pretty domestic picture!

Now that Dolores Costello Barrymore has made her talkie comeback in "Expensive Women," it comes out that husband John did weeks of voice-coaching with Dolo to prepare her for her return to pictures.

You'll be amazed when you hear her, reports say.

Much lower and more beautiful register, for Dolo's new voice, everyone says.

Chorus of Wives—"Now, George, THERE'S a husband!"

WYNNE GIBSON is the latest girl to be tooted as a prospective Paramount star. You know how it's done. The publicity boys get busy and whisper. "We think they're going to star Carole Lombard, Helen Johnson and Wynne Gibson."

Then you're supposed to rush off and put it into print.

Well, even though they are hunting for people to take the place of Chatterton, Powell and Kay Francis, Mary Brian's been on the lot a long time and she's still some distance from stardom. They whispered it about her, once, too.

We forgot. The reason for the whisper on Wynne: "City Streets," with Gary Cooper and "Gang Buster," the Oakie comedy.

ANOTHER reason why movie-making costs run up:

The bulbs in the huge incandescent lamps which have replaced the old Klieg lights on movie sets cost from \$50 to \$125 apiece.

And they only last about one hundred hours at the most—with luck. The bulbs you use to light your home, by contrast, last one thousand hours or more.

THEY had to remake practically all of Ramon Novarro's "Daybreak."

The reason?—The leading lady: Helen Chandler.

Not that Helen is not a good actress. She is. But she isn't a typical German fraulein and she doesn't fit the Novarro story. Why was she chosen?

We can't be certain, of course, but her husband, Cyril Hume, writes on the M-G-M lot and that may have had something to do with it.

At this writing, Ramon has not signed a new contract with Metro for acting and directing. He is not getting the stories he wants (or the girls) which may have something to do with that.

"My next contract is the most important of all!" he remarks wisely. "Yes, I like directing (he has done his own foreign versions). I am not going to sign unless my interests are pro-

Heart Throb

There she sat in her wheel chair, drinking in the picture—an active mind held prisoner in a useless body. Some member of her family brings her to the theater every time there is a new picture. She has gotten to know the ushers, who always place her chair in a certain spot. For one hour she is free from disappointment and suffering. Her expression is radiant. If the pictures have not done another thing but bring surcease from suffering for one happy hour to such as she—they have attained much!

Mabel A. Coan,
Detroit, Mich.



Kotex stays comfortable —even in warmer weather



Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary.

AS vacation-time approaches, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

Aid to daintiness

Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

Kotex softness, you see, is not merely an apparent softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. It stays soft.

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs.

Our leading hospitals use great quantities of Kotex and the delicate absorbent of which it is made. They buy enough annually for millions of pads. What a rare tribute to its hygienic safety, its efficiency!

Make it a point to specify Kotex.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 The Kotex filler is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 3 Kotex is soft . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 4 Can be worn on either side with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 5 Disposable . . . instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

Anyone Troubled with LARGE PORES • BLACKHEADS OILY SKIN • DRY SKIN



CASE NO. 92... Philadelphia, Pa. Business Girl. Age 17. Skin dry and scaled easily at beginning of test. Subject's report: "Skin softer and smoother and less dry on Woodbury side." Doctor reports: "Complexion now good, skin smooth, on right side."

CASE NO. 466... Hollywood, Calif. Teacher. Age 25. Troubled with blackheads and scaling. Subject reports blackheads practically gone after 30 days on Woodbury side. Doctor reports smoother and finer texture on that side of face.



will Welcome this THRILLING NEWS

In the office files of Dr. Walter J. Highman... one of the country's foremost Dermatologists... are 612 case histories, written by 15 of America's leading skin specialists.

Last September, 612 women entered the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic. Every day, for 30 days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively.

In 271 cases, the Woodbury side showed radiant improvement over the other.

Enlarged pores were benefited in 83 cases. Excessively oily conditions in 115 cases... Dry, scaly skin in 81 cases... Blackhead conditions in 103 cases.

Thus, Science has confirmed what millions of women already know... that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap; that it is an incomparable beauty treatment in *cake form*.

For your complexion's sake try Woodbury's! Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, send coupon for generous sample.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

806 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

Name _____

Address _____

tested. I want to continue as a director when I have finished acting."

THE bitter battle between Theodore Dreiser and Paramount has had the literary and motion picture worlds thoroughly agog.

Dreiser threatens all kinds of dire things if Paramount maltreats his enormous novel, "An American Tragedy," now finished by Director Josef Von Sternberg.

"I'll enjoin Paramount from exhibiting the picture and demand a general equity ruling on the rights of authors!" says the raging writer.

"They paid \$150,000 for the screen and talkie rights to my book. They slept over it since 1926—then they came to life.

"When I read the script I tried to protest. I screamed, I bellowed, I wept. Jesse Lasky had me come to Hollywood to work with Von Sternberg.

"I came, I saw, I was conquered. They laughed at me. They said I was antiquated.

"They tell me I'll be crazy over the picture—and I believe they're telling the truth!"

Meanwhile, "An American Tragedy," after gathering dust on the Paramount shelf for nearly five years, is now a talking picture, directed by Von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes and Frances Dee in the leading rôles. And we shall see what we shall see—and so will the enraged Mr. Dreiser.

THE most unique party in Hollywood occurred on the occasion of Gloria Swanson's birthday not so many weeks ago. It was a luncheon attended by Gloria's mother, her grandmother and her daughter.

Virginia Barker and Lois Wilson, Gloria's two closest friends, were also there. As the meal drew to a close a gentleman was announced. Gloria had not seen him for years, but she rushed into his arms. It was the doctor who brought her into the world!

JIMMY MURRAY'S back again. You know the long, long story of Jimmy's various vicissitudes, brought about by the fact that he looked too long and too often upon the wine when it was red. His last scrape landed him a jail sentence and everybody said it was Jimmy's fade-out. But he's back again.

With a part in a picture and another earnest vow that he's "on the wagon" for two whole years.

THE Paramount Studios have told Director Richard Wallace that he may take as long as he likes over the making of "Kick-In." There's a reason for this. It is Clara Bow's first picture since her big court episode and Clara is nervous.

This is the tell-tale film and this had better be good, for the public is feeling edgy about

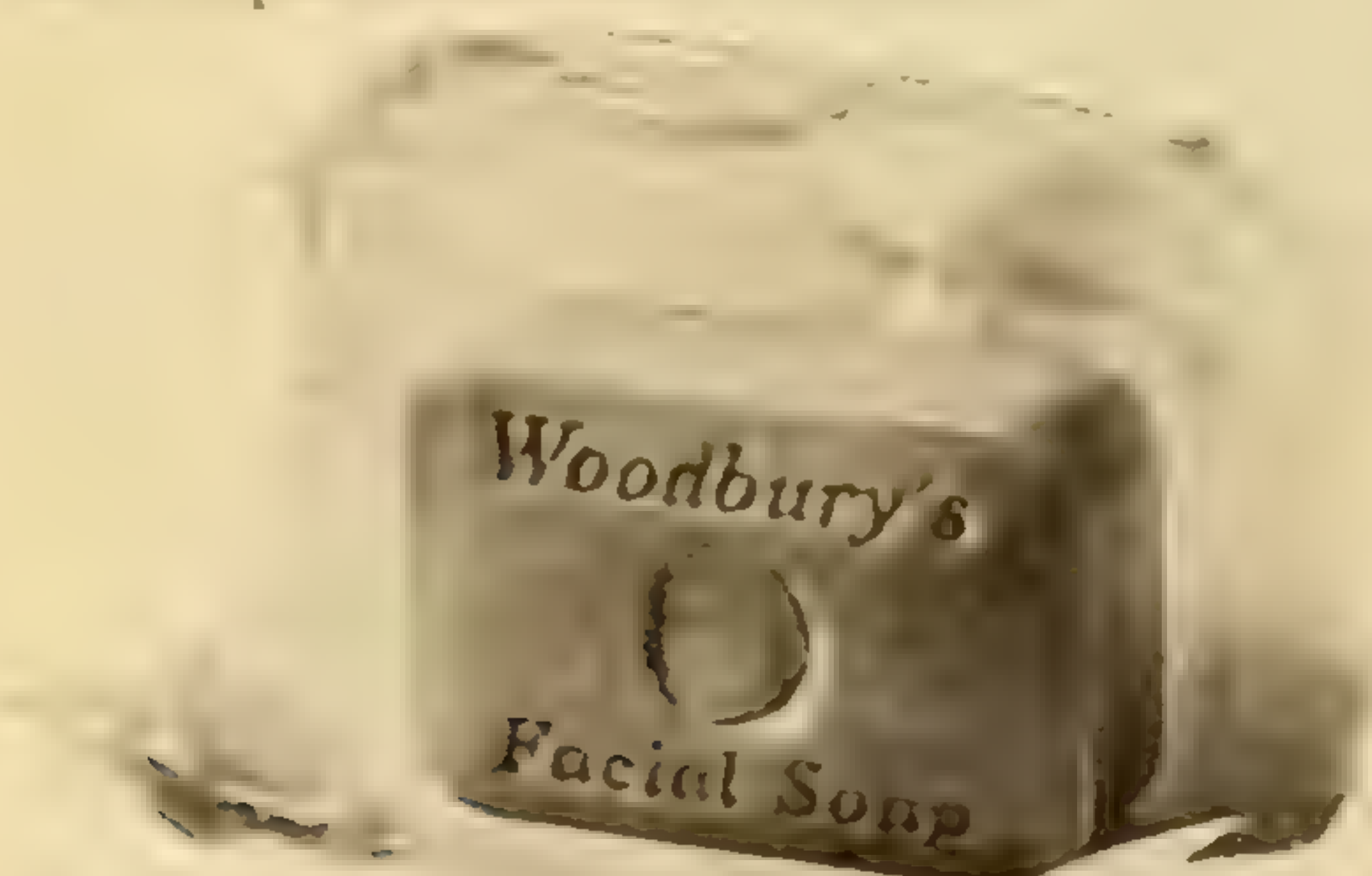
Here's Money for You!

The contest of the year, for which thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY have been waiting, starts in this issue.

\$5,000.00 Cash Prizes

That have helped hundreds of this Magazine's readers in the past are again to be divided.

Turn to page 40, read the rules and go in and win!



Clara, due to a combination of mediocre pictures and bad publicity.

TOM SANTSCHI, one of the great old veterans of the screen, is dead—from a heart attack.

WE—and Hollywood—are now faced with a couple of new stars.

What's that? Nothing new, you say? Ah, but these are not the usual semi-obscure aspirants from Broadway, but a couple of genuine, star-spangled, rip-roaring Big Shots, called by many the leading dramatic people of the American stage.

In short, Miss Lynne Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt.

In addition to being married, they star together in plays put on by The Theater Guild, New York's highbrow producers.

In New York, Fontanne and Lunt are almost idols.

This year they played together in "Elizabeth, the Queen."

Their first picture, to be made next summer, is "The Guardsman," a romantic comedy by Molnar in which they starred on the stage some years ago.

Metro has them for a picture, this one, with more options. Next winter they'll be on the stage again.

Will Hollywood get out the plush carpets, brass bands, and red fire? I doubt it! I remember what happened when Ina Claire first hit the town.

WELL, happy days are here again for Lois Wilson.

Or happier days, anyway, since she got such a big part in Universal's "Seed."

Things had been pretty glum for the past year, for Lois hadn't been able to get a job in that time.

She had become so discouraged that she was on her way to the London stage, and then "Seed" came along to grow into a bright posie for her.

EVELYN BRENT, who told us the story, and Stanley Fields to whom it happened, raise their right hands and solemnly swear that the following is a veracious account of an actual incident.

Fields, you know, plays gangster rôles and is one of the toughest looking actors in Hollywood. The other evening, Mrs. Fields was hungry, so Stanley offered to go to the corner restaurant and bring some sandwiches. As he was coming along a side street, somebody stuck a gun in his side and shouted, "Reach for the clouds."

Stanley stuck 'em up, sandwiches still in hand.

The hold-up prepared to search him and just

Supporting Attractions

*Whose Legs Are These
on Pages 38 and 39?*

Here are the answers!

1. Jeanette MacDonald
2. Joan Crawford
3. John Barrymore
4. Mitzi Green
5. Marlene Dietrich
6. Claudette Colbert
7. Clara Bow
8. Dorothy Mackaill
9. Gwen Lee
10. Mary Pickford



**"I trust only Kleenex...
to remove creams
and cosmetics safely"**

*Says Universal's lovely star, **LUPE VELEZ***

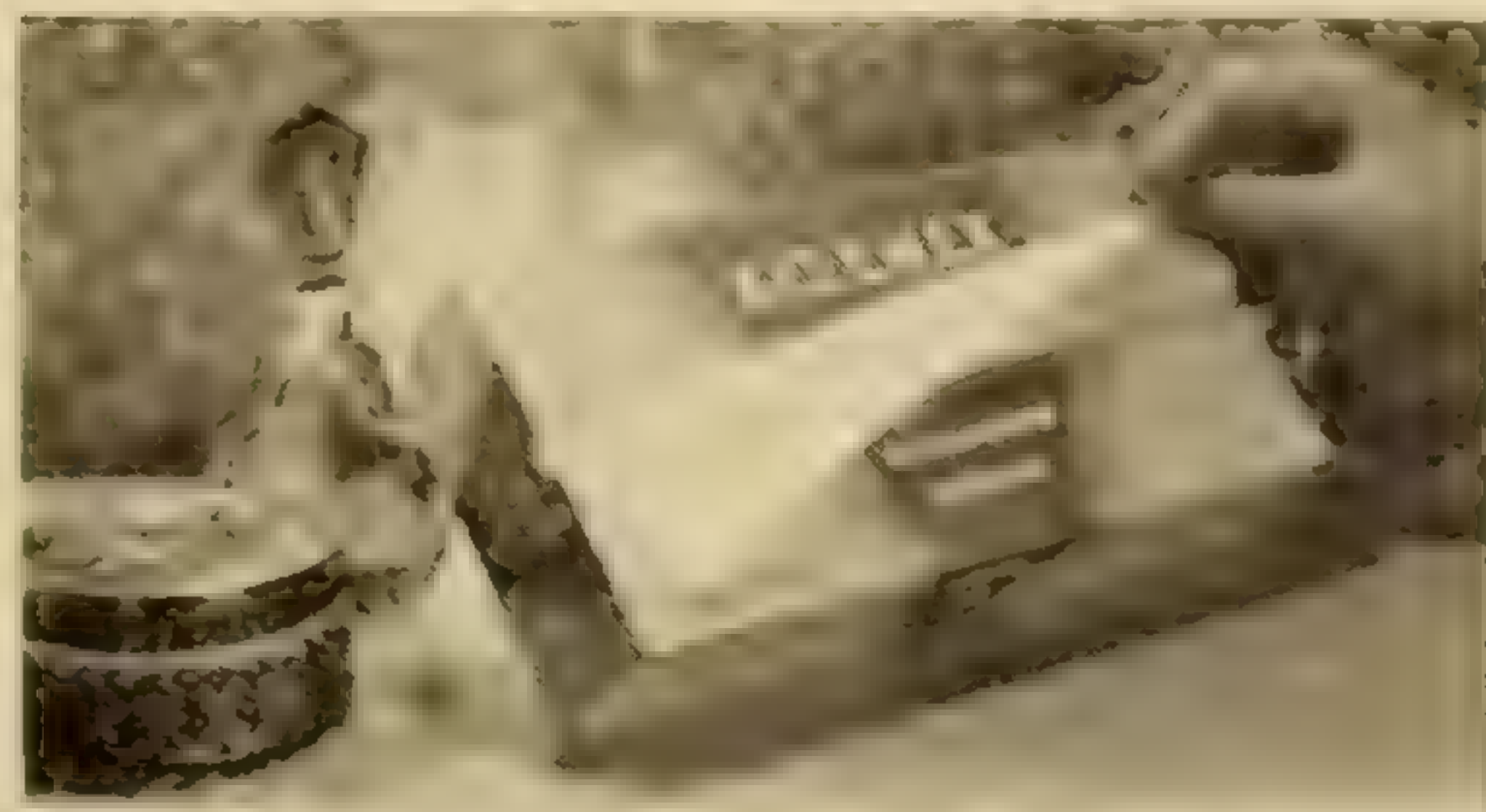
**Even such dramatic beauty
as hers needs the protective
cleansing of Kleenex!**

HOW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in "Resurrection."

She says: "One of the first things we learn in a screen career is the use of Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics."

Why do you suppose screen actresses are so insistent on this matter of Kleenex? It's because they know that you simply *must* get cold cream and dirt out of the pores.

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Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as in pure white.

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PH-6

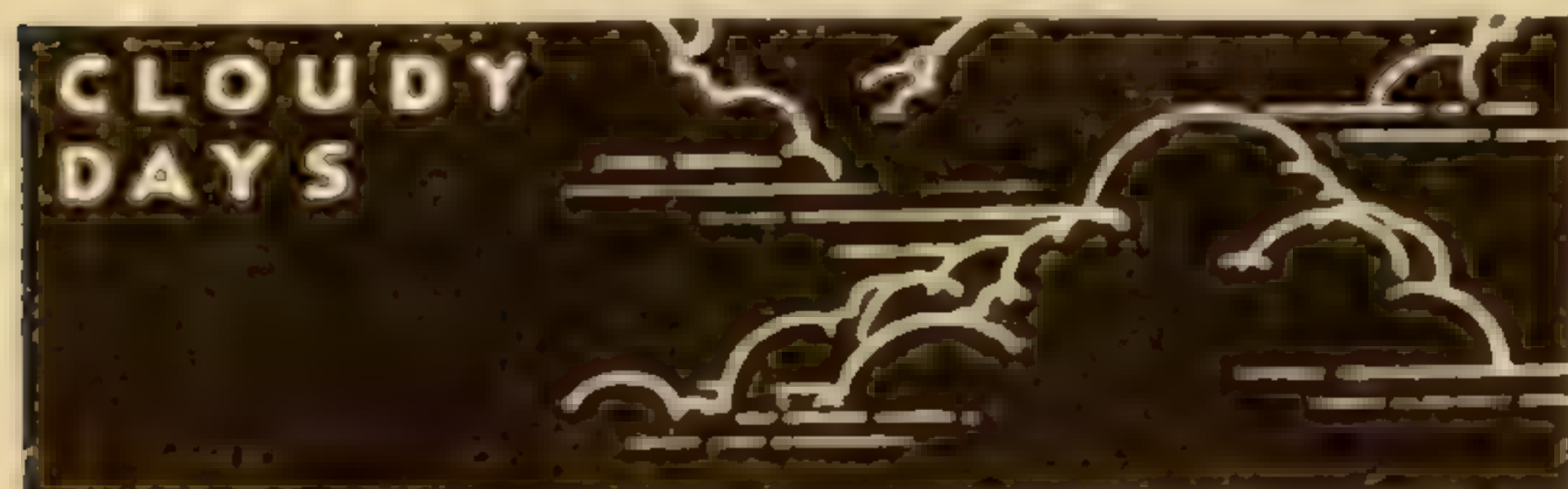
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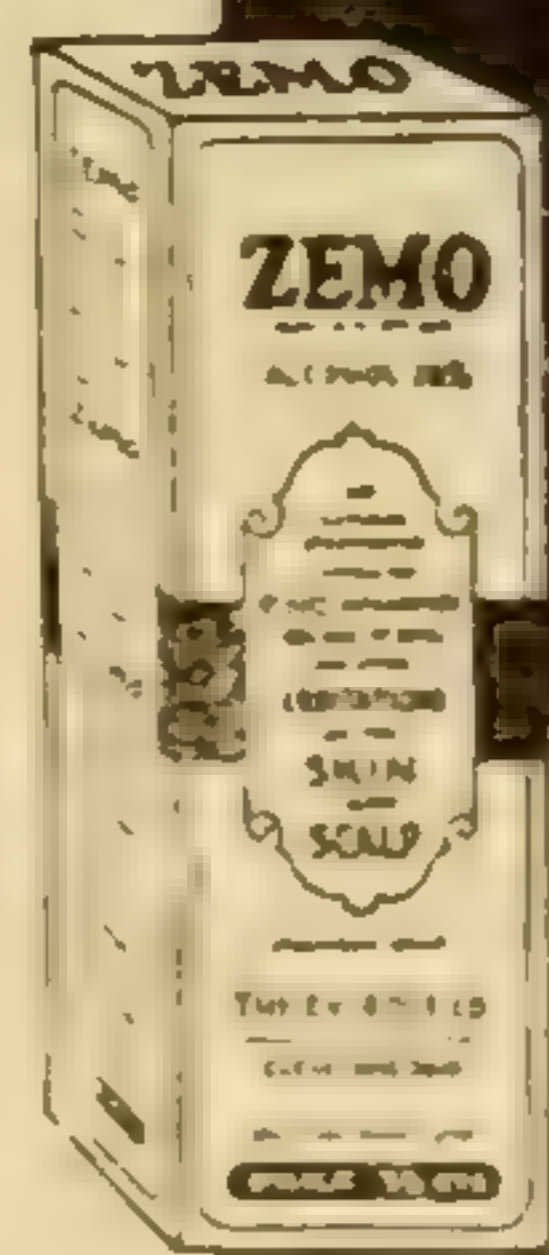
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as he did so, caught a glimpse of Fields' face. He put down his gun and said:

"Gee, boss, I beg your pardon. If I'd known it was you—well, you'll excuse me, I know. How've you been and how're all the little rackets?"

And he retreated humbly, leaving Fields to walk home saying a little prayer of thanksgiving for looking like a tough mug.

YOU know how Bill Haines clownes all over a place—kidding his best friends and the ones he most admires!

Marie Dressler was showing some of her millionaire friends from New York through the M-G-M studio. Word had gone out of their importance with warnings as to observance of P's and Q's.

Bill walked onto the "Complete Surrender" set and began imitating Marie as master of sightseers.

The imitation was merciless.

Director Harry Beaumont stepped up to him and whispered:

"I don't want to spoil your afternoon, Bill, but the mike is open and Marie and her guests are in the monitor room."

The blood rushed to Bill's face. He was so frightened he didn't even dare to turn around and look up into the glass-covered sound room. He stepped to the mike and said, "Marie, I don't know whether this is a gag or not. If it is, I've fallen hook, line and sinker. If it isn't I'm terribly sorry."

Then he wheeled and looked. The glass room was empty.

AS far as Director Mel Brown is concerned, "White Shoulders," which he is directing for Radio, has been his greatest jinx picture.

He had hardly started shooting when his wife, visiting Canada, was nearly blinded in one eye when a needle pierced it.

Then Kitty Kelly, one of the leading players in the picture, took influenza. Mel Brown

rearranged shooting schedule to "shoot around" Miss Kelly—that is, take scenes wherein she does not appear—until she came back. But Jack Holt, playing the male lead, spiked that by catching flu himself. Production was held up for days.

Then Mel got a wire, saying his wife was on her way home, in care of two nurses, at heavy financial expense.

That same night, stepping out of a projection room, a white cat walked across his path. Not black, but white—but it was bad luck enough, for Brown fell over it and sprained a thumb and wrist.

He says he wouldn't be surprised if the studio burns down before he finishes the film.

THE long arm of coincidence reaches out to grab "Grand Hotel," the sensational New York stage hit which M-G-M has acquired for Greta Garbo, for a story titled "Grand Hotel" was done back in 1915 by James W. Horne, a director for the old Kalem company.

Like the present story, it had an amazing number of quickly shifting scenes, Horne writing in the February, 1916, PHOTOPLAY that he made 73 scenes with 100 people in six hours' time. Herman Shumlin, the producer, who is to direct the talkie version, was generally acclaimed for the facility with which he moved the stage play through upwards of a dozen quickly shifting scenes.

Then, Vicki Baum, the Viennese woman who is the author, worked in a hotel as a chambermaid to get the proper atmosphere for her story. Horne worked as a clerk in a hotel, which gave his old "silent" the ring of authenticity.

One way in which the two "Grand Hotels" don't resemble each other, however, is that Vicki Baum's made her internationally famous, her book a best seller, the play a smash hit, and herself wealthy overnight. Horne, maker of the first "Grant Hotel," a good director, is forgotten.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount

THIS is the talkie debut of Tallulah Bankhead, an Alabama girl who for eight years was a sensation on the London stage. It is a heavy love drama, unrelieved by laughter, concerning a society girl who marries for money, although she is in love with a struggling young writer. Clive Brook has the part of leading man. Tallulah, resembling the late Jeanne Eagels, has great ability, but little chance to display it here.

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures

BERT WHEELER, separated from his partner Woolsey, does his first solo-starring film. Dorothy Lee adds heart appeal. This is more subtle comedy than you'll expect from Bert, but he does it well. It's about a young couple whose relatives "help" them plan their home. Good old stuttering Roscoe Ates is grand as a country hack driver. Plenty of laughs in this, but also some lumps in the throat.

SHIPMATES—M-G-M

HERE'S plenty of action!—and how could they help it, with Robert Montgomery, Cliff Edwards, Dorothy Jordan, Ernest Torrence, *et al.*, plus the whole booming United States Navy, all doing their stuff at once? Bob and Cliff as gobs, Dot as the admiral's daughter, and the Navy as itself, pep up a story that switches suddenly from howling successions of laughs into high melodrama for a punch ending. Great entertainment.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN—Radio Pictures

OH, this one's heavy drama! Father married to woman with whom son falls in love. Lily Damita does some plain and fancy emoting quite in the old-school manner. But the bright spot of the film is the performance of little Miriam Seegar who has just about everything. Lester Vail is an adequate leading man.

THE VIRTUOUS HUSBAND—Universal

ALL about a young man whose legacy from his mother is a group of letters to be given him during important moments. The situation is howlingly funny until it suddenly turns into an imitation mystery. And from then on it's pretty bad. Although Betty Compson is given top billing, she hasn't much to do. Elliott Nugent and Jean Arthur are swell.

BROAD MINDED—First National

THIS looks pathetically as though they just had a lot of abandoned old gags and jokes lying around the studio, and decided to try to use them all up in one picture. Joe E. Brown opens his mouth extra wide and makes frequent joebrownish sounds in an effort to make it laughable. Now and then, he succeeds.

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia

ANOTHER of the good old dependable stage farces makes the jump to the talking screen—and remains funny. It's about one wife and two husbands. There's much running in and

out of doors, being found in amazing places, and that sort of thing. Thanks to the splendid capabilities of such *farceurs* as Laura LaPlante, Lew Cody and Harry Myers, it's a hilarious wow!

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied

OF too many other Westerns it can be said You'll like it if you like Westerns. But of this Western, it can be truthfully said that you'll like it anyway. It is to an enjoyable extent what the talkies have forgotten to be—moving pictures. That, plus many thrills, laughs and likeable Hoot Gibson and adorable Sally Eilers—well, what more must you have?

TRAPPED—Big Four

THEY put everything in this one—lights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases. The state militia doesn't come thundering on at the last. But what can you expect for your money? The confused plot (but then you can always nap) is relieved only by the excellent work of Nick Stuart, who deserves better stuff, and Priscilla Dean. It was Tom Santschi's last film, before his death.

HELL'S VALLEY— National Players, Ltd.

SO the director said one morning, "We'll just get together and make a Western. The story doesn't matter as long as we have lots of riding and shooting." And that's what they did. The actors are Wally Wales, Virginia Brown Faire, Vivian Rich and some others who don't matter. If you like Westerns, and if an inconsistency or two doesn't seriously bother you, you'll like this.



When Robert Edeson died, Hollywood not only lost one of its most capable actors, but one of its most lovable citizens. Unlike a lot of other stage players who left Broadway for the movies, he didn't scoff at Hollywood's ways. He liked them and often said: "I run and swim and ride, things I like to do, and am paid for it." It has been truly said of him, "he had an appetite for life"

C H E W

DOUBLE MINT

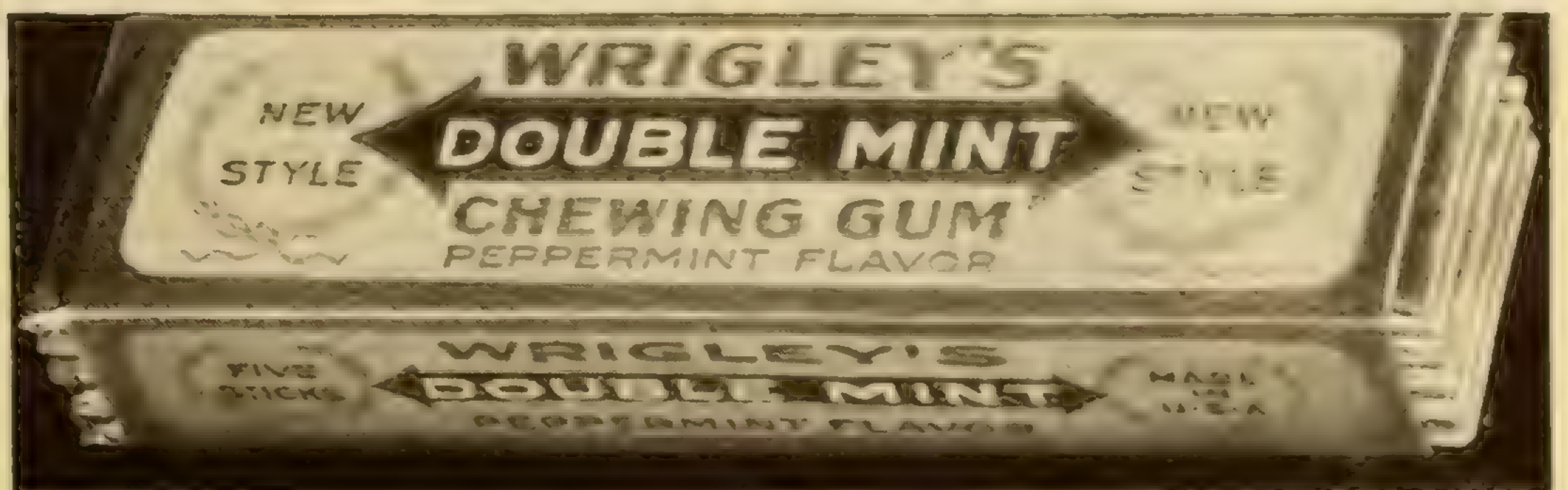
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"I like **DOUBLE MINT** while dressing." That's what so many stars are telling us. Besides the deliciously refreshing quality of this good peppermint chewing gum, it relaxes the nerves which make tense, hard lines around the lips. **MORE CHEWING** is now claimed to be the great cry of Dentists and Beauty Specialists. Modern food is too soft to give the normal amount of chewing exercise to the delicate facial muscles. **DOUBLE MINT**, a fresh stick or two, chewed ten minutes regularly every day, is said to supply this much needed additional amount of chewing. Keep a package of **DOUBLE MINT** always handy on your dressing table. It gives one of the most natural of all Facials, tends to keep the mouth and lips well shaped—and only costs a nickel.

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A way has been found that not only gives a perfect make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that **HOLDS** perfectly all day long. Instead of making up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

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You use it on **BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS**. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color.

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any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

It is the creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up. It banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (Feb.)

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (Dec.)

RENEGADES—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

RIDIN' FOOL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

RIVER'S END—Warners.—A lusty Curwood story, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

SEA LEGS—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (Dec.)

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man Boris and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (Dec.)

SILVER HORDE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling phonoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (Dec.)

SINGLE SIN, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

SIT TIGHT—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (Dec.)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as Skippy, and Bobby Coogan as Sooky entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skillful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Single or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (Dec.)

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

SUSPENSE—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World' Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)



Our Clara, minus the old Zulu coiffure, as she looks in her latest Paramount release, "Kick In." After a flaming career of wind-tossed tresses, has the Brooklyn Bonfire suddenly gone Goldilocks on us? Anyway, it's becoming, isn't it, and maybe in a year or two there'll be enough for a bun in the back

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It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You sim-



By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

ply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

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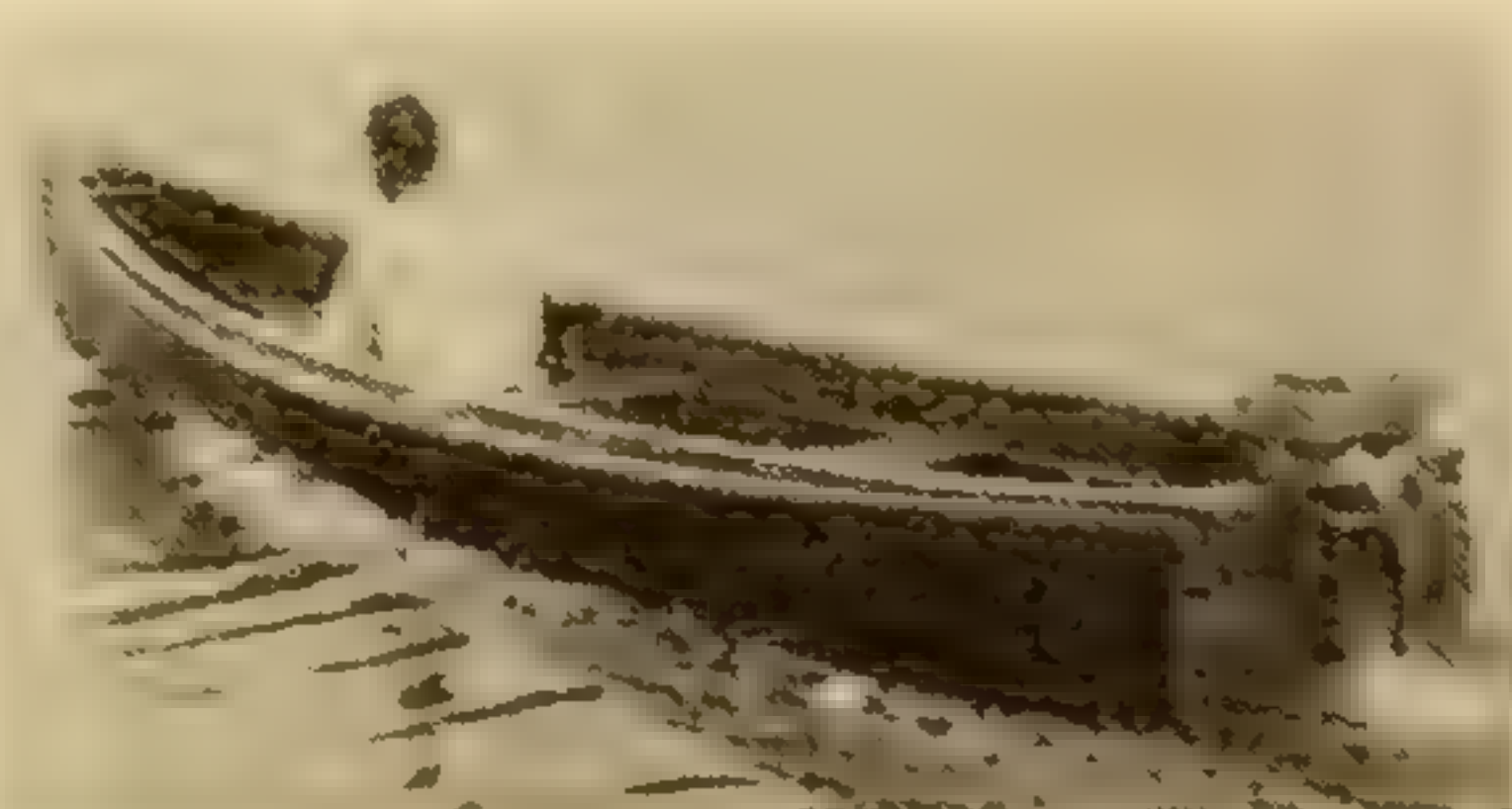
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THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

TODAY—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (Dec.)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (Dec.)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March)

TWO WORLDS—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

UP THE RIVER—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (Dec.)

VIRTUOUS SIN, THE—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (Dec.)

WAR NURSE—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humbr and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (Dec.)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

WHITE THUNDER—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March)

WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

YANKEE DON, THE—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (Dec.)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

YOUNG WOODLEY—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (Dec.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

Am I An Actor?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

York revue producer, also wants him to play the juvenile lead in the new edition of "George White's Scandals."

But before he thinks of that he wants to answer the question he has put to himself, "Am I an actor?"

AT the moment he's taking voice lessons from a Mexican who says he can do things with Buddy's voice. He's also studying Spanish, with foreign picture versions in mind. And he's taking in a picture almost every night, studying other actors, trying to discover how they do it.

It's a bit sad, knowing the joyous, untroubled heights he walked as a boy, and the sudden disillusionment that descended to wound and confuse him. But he's acting like a man now in asking himself, "Am I an actor?" and grimly setting out to prove that the answer is "Yes."

Retired at Eleven

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Duty—and Fate struck home before the camera.

Who can forget the comedy wherein Farina was chased across a wide and pitted cornfield by a large and infuriated pig? Farina just didn't look frightened—Farina was so gosh-darned scared that our hearts leaped to the screen for him!

Or the picture that saw Farina hoisted to the turntable of a large phonograph. "Hot dog!" gurgled the child, set for a nice ride.

And when, at maximum speed, the turntable hurled Farina to the floor, do you think Farina was just pretending to be hurt?

No, Farina was just ourselves when we are kicked down the porch steps by our best girl's pappy.

Farina hurt, and hurt plenty.



It seems that young Mr. Fairbanks, Jr. wears an eight-year-old felt hat—but young Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford) spends her pocket money for such a dashing bonnet as this. One of those bandeau-and-halo brim affairs in white straw



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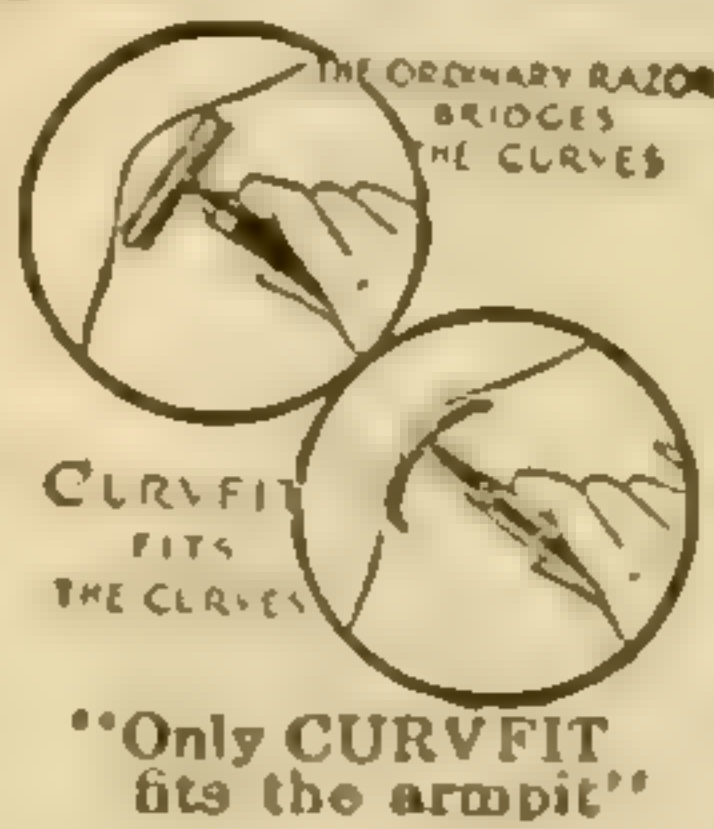


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Small wonder that at six, Master Allen Clayton Hoskins was an old man. The facts of life were cold turkey to him. He knew then what it takes most of us thirty years to find out—that Life is cruel, bitter, inscrutable and full of hideous surprises.

THE pony that looked so pretty was just going to run away with him—the minute the wagon went fast, Farina was going to be hurled out on his ear.

Why, even a cream pie was not a toothsome edible—it was something to be hit in the face with!

And so, for several years, we went on loving Farina because he hurt—just as we do. And we, at ten times his age, were just as helpless to duck the blows of life as he!

Now, Farina retires at eleven. For some years he drew down the elegant stipend of \$500 a week, and there is probably a tiny sum in the family teapot. At least, he was well paid for his bruises of body and soul. He must feel seventy.

Life has no surprises left—no rich and golden illusions, no gaudy dreams. To all intents and purposes, Farina is an old man.

True, his mother hopes to send him into vaudeville with his smaller sister, Mango. It may or may not come off.

BOB MCGOWAN, still father-confessor and Fate of "Our Gang," has a new scrap of ebony, one *Stymie*, whose real handle is Matthew Beard.

Thus the tradition of small, black Man and larger, blacker Fate, continues on the Roach lot.

But Farina, the first great Original, is gone. His addition to "Our Gang" was a stroke of genius, and the tiny laborer was worthy of his hire.

I fear we shall not look upon his like again. He was the first—and up to now, the last—motion picture actor to show us our own struggles, aches, terrors and pains.

I, an old and war-worn picture fan, mourn his loss.

Hail, Farina, and farewell!

A Writer's Alibi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

"The morning the ad appeared a guy named Simonello got temperamental and resigned—or maybe was fired—from the tonsorial parlors of the Christie Hotel. Believe it or not, he was waiting for a street car when he read Sadye's ad, hot-footed up there and got the job."

IMOGENE says Jim was just another barber until he gave Pauline Frederick her famous bob. After that he was the whole works. He finally took several of Sadye's girls, opened a shop of his own and knocked 'em bow-legged. You simply were nobody unless Jim cut your hair. Came Spring—and one day some of Jim's girls quit him cold, sneaked their tools out the back door, galloped down the street to the nearest vacant store and opened the Anne Merideth Shop.

Well, when I asked Imogene to tell me about the Hollywood secrets of beauty she just shrieked "Whoops my dear!" and fell in a swoon. I don't think she really fainted, Mr. Quirk.

It was just a gag to get another drink—and it worked. I had to give her one before she'd go on.

"Either you've got good skin or you haven't," Imogene claims. "Look at mine."—Incidentally, Mr. Quirk, Imogene really has lovely skin—soft and smooth and warm and—but to go on—"God gave it to me in the first place and I keep it that way with lots of

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(See page 40 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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sleep and plenty of gin." She extended an empty glass. "Baby, I said *plenty* of gin."

I NEVER even mentioned personality haircuts, Mr. Quirk. I never heard of one until Imogene brought up the subject.

"They're a racket," she said and started to get sore. "The girls fall for 'em in New York, but not so much out here. You pay fifty bucks for a trick haircut with a bucket of insults and garlic breath thrown in. Say—I know three dames who got personality haircuts from that What's His Name in New York"—she mentioned the name, Mr. Quirk, but I didn't catch it. Ask Mrs. Quirk. She'll know. Incidentally, please remember me to Mrs. Quirk when you see her. He wears a different colored coat for every fleeting mood—"and every one of 'em had to wear a wig or hat or hide in the bathroom 'til their hair grew out again."

When I asked her if long hair was here to stay, Imogene laughed so hard she got the hiccoughs—which we cured with a little sugar and water and gin. It's fine for hiccoughs. Try it some time. She says haircut styles are dictated from Paris—via the U. S. A. She claims the American barbers cabled this Antoine in Paris to lay off that long hair stuff or they'd come over and pour turpentine on his pet Pekinese. They have to eat just like any one else—American barbers, I mean.

Well, we finally got around to what you wanted to know—the inside stuff. I asked Imogene why it was that women, who wouldn't tell you their right name on top of the Woolworth flagpole, would crawl between the sound-proof sheets of a beauty shop booth and try to drown out the noise of a hair drier blower—or a blower hair drier—by bellowing the innermost secrets of their love lives and souls.

Imogene said she'd have to have a little drink before she'd answer that. Believe me, Mr. Quirk, that girl did *not* need a drink and I told her so.

So we had one and she gave me five good reasons and said I could take my pick.

The first one was that a lot of women's character nowadays is only skin deep—is represented by what you see from the outside, including jewelry and clothes. Put 'em in a beauty shop, wash off the paint and powder, muss up the hair and take off part of the clothes and what have you got? They fall out of character, revert to type and start gabbing.

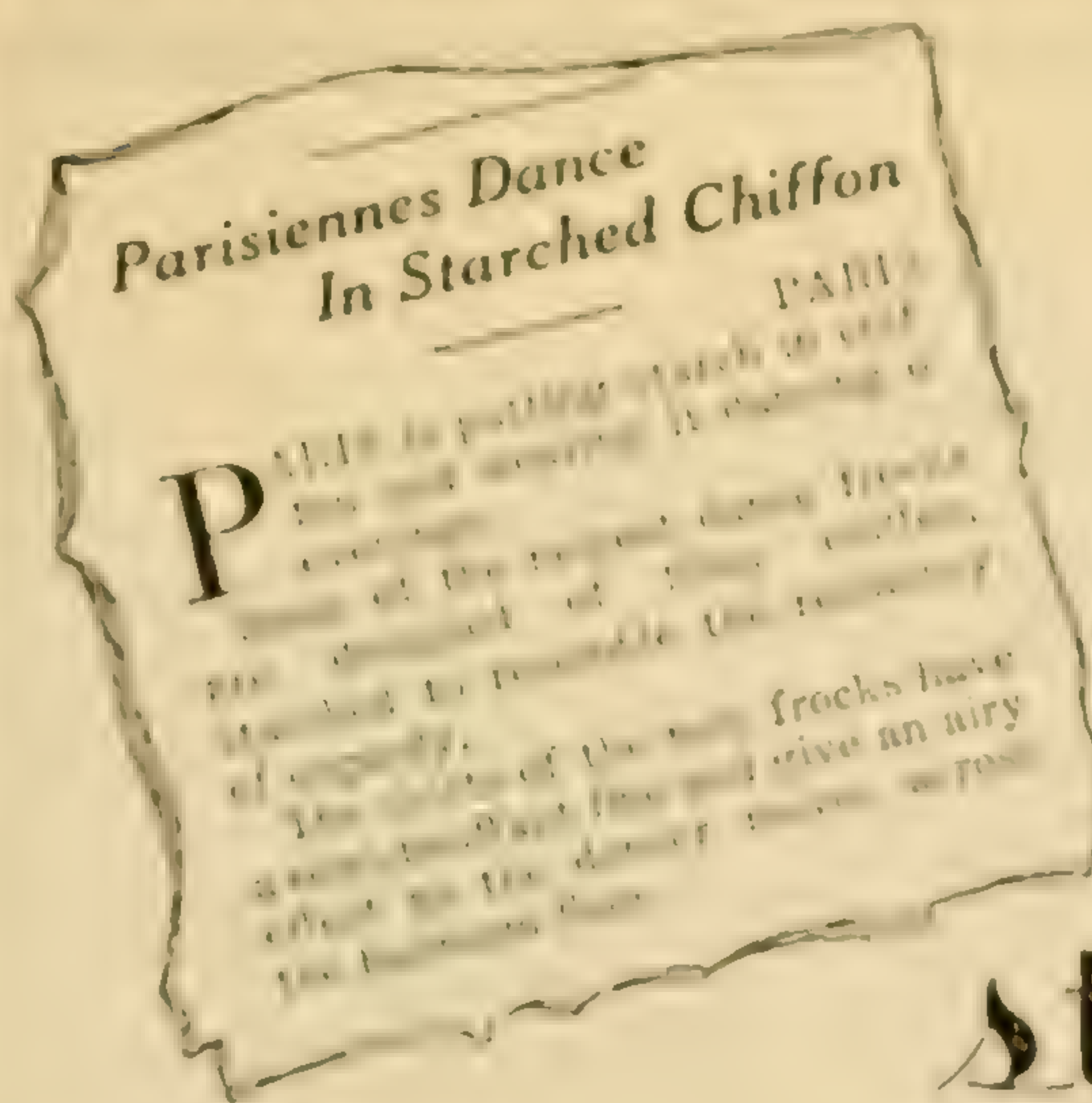
Number two—a woman in a beauty shop has to sit still. She has to be doing something so she talks.

THIRD—a lot of these marked-down mamas delight to demonstrate their superiority in public—and preferably to beauty shop operators who ought to be impressed and don't dare say what's running through their minds. They just have to convince somebody there's something superior about them—if it's only that their husband is the biggest fathead in town.

Fourthly—many women would rather tell you how bad they are than how good they are. In a beauty shop they feel they're among friends. They seem to think the girls are broad-minded, worldly-wise *filles de joie*—which Imogene indignantly denies—who understand.

Then there's just something about a beauty shop. It invites confidences and plain-speaking. It's a place for the girls to unload all the dirt they don't dare dish before friend husband or their lady friends. When a woman goes down to get prettied up she just naturally expects to find out what's going on. She'd feel cheated if she wasn't properly entertained—and couldn't spill a little lowdown of her own.

Take babies for instance, Mr. Quirk. Why Imogene told me there hadn't been an important baby born in Hollywood in years that the fact wasn't known in some beauty shop or other at least six months before the little rascal arrived.



Startling style news for smart women!

ANY DAINTY DRESS that can stand a water can be *renewed* and *restored* to its original finish with Linit. This applies to all these fabrics:—chiffon, silk, rayon, all artificial silks, crepe de chine, pongee, tub silks and satins, georgettes, lace, embroidery and net, lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss, batiste, voile, gingham, prints, sateen, cotton brocades, linen, etc.

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GARAGE

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Imogene swears the beauty shop girls positively are not gossipy or indiscreet. She says not one of them would repeat anything she hears to a soul, except maybe men, women and children between seven and seventy-nine. Besides, how can it be a secret when it's broadcast against the noise of a battery of vibrators in a voice like a steam train?

TO make it a lot more fun you never know who's going to be on the other side of those vertical sheets between the booths. Imogene says it's not at all unusual to have a girl talking about her boy friend with his wife on one side and his former wife on the other—both taking it all in.

Well, anyway—one thing led to another and just about then who should hammer at the front door but some of Imogene's little pals. She let them in and introduced me all around—by my right name—and we had a drink—maybe two drinks. I didn't think anything of it at the time, Mr. Quirk. Well, they left after a while and Imogene and I resumed our discussion about life, love and letters, and when I finally looked at my watch it was—would you believe it!—after four A. M.

Even that was all right. I used a swell alibi on the wife—the one you told me about that time—and it worked like a charm. The next day was okay, too—except for a dreadful rock fight going on inside my skull. I think I got hold of some bad ice at Imogene's. But the following day, a Thursday—

I was walking down the boulevard in the morning when I met Al Cohn. He winked and said: "I hear you've got a crush on Imogene Fitzfancy." I told him to shush—and walked on. Three more guys stopped me and said the same thing. I was slightly disturbed and, as I was soon to learn, not without cause. Because that afternoon, Mr. Quirk, my wife went in for a shampoo—and then she went home! And did I catch Hail Columbia? I'll say I did—through the front door. She wouldn't even let me in—then or now.

So you can see why a story on beauty shops is out as far as I'm concerned. You'd better send one of your women writers to do it—and tell her to watch her step and be sure to give a phony name.

IN the meantime I'd be very grateful if you'd write—or wire—my wife and explain I was really on an assignment for you. Of course you know and I know everything was entirely innocent and aboveboard but she seems to get funny ideas, and a word from you might help. The sooner you do it the better I'll like it. I'd at least like to be able to get in the house long enough to pick up a clean shirt and my other suit of clothes.

Please extend my best wishes to Mrs. Quirk.

Yours very truly,
BOGART ROGERS

Pale Hands I Loved

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

For Gladys Brown, who was not a dumb bunny, had begun to realize that here was no callow youth to be turned aside with a gesture, to be laughed away, to—if necessary—be given a purposeful smack in the jaw. Here was a go-getter, who wouldn't take no—or the less gentle equivalents of no—for an answer.

Kent Carrington left Gladys Brown at her door, after their first evening together. And Gladys, her hand tingling to the pressure of his hand, went up to her room.

"If he asks me," she told herself, as she crossed the threshold of her room, "if he asks me, I'll marry him. Such things have happened, lots of executives have married clerks (believe it or not, they have!). I can't ex-

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pect, now, to find my ideal. No girls ever marry their dream men . . . (she wasn't being funny, either). If he asks me . . ."

BUT, after their third evening together, Gladys realized that Kent Carrington didn't want to marry her.

"Gee, girly!" he said over the *demitasse*, on that third evening, "I wish to gosh I'd had a break and met you first—"

Idly Gladys sipped her coffee. She would have preferred a large cup, at that.

"What do you mean—first?" she queried, and she tried to make her tone nonchalant.

Kent Carrington sighed, and lighted a cigarette.

"First," he said, "while I was single. Before I met my wife."

"Oh," said Gladys, "so you're married."

Kent blew a perfect smoke ring into the air.

"Yes," he told the girl, "I'm married. In a way. I say 'in a way' because my marriage is such a false alarm. My wife doesn't understand me. She never has."

Gladys arched her penciled brows. She yawned behind the tips of her perfectly manicured fingers.

"Bologna," said Gladys. And then—

"That's what they all say."

"In my case," said Kent Carrington, and his voice shook with carefully modulated emotion, "it happens to be true."

"I'd like a cigarette, myself," said Gladys.

"I can blow as pretty rings as you can."

"Baby!" breathed Kent Carrington.

"Miss Baby, to you!" answered Gladys.

"You little old last year's married man—"

So she spoke, lightly, after the manner of her kind. But when Kent took her home, that evening, and tried to kiss her, Gladys slapped him. And—

"You were right, after all, Rudy," she said to a photograph, as she walked slowly, wearily, across her room.

. . .

AND then—then it began all over again. With Kent Carrington haunting Gladys Brown's counter, and Gladys Brown coldly ignoring his invitations. And then came a day when the plot thickened. When Kent Carrington fell into step, beside her, as she left the employees' entrance of the store, at night. And, baldly, stated facts.

"I suppose," he said, "that you realize, Gladys, that you're apt to be out of a job—in the near future?"

"Yeah?" said Gladys. "Unless?" she questioned.

"Unless," said Kent Carrington, "you're a little more polite to your superiors."

"I thought," remarked Gladys Brown, "that they only pulled that line in the twenty-third. But," she hesitated, "this is a bad year to be out of work. Suppose I told you I might scare up a free evening, later in the week? What then?"

"Why then," said Kent Carrington, softly, "why then I think that everything might work out all right!"

And so, later in the week, Gladys Brown made an engagement to dine with her—shall we say—superior? Only it was different, this engagement, from the dates of the past. In the vernacular of the department store, Kent Carrington had "something on" Gladys. He'd demonstrated his power by forcing her, almost, to make an engagement. He'd demonstrated it, even further, by giving the engagement a devastating locale.

"We'll have supper," he said, "together, just you and I. Not in some smoky restaurant, not in a hick night club. We'll dine together in my studio . . ."

Gladys Brown didn't blush. Why blush? But when she answered she was fighting for time.

"How about the wife?" she questioned.

"What'll she say—if any?"

"My wife," said Kent shortly, "is at home."

Posed by Gladys Brown
Star of Universal Film.



Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you must use powder.

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Princess Pat believe this, too. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.

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No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

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Eight hours later—lovely lips!

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To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

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Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

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ONE DROP DOES IT

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Acts like an anaesthetic. In three seconds pain is deadened. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No cutting—that is dangerous. This

way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers.

Doctors approve it as safe. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Money back if not delighted.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

She never comes to my studio. She doesn't, in fact, know that I have a studio."

Gladys was still fighting for time.

"Well, how do you rate one?" she questioned.

"A studio, I mean? You're not an artist—"

"Ah," said Kent Carrington, "I am, in my own way!"

"Says you—" murmured Gladys. But she allowed herself to be cajoled into writing down the studio's address; into promising to arrive there at a given hour. She didn't want to go—believe it or not, more working girls are ultra conventional than aren't. And Gladys had never dined alone with a man in his apartment.

"But what's the use of telling him?" she asked herself. "What's the use? It'd only make him have ideas—"

What she meant was that it would have added a certain piquancy to what, in Kent Carrington's mind, was an old situation.

* * *

THE engagement was made in the morning, and it was to happen that very evening. So, all through the day, Gladys was fidgety. She made out two incorrect sales slips, she sent one C. O. D. as a charge, she answered one customer sharply, and she was fresh to the department buyer. When questioned by a fellow clerk, she was oddly snappish.

"I got a right to be short with you, haven't I?" she told the questioning clerk. "I got something on my mind."

"Besides your hair?" asked the clerk, eyeing the Garbo coiffure scathingly.

But the day wore on, somehow. And Gladys Brown, as the hours piled up one upon the other, told herself that she had made the only logical decision.

"A girl's got to eat," she argued on the way back to the store, from luncheon, as she saw a long, bedraggled line of supplicants standing hopelessly in front of the office marked "Employment Bureau." "A girl's got to have clothes . . . A girl can't be true," this wistfully, "all of her life to something she's never had."

But the last thought was mother to the decision that she'd not go home to dress for the "just we two" studio supper.

"Carrington can take it or leave it," said Gladys to herself, "if he don't like me in my working clothes, I should care."

What she really meant was (shades of O. Henry's Dulcie!) that she didn't want to face Rudolph Valentino's photograph, on her bureau, as she dressed for the, possibly, decisive date. One doesn't even flaunt one's mental infidelity—not when said infidelity is forced upon one!

But, somehow, the day wore on. Until, with the late afternoon, Gladys was ready to scream with nervousness. Her counter had an hour of little business—she had plenty of time, far too much time, for introspection. So she felt a sense of sudden relief that was almost akin to release, when she saw approaching her, down the aisle, the errand boy from Kent Carrington's office.

THE boy carried a smug smile, and a note in a wide, white envelope. He'd carried the smile, and similar white envelopes, to Gladys, before. Gladys disliked his air of juvenile sophistication, but she felt relief just the same. The note might be breaking the engagement—it had been done. Every once in so often there was an emergency meeting of executives; there might have been such a meeting called, this evening, on the spur of the moment.

The errand boy approached. He smirked. He struck an attitude and extended the letter.

"Here's a valentine, sweetheart," he told Gladys shrilly, "a nice, pretty valentine . . ."

But Gladys took the envelope, forcibly, from his tantalizing fingers.

"Chase yourself, button face," she told him. And tore open the envelope. Tore it open, and read the message inside, and sighed sharply.

For it wasn't presaging a broken engagement, that letter. It was merely delivering an order.

"Before the store closes," wrote Kent Carrington, on one of his memo sheets, "run up to the music department and get some good waltz records. I have a feeling that we may want to dance."

Kent Carrington was the Beau Brummell, you see, of the advertising profession. He rather fancied his ability to waltz.

"Charge them to my account," ended the note. "Miss Miller will understand."

"And how!" ejaculated Gladys.

But just the same, in the last twenty minutes before closing time, she got herself excused. And went draggingly up to the department where sheet music, records and radio accessories were sold, under the able eye of one Miss Bertha Miller, who sometimes ate luncheon with Gladys, and who did understand.

"What you got," Gladys asked of her friend, "in the line of mush music? You know, soft, dreamy stuff. I'm charging them to Carrington."

"One's born every minute," observed Miss Miller. "I didn't think, Gladys, you'd fall for his line. And why don't he have a radio, anyhow?"

Gladys shrugged.



Seymour saw Bebe Daniels wearing this outfit in "The Maltese Falcon" and told us to tell you how smart it is. The white straw turban, gloves, flower and imported white kid boots are perfect complements for the blue and white silk shirting jacket frock. To the head of the fashion class, Bebe

HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

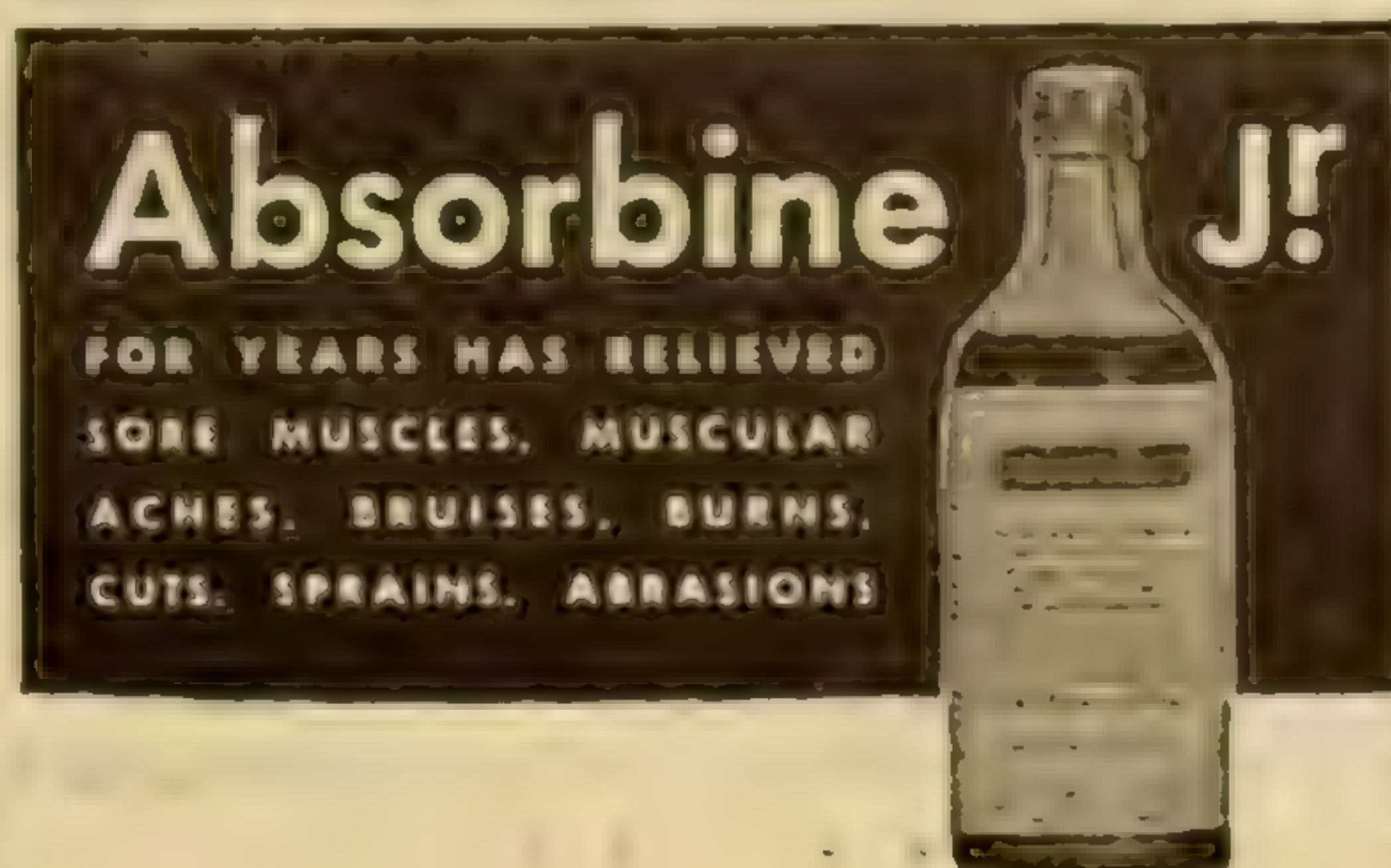
Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it intrudes. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker-and dressing-room floors;

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says the San Francisco Examiner, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And The Scientific American reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, the U. S. Public Health Service says that "at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to everyone.

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in clinics have confirmed these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



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X-Bazin is the simple and reliable way to remove unwanted hair. You spread this creamy depilatory over your legs or under arms... and the hair vanishes completely—leaving your skin smooth, white and hairless. No blue, shaved look—and regrowth is discouraged.

Order X-Bazin today from drug or department store—50c a generous tube. Sample tubes 10c at five-and-ten-cent stores.

X-Bazin comes also in powder form.

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X-BAZIN
Removes HAIR



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EVENING—
10 Evenings**

Spend that much time on a Buescher Saxophone and you'll be surprised what you can do. In 90 days you can join a band or orchestra. Two or three simple lessons give you quick easy start. But only with a Buescher is rapid progress assured. Free Trial. Easy Terms. See your local Buescher Dealer or send postal for beautiful catalog. No obligation. 6 days' free trial. Easy terms. 10 evenings now may start you on the road to fame.

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Band Instrument Co., 609 Buescher Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

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A single bottle corrects scalp irritations; a Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed; safe for adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers Beauty Parlors.

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Burning, aching, tender, swollen, puffed, calloused, torturing feet no longer necessary. Cal-O-Cide masters foot troubles. Don't be a cripple. One application and you are a new person. Quick relief like magic. At all druggists 35c. Send post card for free booklet on "Care of Feet."

Medco Co., Dept. L-6, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

"I guess he has a radio," she said. "And say, don't ask any more foolish questions. 'This,' " she was quoting from a certain notice pasted in the wash rooms of the store, "is the era of unemployment. We demand efficiency and willingness—" Gladys laughed wryly.

Miss Miller shrugged, but the shrug was not unsympathetic.

"Well," she said, "I'll give this month's list the once over. I s'pose it's waltzes you want—" Gladys nodded.

"And by the way," Miss Miller added, "while you're waiting, here's something you'll be interested in." She handed Gladys a round, black disc. "Take that into one of the booths, and play it off—"

Gladys took the record, idly. She didn't bother, at first, to read the name printed on its center.

"What is it?" she asked. "Why do you—"

Miss Miller was already thumbing through a catalogue.

She answered slowly.

"It's your favorite *him*," said she (I told you that the two girls had lunched together, and

lunching inspires a certain amount of confidence!). "It's the Valentino record—"

Gladys stared down, swiftly, at the letters of gold that stood out from the black disc. She tried vainly to make her voice even, as she spoke.

"How come?" she asked. "How'd they get this? He's been dead," her voice broke, "so long—"

Miss Miller had gone to the shelves where the new records were kept. Her answer came as if from a distance.

"He made it for a friend," she said. "at least, I think he did. Ever so long ago, but it's just been brought out, this year. I don't know how, or why. . . . It's one of those Indian Love Lyrics."

But Gladys Brown hadn't waited for Miss Miller to finish the explanation. She was already in one of the booths where prospective purchasers try over records. The door to the booth was already shut. She was already fitting the disc onto a talking machine. Fitting it with fingers that shook.

And then, as she turned on the current, the



Joan Marsh shows you how a good sport should look. Brown and tan tweed suit with matching turban—brown and white low-heeled shoes with socks

voice came. The voice that she had never heard, but the voice of which she had dreamed—*His voice.*

"Pale hands," it sang softly, "I loved, beside the Shalimar. . . . Where are you now? . . . Who lies beneath your spell? . . ." So it went, softly. So it went, all through the first verse of the Kashmiri Song.

And then, as the tears stood in the listening girl's eyes, as her hands pressed down over her heart, the second verse began. And then, after a while, the third verse . . .

"Pale hands, pink tipped—" began the third verse.

With a little cry, Gladys raised her hands—as if they didn't belong to her, almost—away from their place over her heart. She raised them until, not very steady, they were spread out before her eyes. They were pretty hands, slim hands, white hands, rosy-tipped with liquid polish—manicured to within an inch of their lives.

Her lips trembled, but did not speak. It was the soul of Gladys Brown that spoke.

"Why," said the soul, "it's me he's singing to—me!"

THE voice carried on. Not a great voice, not even a very good voice. Just a boy's voice with the reediness of youth about it, with the glamour of a certain sincerity. And as it sang, Gladys Brown thought of Kent Carrington's sleek, blond hair, and of his eyes—blue, and set a little too close together. And of the wife who didn't understand, and of the sinister, secret studio.

She thought swiftly—as they say a drowning person, going down for the last time, is wont to think. She thought of the sign posted in the wash room—"In this era of unemployment. . . ." She thought of a long, weary line in front of a certain office. . . . She thought of warm silver sands, and of a white billowing tent top, and of the sound of a horse's hoofs beating across the desert.

The voice from the record reached its highest, most plaintive note. . . . And then, with almost a shock—a shock of loss and of despair—it fell into silence.

Automatically, like some one moving in a dream, Gladys Brown turned off the machine. You thought she'd play it over again? Well, she didn't. Only once in a lifetime should a human heart receive a direct message from—Beyond.

Gladys Brown switched off the machine, and opened the door of the booth, and addressed Miss Miller, who was making a list of the waltz records—for future reference.

"Never mind, Bertha," said Gladys Brown, "never mind wrapping up those records. Mr. Carrington won't be needing them—"

Plane Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

and Haines, his assistant. They took in a little group of extras in make-up and others who weren't. They lit upon Chester Lorenz, her leading man, strutting in his Foreign Legion uniform, and flitted quickly away in a cloud of distaste.

Just another Foreign Legion picture, she thought, though this one was to have an added thrill, her rescue by the hero in an airplane from the Riff lines. But neither she nor Lorenz would really work in that sequence. Too dangerous. Their places would be taken by doubles, a stunt flyer and some daring extra girl who needed the money. She and Lorenz would be cut in in close-ups. Theirs would be the glory with none of the danger. Yet the day wasn't so far past when she would have taken the extra girl's place for enough money to eat on. Now she was too valuable. A star.



Smart women always give their first attention to the appearance of their hair.

Gives Your Hair an Alluring Loveliness— unobtainable by ordinary washing.

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair. Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

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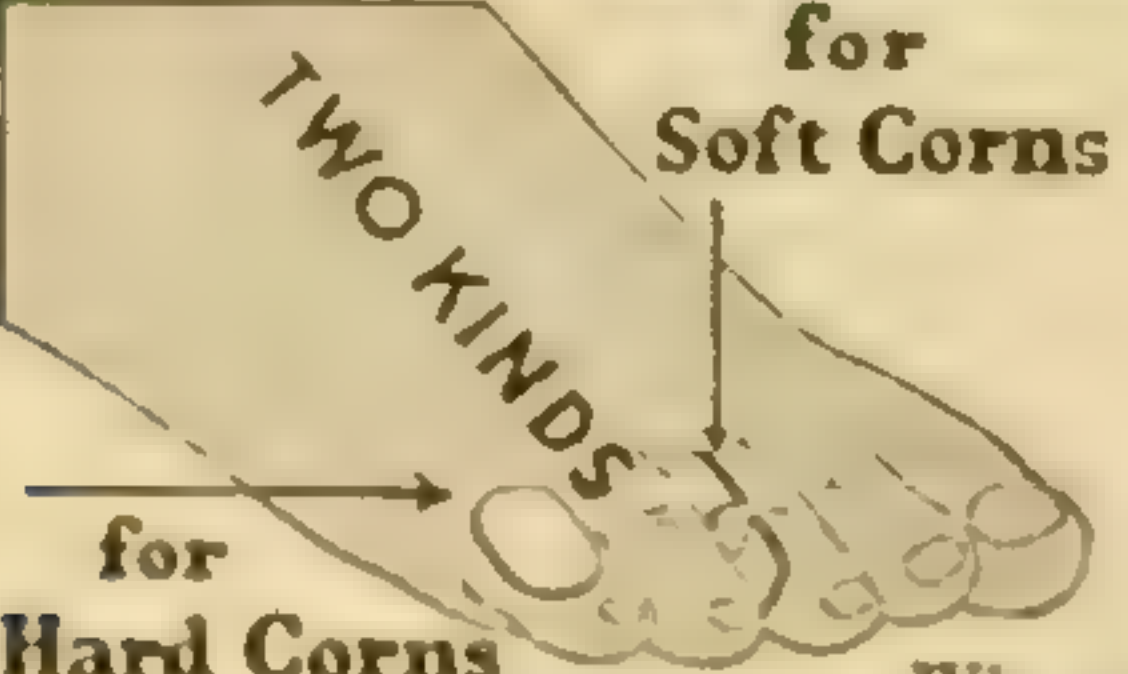
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Wizard Co. 1636 Locust, St. Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

Her lips curled. A star vamp. In this picture, as in all her others, she was to be a beautiful, unscrupulous woman who would be cleansed in the fires of her love for the worthless man she was redeeming. She'd like to play in one, just one picture, where she wouldn't be mauled by some actor.

FUNNY thing about that. Here she was, seemingly made for love and in all her life she had never felt it. Of course, looking like that, and being able to talk and act as though love was the most wonderful thing in the world, were what had brought her so quickly to stardom. But they had also made the way harder for her. As long as she could remember, as a waitress, a stenographer, an extra woman and a bit actress, she had been forced to repel men's advances so many times that she had come to disbelieve in love and to hate and distrust every man who showed desire in his eyes. And most men she looked at showed it.

Chester Lorenz was showing it now, not only in his eyes but in the way he was mauling her in their scenes. He was telling her he was really in love with her and was not acting as he held her in his arms. But that did not stop him from trying to steal the scenes, cutting in on her dialogue, holding her head in his lap so that her face was almost hidden from the camera.

That was the way with men. They told you they'd sacrifice everything for love of you and then they'd try to steal everything from you, even your bread and butter. Love? The bunk! Chivalry? More bunk! Men? Nuisances, every one of them!

She supposed Forrest had noticed Lorenz stealing the scenes. He must have, because he knew pictures so well and because he had been sitting right beside the camera. But he had never warned her. They were all alike. Well, things would go differently in these retakes. Good thing a catch in the lens of the full-shot camera had ruined three hours' work. What were they waiting for? What was holding them up?

SHE was tired of working in the pictures. Tired of the hours of waiting. Tired of the snooping public that would not give her an instant's privacy. A hot lump of resentment that had been lodging against her heart rose in her throat. She wanted to scream. The cigarette, unnoticed in her hand, burnt to its end and bit into her finger. And a dull, red mist swam over her.

She hurled the burning stub to the floor, swung to her feet and throwing the negligée about her started to stalk off the set.

Forrest rose hurriedly from his chair. "Miss Clayburn," he protested, "please don't go now. We are about ready to start."

"Go ahead," she told him in her slow, deep, contralto drawl, "but you can go on without me. I'm through for the day. I'm tired of waiting. I've wasted a whole morning's effort with you and Mr. Lorenz. He's so anxious to steal those scenes that he can play them by himself."

"But you can't do that!" Forrest pleaded. "These are your most important scenes. They're the pivot of the story!"

"Well, I present them to you. I don't want them. I think they're terrible. I think the whole story is awful." Suddenly she was furious. "And don't you dare to tell me what I can or cannot do! I do as I please. I please to go. I'm going. You're stupid. All of you!"

A chair was directly in her path and she picked it up and slammed it down violently. The chair fell over on its side. Looking up from it, her eyes swept the stage. People were standing as though paralyzed, gawking at her. She shrugged her shoulders and started to go on when her glance fell into a man's eyes.

The eyes were gray and cold and hooded under heavy brows, but now they were alight with amusement. His mouth smiled with them. It was a reckless mouth, slightly crooked. The rest of his face was thin. Even

in that first glance, she thought of a hawk, the slight stoop of his shoulders which came from being tall and slender accentuating the impression. But he was impertinent. It was obvious he didn't realize who she was or he wouldn't dare to laugh at her. She stopped and glared at him. And his smile grew wider and his eyes more alive. She walked straight at him.

"**W**HAT are you grinning at?" she demanded furiously.

"Why, at your acting, Miss Clayburn," he drawled. "You're one of the few who are as good 'off' as you are 'on' I bet you."

"I was *not* acting," she corrected him. "I'm mad."

"Oh!" he said. "No foolin'. Why, I thought you were just puttin' on a show. Say, I beg your pardon, Miss Clayburn. But I never thought a girl as pretty and sweet as you are would go up in the air for nothing."

"Look here!" she snapped. "People don't talk that way to me. Who are you?"

"Why, the name's Halloran, Miss Clayburn. Dave Halloran. Pilot. I'm flyin' a bus in this picture. Or I was. I suppose I'm fired now. I suppose a fellow that made such a big mistake as to laugh when the great Charmion Clayburn had a brainstorm has just got to go away from here."

The man was grinning at her! Why, the—but the grin was friendly and it reached down into something in her that made her want to grin, too.

"No," she said, studying him thoughtfully. "Why should you be?" She turned and walked back and took her place on the couch. "I'm sorry, Mr. Forrest," she told the director. "If you'll wait just a minute, I'll be ready. Clara, bring the mirror and my make-up, won't you, please?"

"Gee!" said Eddie Caine, pop-eyed, "that's tamin' a wild woman with a coupla well-chosen words, I'll say. Who is that guy?"

"I don't know, Eddie," Rocky Boles told him. "Never saw him before but from here it looks like he might be that there opposition you and me was talkin' about."

But he wasn't "that there opposition." Rather, he was a phantom, or a memory. Charmion Clayburn, passionless star of passion dramas wasn't sure at times that she had really met a tall, slim flyer named, "Halloran, Miss Clayburn, Dave Halloran. Pilot. Flyin' a bus in this picture." Until she remembered his eyes. They were flyer's eyes because, gazing calmly out at her from under the hood of their heavy brows, they had made her think of a hawk. And they were the only man's eyes that she remembered looking at her without desire. Only amusement.

SHE thought a great deal about him in the two weeks that followed, chiefly because she didn't see him again. She and the company were busy with interior scenes. He would not have anything to do until they had arrived at the flying sequence. She wondered about him, why he wasn't impressed with her rage that day, and why he hadn't appreciated her beauty more. He had certainly recognized it. What was it he had said to her?

"—I never thought a girl as pretty and as sweet as you are would go up in the air over nothing."

She'd like to explain to him about that. She'd like to tell him that it wasn't the so-called artistic temperament that caused those flare-ups but rather a protest at the price she had to pay for being a star.

Something was influencing Charmion Clayburn to do in this picture the best work of her career. Forrest, who had directed her in two of her previous pictures, was the first to notice the change. Subtly he sensed that she was taking the direction of her acting out of his hands.

"Something," he told Haines and Lorenz, just after they had shot a scene, "has happened to Miss Clayburn. She has grown up emotionally."

Lorenz smiled to himself. He had his own interpretation. She was in love, of course. Those little things he whispered were bringing her to life. Well, that was one of the nice things about being a leading man. You learned about women.

THE news of the new Clayburn picture went out of the studio by Hollywood grapevine and spread along the boulevards and among the other studios. The picture was a wow and Charmion Clayburn was burning up the love scenes. It even seeped out to the Wilson flying field in Glendale, where Dave Halloran had parked his plane after flying it from his father's Cincinnati factory.

"Hear your leading woman's knockin' 'em dead in the picture you're doin' your stuff in," Spud Degnan, his mechanic, told Dave one morning. "They say that right now the picture's a knock-out. So maybe they won't need the trick airplane stuff."

"Glad to hear it," Dave acknowledged the news. "It wouldn't break my heart if they cut my part. I'm not crazy about the idea of swingin' any girl off the top of the wall to a rope under the plane. I got the scene worked out so that most of the danger's eliminated but there's still too much of it. I don't see why they don't dress up a man in woman's clothes and let him do it."

"Mean to say the Clayburn woman's gonna do it!" Spud exclaimed.

"Be yourself," Dave grinned. "When did you ever hear of a picture company riskin' the life of a star for a thrill? When they throw somebody to the lions, they pick on someone unknown. Not that I don't think that the Clayburn woman wouldn't do it, if she had to. The day I saw her, she showed enough temper to subdue a cage of tigers. All they'd have to do to get her to go up would be to make her mad. Then she'd be liable to do anything."



Here you see Lita Chevret smartly backing the pyjama vogue! She wears this giddily striped creation in "Traveling Husbands." Tricky sleeves, what?

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DELICIOUS!"*

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"Boy!" said Spud. "I saw her in a couple of pictures and temper or no temper, she could have my extra cup of coffee for life any time."

"Well," grinned Dave. "Every man to his taste. Maybe you were cut out to be an animal trainer. But not me. When I marry, I'm goin' to try and pick a wife that's soft and sweet. Maybe she'll be beautiful, too. But I'd hate to think my mother raised me to be a life companion to a buzz saw."

"YOU flyin' the bus this afternoon?" Spud asked him.

"No," Dave said. "I'm goin' over to see Forrest. 'They're shootin' the airplane stuff the day after tomorrow. Down in Tucson, Arizona. The company's leavin' tonight by train. I'm flyin' down tomorrow. We'll finish tunin' her up now so she'll be all ready."

It was unfortunate that the afternoon Dave Halloran had been called in for conference with Forrest, the director, should have been the one on which circumstances should conspire to send Charmion Clayburn into another of her almost historic rages. Up till that time her disposition had been angelic, if a little puzzling to the people who worked with her.

A strange thing had happened to her. She was doing everything with the thought in her mind that it must meet the approval of the young flyer with the clear, amused eyes, whom she had met so suddenly two weeks ago. That was the reason she threw herself into her work. She wanted it to be good. Then she learned that if she imagined Lorenz, her leading man, was the tall, slim youngster who laughed at her when she was angry, she could get a great deal more emotion into her love scenes.

She fondly imagined that she, alone, had the key to the change in her but she was wrong. Rocky Boles, the huge electrician, and his pal, Eddie Caine, the diminutive stage carpenter, shared her secret with her though they did not disclose it to the rest of the world. Instead they went about the studio emitting strange and sundry wisecracks to each other that no one could guess the meaning of.

"Boy!" Rocky would chortle. "What'd I tell you about that there opposition? He comes along and transforms a ragin' demon of a dame into a sweet angel just by whisperin' in her ear."

"I'll say!" Eddie would agree. "Opposition's the life of trade. Wonder what he'll do now he's got her all gentled up?"

"Why," Rocky would explain. "He'll bring his little ol' airplane and fly her away right up to heaven."

AND even in this far-fetched, humorous idea they were right, up to a certain point. For Charmion was already looking forward to the carrying out of her plan for getting to know the young flyer better. She had told Forrest that business would prevent her leaving for location with the rest of the unit that night and had suggested that she fly down "with Mr. Halloran." Forrest thought it was a good idea.

When Dave, late in the afternoon, sent in his name to Forrest, the director was already on the set, getting ready to shoot the final scene of the sequence, the meeting of Charmion and Lorenz. The set represented a crude Algerian vaudeville theater, consisting of a small stage, an orchestra pit, a pit and a balcony. The balcony was gained by climbing three short steps out of the pit. Both the pit and balcony were thickly furnished with tables and chairs where the patrons drank while they enjoyed the show.

The pit was occupied by private soldiers of the Foreign Legion, together with civilians of the humbler sort and more or less bedraggled lights o' love of all nations. In the balcony there sat what constituted the local aristocracy, military officers and successful merchants, their wives and mistresses. These latter were in evening dress.

Lorenz sat among the other private soldiers in the pit.

"All right," Forrest shouted as Dave came in. "Let's try it."

THE crowded set broke into action. Waiters appeared with bottles and glasses on trays. The crowd drank, talked, laughed. The orchestra broke into a lively tune and Charmion sauntered out on the stage.

Dave, standing in the shadows at the side just out of the range of the camera, caught his breath at sight of her sheer beauty. She was dressed in a thin white silk shirt which revealed the lines of her firm breasts, a pair of very tight black velvet shorts which ended at her thighs. Her shapely legs were bare, her feet incased in high-heeled black slippers. A high silk hat perched rakishly on her blonde head and under her arm she carried a short ebony stick with a silver knob.

She strolled down to the center of the stage and stood surveying the audience calmly while it shouted, laughed, clapped its hands and banged bottles and glasses upon the tables. She stood there till the din died down and then she slipped into a plaintive song. Calmly. Slowly. Beautifully.

Dave was one of the few who saw that scene in the making who was not acting. Yet his reactions were the same as were those of the actors. First he listened breathlessly at the clear contralto voice came to him. Then he began to chuckle because the song itself was undeniably naughty and full of a witty double-entendre. At the end of the chorus he was laughing heartily.

Charmion, still singing, stepped down the steps from the stage and passed slowly among the tables, and came at length to a pause in front of Lorenz. And here trouble broke. For Lorenz, mistaking the reason for the increasing fervor of her emotional acting in the past two weeks, slipped his hand onto her knee and whispered a suggestion. Charmion stopped singing, and stared at him while a slow blush dyed her face and neck. Then suddenly she swung her open hand to his face in a slap that sounded like a shot in the sudden stillness. And Dave knew that scene had not been rehearsed even before he heard Lorenz's frantic whimper.

"All right. All right, Miss Clayburn! I'm sorry! Please don't report me. I'll be black-listed."

SHE kept her eyes on him while she turned disdainfully away. As her eyes tore themselves from the abject actor, they fell again on Dave. She stared incredulously at him an instant and came straight for him.

"Mr. Halloran," she said. "Come with me." And as he hesitated, she stamped her foot. "Come! Do you hear? Oh, please!"

His eyes, which had gone cold with slow anger, softened and a grin dawned on his crooked mouth. He walked behind her to the side of the set where she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Halloran," she asked. "Has Mr. Forrest spoken to you about my flying down with you tomorrow?"

"Why, no," Dave drawled. "I hadn't talked to him when you," he grinned, "got all hot and bothered—again."

"Well, may I?" she pleaded, coloring. "You see, I have some business to finish tonight, which makes it impossible—I wondered if you'd be so kind—" She stood looking anxiously up at him.

"Why not?" he grinned. "If you get mad eight thousand feet up, you'll cool off quick. My bus is a two-seater, open cockpit job. Better dress warm."

"Oh, thank you!" she breathed. "Mr. Halloran, I know you think I'm a murderess at heart. But I'm not. Really. That first time was inexcusable, but today—"

"Today," he told her gravely, a little dizzy from her beauty, "you could have borrowed my left. I heard some of it. We start at six in the mornin'. Wilson Flyin' field, Glendale. So long, Miss Clayburn."

She stood gazing after him as he strode over to Forrest.

STORM signals flying and storm warnings flashing in. The fog of an early California morning with the promise of a smiling sun and a cloudless sky later in the day. But storm warnings hissing, squawking, clattering and grumbling from the Southeast, East and Southwest, coming by radio, by telephone, by telegraph. Cloudy. Low ceiling. Electricity. Rain.

Pilots rolled out of their hangars and headed for home again to catch a couple of hours sleep. No planes flying today. At Wilson's airport, Dave Halloran picked up the phone and into it gave Clarence Clayburn's number. A maid answered. Miss Clayburn was on her way to the airport. She would be there any moment. Dave Halloran swore and hung up the receiver to find her at his elbow. She was dressed in a flyer's suit. Her beautiful calm face smiled out at him from beneath a helmet.

"Sorry, Miss Clayburn," he said. "Can't fly you down. Storms."

"Are you flying?"

"Yes. But—"

"Look, Mr. Halloran." She pulled a card case from her coat pocket. "Here's my pilot's license. Doesn't mean much but I've really had 118 solo hours. I'm after a transport license but it takes time. I'm a flyer myself, so why hesitate?"

"I couldn't take any chances cracking up with you—"

"Is that your bus?" she asked and walked out to it. Dave followed her, perforce with the pop-eyed Spud Donovan treading to his heels. "Oh, isn't she a beauty! A Svendali?"

"No," Dave told her. "Special job. My own. Look here, Miss Clayburn. I wouldn't dare take a chance flyin' you. My own judgment is that the storms aren't bad but—"

"Come on," she coaxed. "You fly her. I'll handle the stick if you get tired."

He grinned at her audacity and climbed in behind her. Spud, grinning, stepped to the propeller. Dave gave her the gun. "Contact!" he yelled. Spud kicked the blocks away. They taxied down the field and rose in the air, their faces toward the morning. Her voice drifted back to him.

"Hold your hat on!" she warned.

AFTER three hours flying.

The ceiling pressed down upon them like a murderer's conscience. Thick, swirling gray bearing down inexorably from invisible heaven as they staggered Southeastward throttled down to seventy miles an hour. Eight thousand feet—seventy-five hundred—seven thousand—and death below them. The jagged teeth of naked mountains snarled up at them. Not a landing in a hundred miles.

The storm hit them suddenly—from behind. It roared upon them, cursing, and a thousand demons threw pails of water all over them. A giant was hurling thunderbolts and lightning sizzled above their heads. Dave turned the plane's nose skyward in a valiant attempt for altitude. And the howling wind laughed against her tail and turned her upside down. As they went over in a maelstrom of darkness, his eyes sought her. She turned her head and waved. She was smiling!

"God forgive me!" Dave cried from his heart to God. "And take my life for hers!"

A giant cracked down on the plane. And then slid his hand under her so that she would light easily. It was a perfect three-point landing on a field of yielding sand. They rolled about nineteen feet and stopped with a soft thud. The howl of the storm had fallen to a wild whisper.

Dave Halloran, unnerved, crouched silent in his seat, afraid to move and find her dead.

"Dave!" he heard her clear voice, whispering above the storm's whisper and he crouched lower because he knew that she was dead and that was her soul reproaching him. "Dave! Oh, my Dave! Oh, my lover! I killed him! But I love him so!" The voice fell to a whimper. She was sobbing, great stabbing sobs that hurt him.



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He uncoiled his long length slowly and stood up to see her looking up at him from the ground.

"Oh, David!" she whimpered, like a child waking from a nightmare. "You went and lost your hat!"

* * *

PLANES swept the cleared sky for the hundreds of miles that spread between Glendale and the tiny spot on the desert that is Tucson. Keen-eyed pilots stared down into the chaos of the desert mountains, hoping that they would not see the charred body and twisted metal of what had once been a gallant plane. The radio and the telegraph flashed the news across the world that Charmion Clayburn, famous actress, and Dave Halloran, millionaire inventor and flyer, were down somewhere in Arizona in a storm.

And on the floor of the desert beside the plane, the two lost ones were staring at each other as if they had never seen such wonderful sights

before. As indeed they hadn't. Not with this feeling behind them.

"Get in," Dave was ordering. "You're late."

"Dave, are you *sure* you love me?"

"Sure I'm sure. I'm—I'm goofy about you. Get in. You're late."

"Dave. Give me another kiss. I never knew kisses could be like this."

"There. Charmion, two more of those and I can't fly the plane."

"Here's both of them."

"Oh, My Maternal Godmother! Oh, Baby! Oh, Charmion! Le' go o' me. Come on. Get in. You're late!"

"Do we get married as soon as we come down?"

"I'll say! Come on. Get—Atta girl!"

"Dave, throw me a kiss. I can't reach you."

"There y'are."

"Ooh! We're going up! Hold your hat on. Oh, you haven't got a hat to hold. You went and lost it!"

The Troubles of Gloria

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

assigned her. But that was just the trouble. Gloria wasn't sure she always would like the stories Paramount chose, that she always would be artistically *en rapport* with the director they gave her. Gloria feared that at the end of this magnificent contract, her career would be over, snuffed out by pictures turned out rapidly enough to bring Paramount adequate profits in spite of the salary they paid her. And it is not in Gloria to brook such an ignominious end, for any price.

AT the same time, the emissaries of United Artists were eloquent. Perhaps they realized even then that their company would have need of new blood. At any rate, they told Gloria if she was worth twenty thousand dollars a week to Paramount, she was worth more to herself. And that seemed logical. They assured Gloria she had too fine a mind, was too brilliant a person and too great an executive to walk docilely through the golden years of her fame and not prospect a little on her own.

There were a few friends who pointed out that if Gloria accepted the Paramount offer and lived parsimoniously on \$5,000 a week she might have two million dollars in a trust fund at the end of two years. But, alas, their voices were lost in the din and clamor.

The more Gloria thought about joining United Artists, the more the idea intrigued her and the more eager she became to join that Olympian group comprised of D. W. Griffith, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, all topnotchers at the time.

Once before, Gloria had staked everything on a chance. She had quit being a mannequin in the old Cecil B. De Mille productions to strike out as an actress, although she had no guarantee that the public would accept her without her bizarre coiffures and exaggerated gowns. Time had proved the wisdom of this move. She would strike out again. There is a streak of the plucky gambler running through Gloria's complex make-up. All successful people have it more or less, I suppose.

Another thing. I think at this time Gloria was particularly eager for artistic acclaim. I think she wanted to prove that she wasn't merely a little bathing girl who, by a fluke of popular fancy, had become a star. She was newly married to that young man, the Marquis Henri de Falaise de la Coudray. It was with frank pride that she bore his high name. Is it strange then that she should want an affiliation that promised her a dignity and

honor befitting the wife of such a charming Marquis?

Whatever it was that decided Gloria, it certainly must have taken confidence and courage for her to turn down twenty thousand dollars every week for two years. Gloria, however, never has lacked courage. It is her indomitable spirit that kept her from becoming a "yes-man" in spite of many years with De Mille. And it is, today, that same spirit that keeps her producing her own pictures in spite of the strain she has undergone for the past five years.

Had her first production been successful Gloria would have had an easier time of it. "The Love of Sunya," however, made under tremendous handicaps while Gloria learned to be a producer as well as a star and a financier as well as a producer, could not be expected to be any better than it was.

Her second picture, Gloria decided to make in California. On the United Artists lot where she would have at least the backbone of an organization to depend upon. So with the Marquis, the two children, and her retinue of nurses, cooks, maids, chauffeurs and secretaries, Gloria entrained for Los Angeles. In a private car, as befitted a star-producer extraordinary. It didn't matter that Gloria was broke and could ill afford this extravagance. Never has she dared curtail her scale of living. It would be fatal to her prestige and her credit.

On borrowed money Gloria hired that private car!

I WELL remember the picture of Gloria taken before she boarded the train. She was, to all appearances, a woman standing on top of the world. She must have been worried beyond measure. She must have been very anxious, indeed, about her future. But in all of her photographs she managed somehow to look carefree and radiant and confident. There were sables around her slim shoulders and she was smiling. Often in the last few years, no doubt, Gloria has played her greatest rôle with her back to the camera.

"Sadie Thompson," the first picture Gloria produced in California, made money. Even though she again risked everything to have the production all it should be, spending \$200,000 on a change of cameramen and retakes. Gradually, you see, Gloria was mastering the details of production and acquiring a surprising knowledge of finance.

It was at this time that Gloria moved her producing unit over to the Pathe lot. Where rentals were cheaper than at United Artists.

In a manner entirely foreign to her nature, Gloria was schooling herself to watch every penny. But the "Queen Kelly" episode came along and once again, to use the vernacular, Gloria took it on the chin.

Worry once more. Ceaseless, gnawing worry. Sleepless nights. Explanations and promises to bankers. Hollywood to be faced with equanimity. The necessity always, harassed as Gloria must have been standing up to a loss of one million dollars, for her to face photographers and reporters and interviewers as though the pattern of her life was quite serene.

NEEDING money to live, there was only one thing Gloria could do, and she did it. She sold the lovely old country house she had hoped would grow with the years into a real home. On this wooded estate she had dreamed of imprinting the history of her family. She had hoped to know the shade of trees they themselves had planted, to drink wine from vines they themselves had trained. She had pictured her far-reaching gardens growing more beautiful with each succeeding year.

I am certain signing the bill of sale for this property was one of the most difficult, heart-breaking things Gloria Swanson ever has had to do. But, through all of it she held her proud head high.

It was at about this time, furthermore, that the Marquis began to grow restless at his anomalous position as the husband of a famous woman. Gloria, I am sure, loved her husband. I know she went out of her way to make him important, too. But there were some circumstances beyond her control. She was famous. He wasn't. She couldn't change that. And men aren't fitted to play second fiddle.

Perhaps it would have helped matters if Gloria and the Marquis had been able to get away for holidays together, intimate holidays in France. But through the years of their marriage, Gloria had no time for anything like this, little enough time to spend with the Marquis in their own home. There were always many claims upon her every hour.

Gloria's career as star-producer seemed to be costing her dearly. To it she had sacrificed herself, her home and now her husband. And you can be sure it was no help to Gloria to realize with that just, clear-thinking brain of hers—the very brain that had led her into such difficulties, almost a man's kind of brain—that it was because of her professional life that her marriage had failed. Always Gloria has admitted the difficulties which beset a star's husband. She never has broken with her husbands in bitterness; rather with understanding, as if she didn't quite blame them.

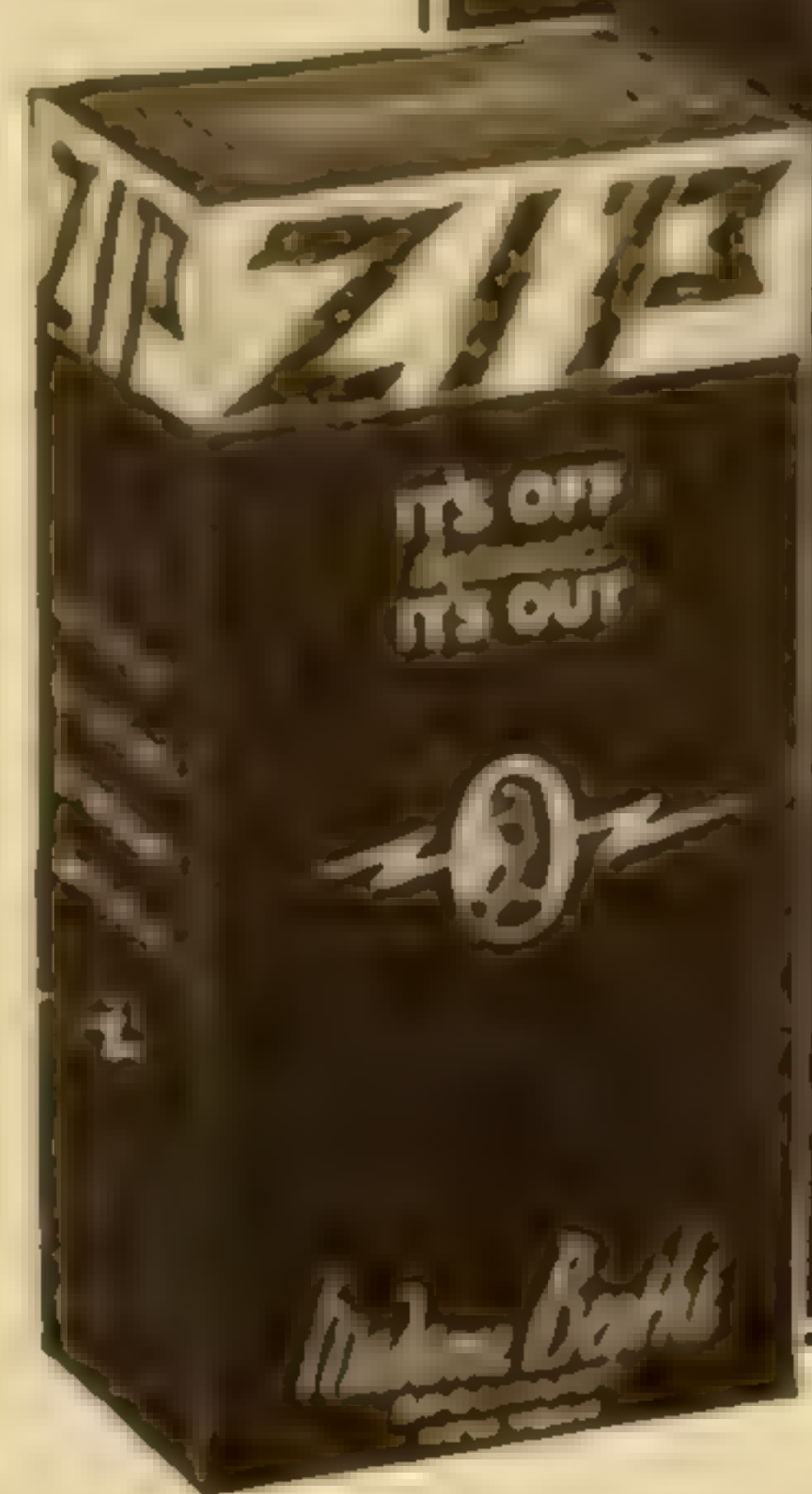
"The Trespasser" and its success must have seemed to Gloria like an oasis in a desert. But since the profits only squared her accounts after "Queen Kelly," it did nothing to alleviate the pressing need for money that she had experienced now for four years. A pressing need for money, when she might have had twenty thousand dollars deposited to her account every week and nothing like the worry and responsibility she has known.

HER bankers now insisted on another picture immediately, so they might profit on the success of "The Trespasser." They telephoned. They telegraphed. Cross-continental wires buzzed.

All of which explains "What a Widow." The idea for this picture was formulated in a single day. Production was rushed. And when it was finished inside of twenty-one days, Gloria realized that it must be cut so the action would be rapid and the audience given no time to think or analyze.

She should have had a holiday at her beach house at Malibu, long warm hours in the sun with her two children. Weeks in which to relax and build up fresh energy. That she has kept her beauty and enthusiasm and charm throughout these years seems a miracle to her friends. But again, the vacation she

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had earned was out of the question. Gloria went into the cutting-room herself. And, often, after her assistants had gone home to hot dinners and good books or happy engagements, she remained working for many hours.

It was, however, at this juncture in her career that Gloria felt she must do something to make money—enough money to insure her children's future. She said, quite frankly, that she had reached the point where she didn't feel she had the right to keep on as she had been doing—that it was all right for her to gamble on the uncertain profits of a producer, but that she must not subject her two children to this risk. Therefore, she decided to sign a contract with a company to star in their pictures, dividing her time between these appearances and making the two additional pictures she still has to produce under her arrangement with United Artists.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER immediately offered her \$1,600,000 for four pictures to be made within two years.

United Artists, her own organization, offered her \$1,000,000 for four pictures, explaining that although she would be sacrificing \$600,000 by remaining with them, she would be protecting her own interests.

It was with United Artists that Gloria signed. Certainly this seems a very loyal thing for her to have done. Whether or not it was wise, remains to be seen.

The first picture in which United Artists cast Gloria was "Indiscreet." They had the song writers, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, under contract. But musical productions are admittedly out, and United Artists knew that to put this picture across, they must give it a big star.

Gloria went into this production, knowing that there was only one chance in a hundred of its being good. She realized, too, that to appear in a poor picture was to risk her popularity and jeopardize the profits of the two pictures she has yet to produce.

She did everything in her power to make "Indiscreet" a success. She had the dialogue changed. She had five songs cancelled. She influenced all manner of scenes being retaken. However, it must have been a relief to her to know that it wasn't her money being spent. It must have cheered her to realize that, whether the picture was a success or a failure, she would be \$250,000 richer for having appeared in it.

"For the first time in three years," Gloria said, "I am really happy. I know that with the money I will make in these four starring pictures, my children's future will be protected."

Finishing "Indiscreet," Gloria planned to produce one of the two pictures she still has to make. For some time she has owned the rights to "Rockabye." It is, she feels, the best story she ever has had. What is more, it won't be an expensive picture to produce.

Samuel Goldwyn, now head-man at United Artists, asked Gloria to have Chanel, the famous Parisian modiste and now a member of his organization, design and make her clothes. But Gloria refused. Chanel, she admitted, might be a wizard for drawing-room clothes, but that isn't any guarantee that she knows how to make screen clothes. And Gloria knew if her clothes didn't photograph well, it would mean retakes and delays that might increase her production costs many thousands of dollars. Gloria, you see, has learned to say no. During her last difficult years she has discovered that she must think things out for herself and not be swayed by the advice of others.

Well, United Artists then offered to buy "Rockabye" from Gloria, produce it themselves, and give her the regular salary for starring in it. However, all they offered for the story was \$25,000 and Gloria has spent exactly \$100,000 on "Rockabye." To make up the \$75,000 difference, the company did agree to give Gloria fifty per cent of all profits over \$100,000. Under such an arrangement, there was a chance that Gloria would not get her money back.

NATURALLY, she refused the offer. And now United Artists, at logger heads with her for the moment, insist her spirit isn't right. As if without the right spirit and lots of it, Gloria could have survived the last few years!

All of which gives you some idea why the majority of stars prefer to have others produce their pictures while they concentrate on their particular job as a star.

And all of which gives you a picture of another Gloria... the Gloria her intimate friends know—and worry about—and admire tremendously... a Gloria quite as beautiful... brilliant... even more fascinating than the Gloria seen on the screen. But, whether or not this Gloria is a woman to be envied is something you must decide.

She Wants to Thrill Us to Tears!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

She's been happier ever since. It predicts her greatest screen success ten years from now!—in 1940 or 1941. She will be rich and famous throughout the remainder of her life, she's assured.

SHE has a chameleon bead which she always carries with her. It was sent her by a British soldier in the World War, just before he went into battle. She never heard from him again. She calls it her "good luck piece."

She's one of the best-loved women in Hollywood, and never forgets a friend—or relative.

She's not rich now for the main reason that she's spent so much for others that she hasn't much of her income left for herself. For years she sent money to more than a half dozen families, more or less closely related. "They're Fazendas," she explains, simply.

Fazenda is her real name. Translated, it means "farmer." She hopes, when she retires, to settle down on a big ranch, and make the name come true.

At Christmas time she sends innumerable

baskets of home-made goodies to her rich friends, because she can't buy them anything they'd rather have. And she gives even more baskets filled with necessities to poor families, delivering them personally. The records of Los Angeles' charitable organizations are full of phrases like "—a poor family, that would have been in desperate need had it not been for help given by Louise Fazenda, a motion picture actress—"

She does her own marketing most of the time in Los Angeles' "Central Market." She studies types while she does.

She prefers to meet people at luncheon, on the theory that people get better acquainted while eating together. And for days she is so moody that she breaks luncheon engagements one after the other. After her mood is over she's very contrite.

MUCH of her moodiness is attributable to a terrific arthritis that has only recently been bested. For many pictures she went through her comedy scenes suffering excruciating pain. Specialists could do nothing. Finally she

went to an obscure practitioner who, for a three-dollar fee, did something to her spine. She hasn't suffered since. He said it had come from one of those "funny falls" in her early comedy days.

AND although she played for years in funny parts, fighting this fierce pain, her husband never knew it.

She's a "birthday-rememberer." When she meets people, she somehow worms the date of their birth from them. She files it away. Then, when the date rolls around, she remembers with a gift. Her own birthday is June 17.

She reads a great deal—either "high-brow" literature of the non-fiction type or the trashiest kind of detective stories. She likes virtually any kind of food—a little too much, it's said—but particularly loves cheeses. She's crazy about fishing, and swims a lot, but neither golfs nor rides. She saves stamps from her foreign fan mail and sends them to her kid fan mail writers in this country, who are making stamp collections.

She's crazy about green, and most of her dresses are grey-green. Her whole house is carpeted in green.

She hates, above everything else, to have photographs taken.

She's afraid of burglars. She awakened one night and found a man in her room. She screamed. The man fled. Because that was on the ground floor, she has never slept on the ground floor since, if she could avoid it. Her own house is connected with a buzzer-alarm

system with that of her mother, next door.

She goes to very few parties, and belongs to no clubs. "I don't fit in clubs," she explains. She's very quiet at parties, and not at all a funny performer. She shrinks into an obscure corner and stays there. "I've never been funny at a party in my life," she says. "People expect me to be funny, and so I can't. They scare me."

She likes grand perfumes and beautiful underwear. "Because, for many years, I couldn't afford either," she explains. She spent her whole first movie pay-check on a mess of cheap perfume and gaudy underwear.

Her first job was as an Indian girl extra. She never got before the camera all day long, and was surprised when they handed her a two-dollar check at the end of the day, anyway. She decided then that movies were to be her career. Her father objected; said she ought to be a typist or a teacher or something certain, like that. He doesn't remember saying it, now.

SHE is a ventriloquist, and often plays voice tricks on her friends. She attributes her voice ability to the fact that several of her relatives, including her mother, are hard of hearing, and she had to develop voice control. She imitates every strange laugh she hears, practices it, and then uses it in a screen rôle. She can imitate a man's voice to perfection.

She won't work or make engagements for Sundays.

"That day," she explains, "belongs to Hal and me."

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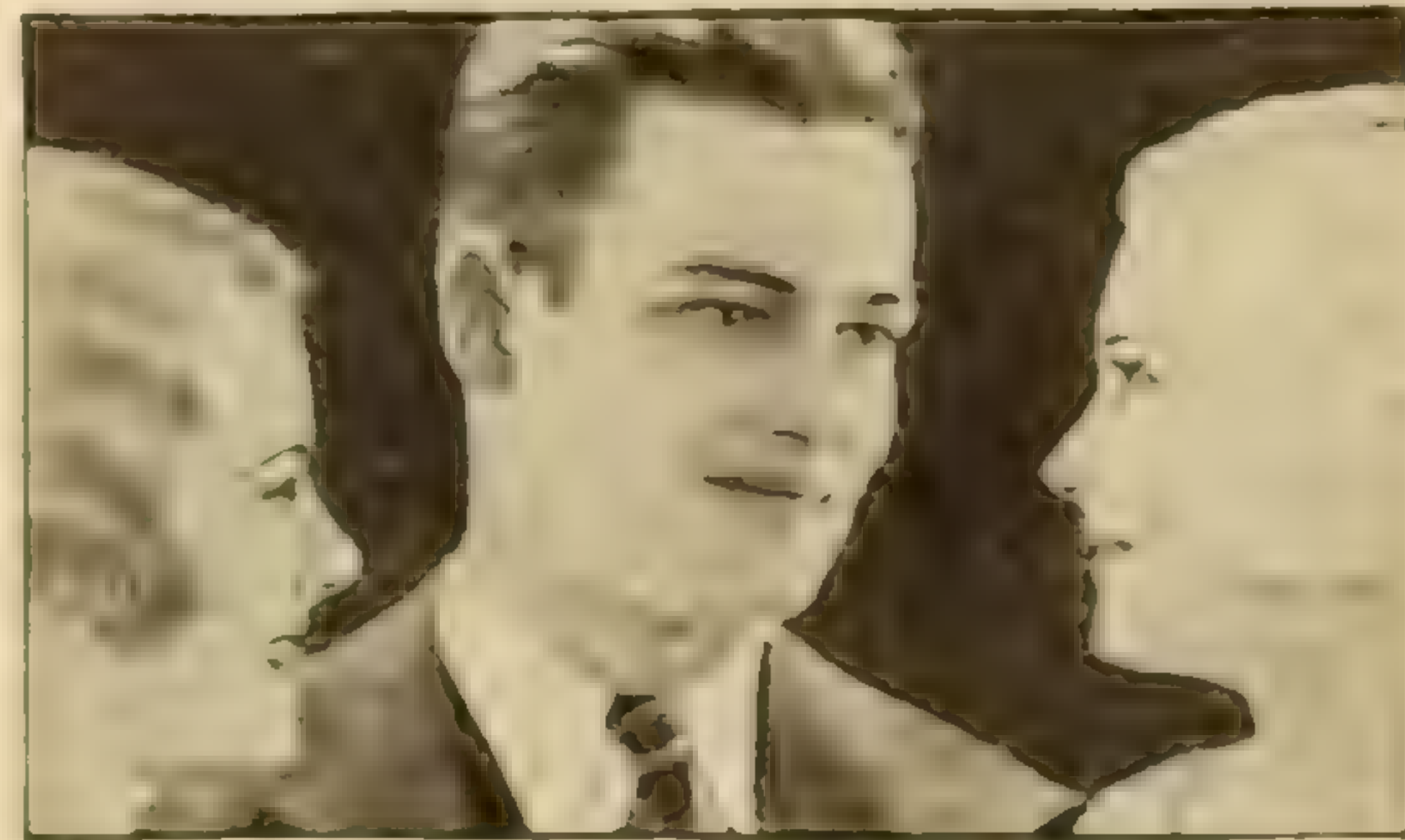
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They Saved His Life With Laughter!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Yet, when they carried me off that train, there stood Fatty. He had left the cafe at four A. M.; he was in San Bernardino at five minutes of six. He handed me four sheets of paper. 'I can't waste time on you, old top. Here's some laughs.

"Got to be back in Los Angeles by ten. When you get into town, give me a ring.' That's what my friends did for me.

"Marion Davies sent two projection machines down there. The gang with whom I'd worked, like Norman Kerry and Mickey Neilan, the Wampas boys, were always running down to see me and bringing me a picture with them. When they noticed I was getting tired—I was always on my back—it would be something like this: 'We must toddle. You're a retired plutocrat now and can stay up all hours, but we're working boys and got to be up early.'

"And they'd go, believing I thought it was because of them—anything not to remind me of my condition.

"They moved me to my cottage at Del Rey. It was the same thing there. No matter how busy Bebe Daniels and her mother were, or Renee Adoree or all the others, they were always bringing me down a bunch of laughs. It was almost worth being sick to know who were your friends and who had forgotten. I found the world was pretty good, though."

AND little Mabel Normand, in her bed, thinking up gags for her husband in his! And *vice versa*. For long months they did not know each other's condition. They had a mutual friend send joke-telegrams with their names signed to them. Each pulling the same pitiful gag on the other! For as Lew Cody had lived on a sense of humor, so had his wife, Mabel Normand.

One day they carried him, still flat on his back, in to see Mrs. Cody flat on hers. The two swapped new stories for two hours. When they carried him out, both collapsed. But not before each other.

He recovered before she passed away. Then it was his turn to spend long hours searching for new jokes to take to the hospital to her. He spent other long hours seeing talking pictures that he might describe them to her.

June Birthdays

June 1—Clive Brook
June 1—Ralph Graves
June 2—Hedda Hopper
June 5—Bill Boyd
June 11—Gilbert Emery
June 12—William Austin
June 13—Basil Rathbone
June 14—Cliff Edwards
June 14—Charles King
June 16—Norman Kerry
June 16—Stan Laurel
June 16—Ona Munson
June 16—Barry Norton
June 17—Louise Fazenda
June 17—Evalyn Knapp
June 18—Edmund Breese
June 18—Ivan Lebedeff
June 18—Jeanette MacDonald
June 18—Blanche Sweet
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June 26—Ernest Torrence
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"It is my one regret," Lew lowered his head into his hands as he talked about it. "Mabel Normand, one of the greatest stars of the screen, never saw a talking picture, yet she lived after they were invented. I tried to tell her. I saw every one I could and described every word to her. She'd try to understand. 'But do the people sound natural?' she'd ask over and over. It was pitiful—but we would always end up wisecracking about them."

"People didn't always understand our marriage. We kept separate houses, you know, and cars and chauffeurs, but we remained friends even though we were married. Mabel wouldn't appreciate a necklace if I'd buy it for her. She'd be grateful, but not excited. But a toy or a new joke. I know what a job it was for my friends to find new ones for me because it was a task getting them for Mabel. We both knew almost every one in the country!"

AFTER the death of his wife, his second long struggle started. The professional one. There were offers of tiny parts in big pictures; there were offers of big parts in tiny, independent ones. But Lew Cody didn't want those. He wanted to come back exactly where he had left off.

"When most people want to come back, they take anything. That's where they make their mistake. 'It may lead to something,' they argue. It usually leads to another of the same. I had never been in a talkie. They forgot I had come from the stage. There were a couple of offers of more money than I had received before from small companies in pictures which might be complete failures. It was hard to refuse the big sums. It is always harder to say 'no' than 'yes' in this business."

"But I just waited until Fate and God and Gloria Swanson came to the rescue. The

reason I say I owe my come-back to Gloria is not because she gave me the part, but because of the way she handled me after she gave it. If any one hits you in the jaw a couple of times and knocks you out, you're always a bit afraid when you meet him again, aren't you? I had been hit several times and I was a bit afraid of these talkies."

"Gloria never referred to my part as a come-back. She never referred to it as my first talkie. She'd consult me as to what I would do with a scene and then, nine times out of ten, she'd follow that suggestion. She restored my confidence; made me feel I was a good actor—that my opinion amounted to something. My friends joked me into health. Gloria Swanson inspired my come-back to my profession."

And the last struggle—the biggest, perhaps, of all? Today, Lew Cody doesn't touch liquor. He laughs off that struggle. "Oh, I got so used to going without it while I was ill that I never think about it."

At least, he never talks about it and never seems to refuse it. He always take the first drink and has it there when the next one is offered. "To refuse is to be urged; to accept and then not drink is to get away from being persuaded."

"It's the best gag of all, isn't it?" His eyes twinkled. "I never played a drunk on the screen in the old days. In the seven pictures I've made since my return, I've played a drunk in every one. Just another of life's little jokes!"

LEW CODY smiled with his friends in his success and they smiled back at him. He smiled with his friends in his sorrow and they piled up extra smiles for him. There is a tremendous lesson in the story of Hollywood's man who actually did come back!

If a Baby Kept a Diary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"Squeegy-weegy." I giggled. It's an old trick, but nobody "squeegy-weegys" just like Dad.

I laughed and kicked my cereal into nurse's lap, and she looked at Dad and Mother and then she sighed.

So I pounded on my tray with my spoon and said "Daddy" and "Mamma," and Dad wanted right away to wire Aunt Ethel and to telephone Uncle Lionel that I had said those words, but Mother shook her head and said it was too early to call Uncle Lionel and foolish to wire Aunt Ethel who has children of her own and who wouldn't be at all excited.

THEN Mother told Dad that she thought the nurse could take me to the studio that afternoon because, she said, "both of us will be working on the Warner lot."

And I got so excited that nurse had to take me away for a few minutes and when I came back Dad was saying:

"My call is for nine o'clock and it takes two hours for me to make up, so I'm only a half hour late now. I'll take the roadster and Sam (that's our chauffeur) can take you down later in the Cadillac."

So Dad drank his orange juice and took a powder just like he always takes since he caught jungle fever on that trip we made South when Walter wasn't any good as a butler, and he made an awful face and said something under his breath and mother said, "Why darling!"

And Dad said, "Sorry, dear, but the stuff tastes terrible." Then he got up and came over to me and rubbed my hair all the wrong way and felt my head and said, "She's a Barrymore, all right." And then he went away, but at the door he turned around and raised his left eyebrow way up high and said,

"Squeegy-weegy" and said goodbye to Mother and then he went out.

And Mother moved her place over nearer to me and smiled and said, "You're a Barrymore all right, but you're a Costello, too." And then she smiled her beautiful smile, and I thought how thankful I am that she is my mother and not nurse who never looks pleasant before it's nine o'clock on the sun dial that isn't ever right, according to Walter.

Then I counted my toes, and I have ten.

By and by Mother came along and held me tight a minute and said, "I'm going to the studio, baby darling, and if you are a good girl nurse will bring you down to see me this afternoon. I'm making a picture."

And I didn't see why she had to be gone so long for a picture because Dad or Mother or Uncle Lionel or some funny men from the studio are forever taking pictures of me and it never takes very long, and when it takes very long I start to kick and then they don't take them any more.

So Mother went away, too, in the Cadillac and I was left alone to play with nurse.

Later when nurse was giving me my bath the new maid came by and stopped at the bathroom door and said:

"Be careful of the little princess."

And nurse said, "What do you mean, princess?"

AND the new maid said, "I saw a picture not long ago called 'The Royal Family of Broadway' and it was about this baby's father. And he was the funniest thing."

So I wiggled as hard as I could and nurse was scared for fear I'd get soap in my eyes and she said, "Go on about your business." And the new maid left and pretty soon I heard Walter ordering her out of Dad's library!



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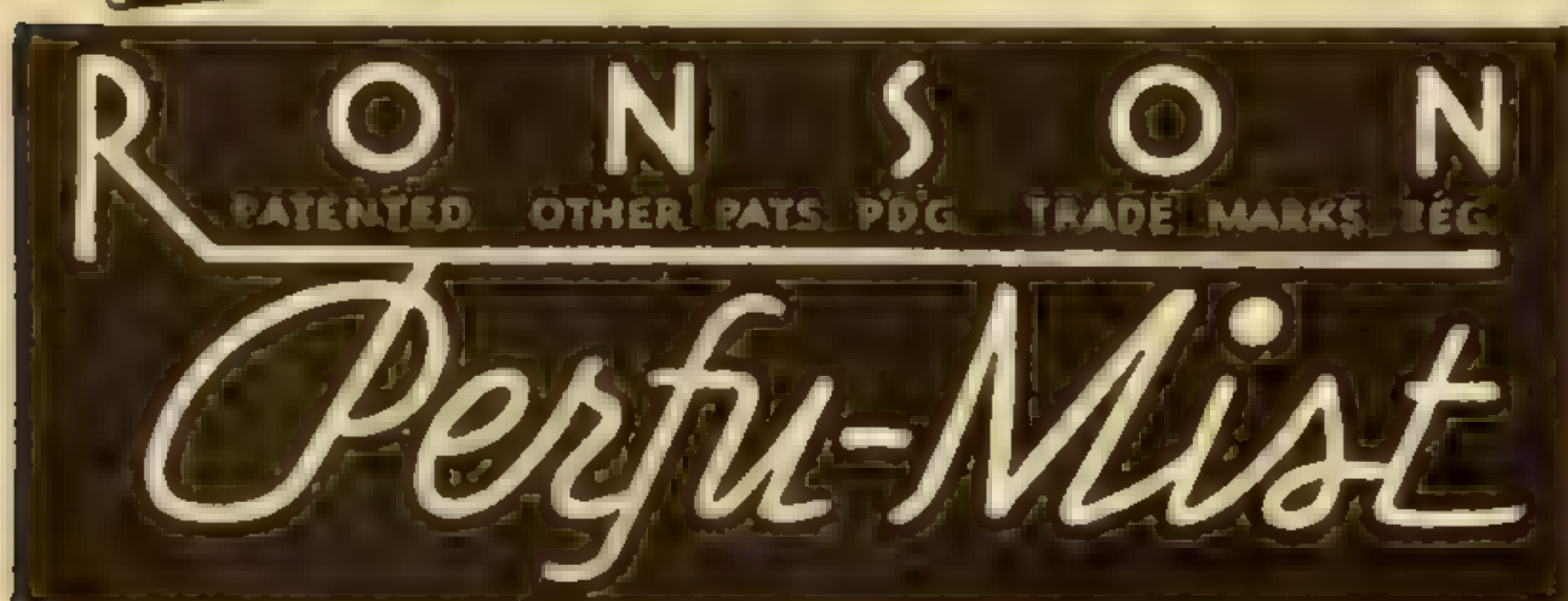
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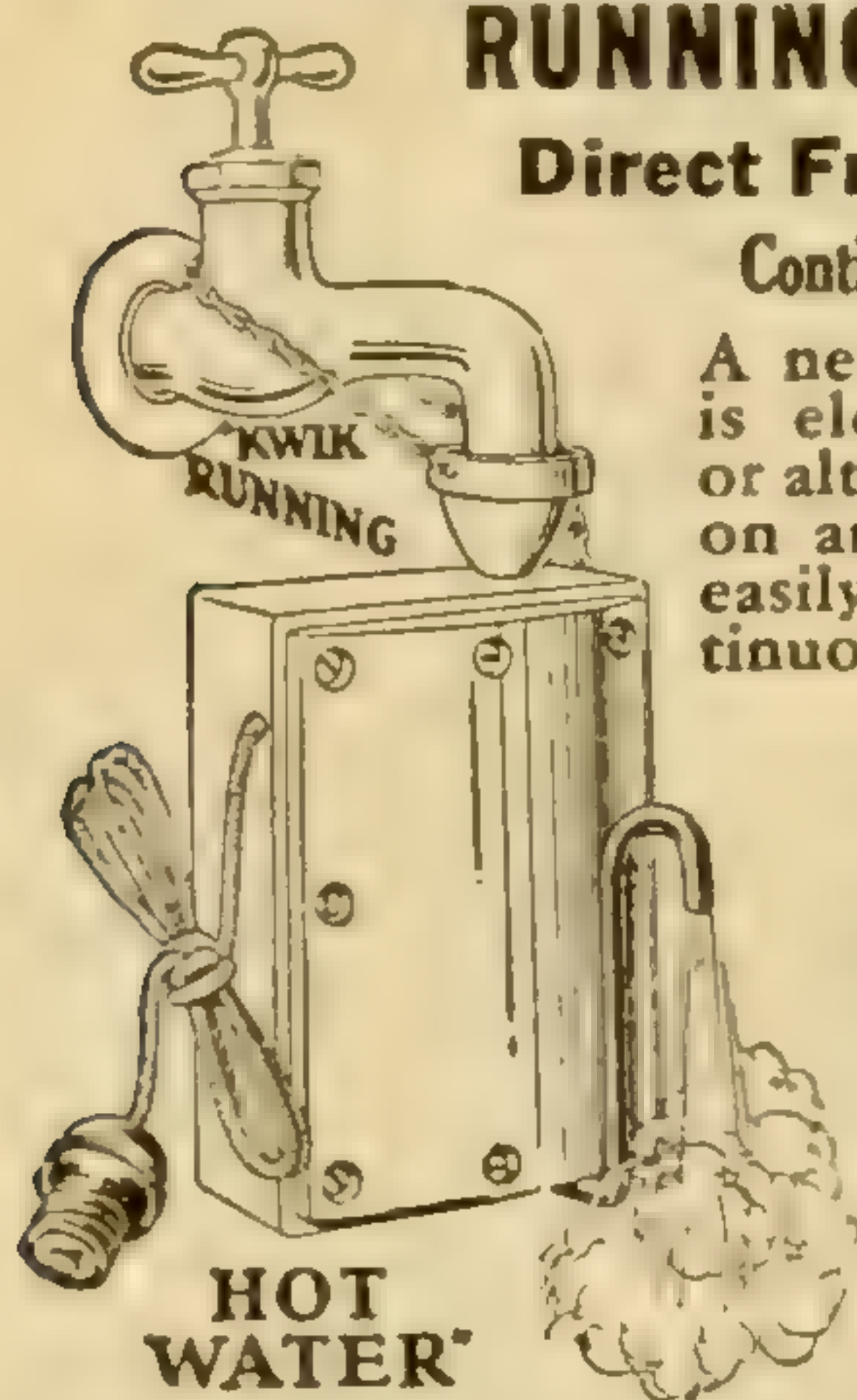
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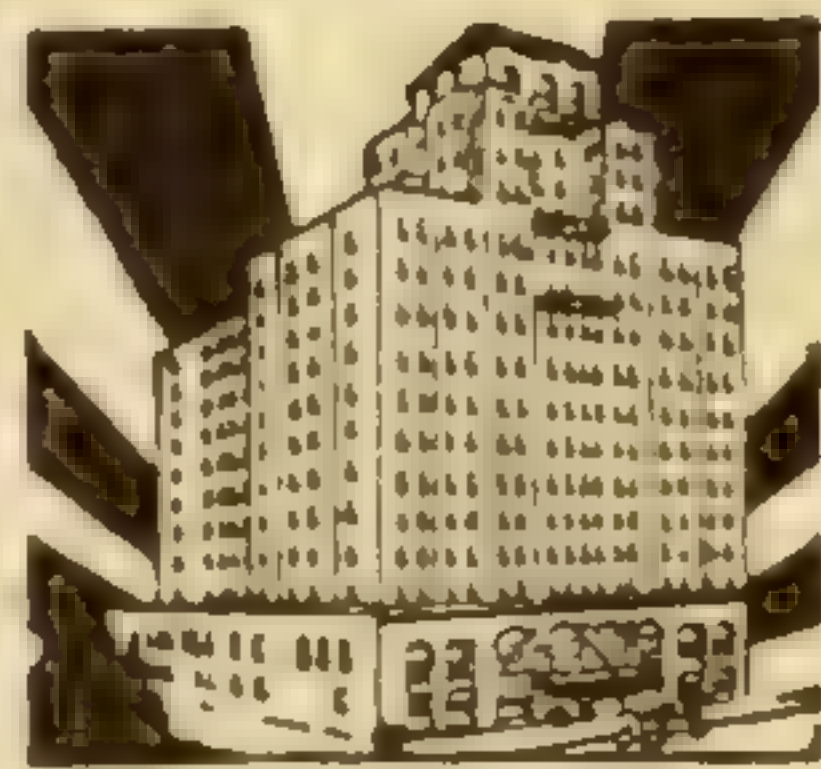
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and telling her not to touch anything in there because "Mr. Barrymore never allowed anybody to touch anything in the library," and I grinned because when I am in the library Dad lets me touch anything, and once I tore a leaf in a book worth ever and ever so much money and Dad just laughed and took the book away from me.

SO that afternoon nurse took me to the studio. First, I had my nap and I was so excited I thought I wouldn't sleep, but nurse put me to bed in my crib that stands out in the patio and the next thing I knew the sun dial said it was almost three o'clock.

Sam drove us down the hill from home very carefully because he said my Mother had said I was the most precious thing in the whole Barrymore house. And when we got to the studio, nurse carried me into a big house and there were a lot of people there and a lot of lights and then my Mother said "Darling!" and everybody looked at me and Mother held me close.

And Mother had her hair all loose down her back, like she has at night when she comes in to see that I haven't kicked out from the covers, and she had on a beautiful dress like she wears on Thursday when nurse goes out for the day and Mother takes care of me all herself.

And Mother said:

"I don't have to work any more today, do I, Mr. Henley?"

And Mr. Henley said "No." So Mother gave me back to nurse and we all went to Mother's dressing-room and Mother put her hair up again and rubbed her face hard with towels and then she took me and we went

away to another big place where Mother said we would find Dad.

And sure enough Dad was there, only I didn't know him at first because he had a funny red beard that made him look different.

And everybody who saw me when I was where Mother and Mr. Henley were said I looked just like "Miss Costello," and everybody who saw me where Dad was working said I looked just like a Barrymore.

So I don't know.

And then a man with a big camera, I know what a camera is already, came by and asked Dad, "How about a picture?" And Dad swore a little and said to Mother, "Well," and Mother said, "Sure. It's the baby's first visit to the studio."

So Dad and Mother and I went outdoors and had our picture taken.

And just then I thought it would be great fun to see how Dad's beard had grown on his chin so fast, so I reached over and pulled it, hard.

And Dad yelled and the man with the camera yelled, and I held still for just a minute and then I yanked.

And the beard came off and there was Dad behind it, rubbing his chin and saying, "the little rascal" but not meaning it—much.

SO Dad said, "I might as well go home with you now. It takes two hours to put the beard back on and it's too late to do that."

So we all rode back up the hill where I live, only I couldn't stay awake until we got to the top.

And nurse scolded because I was late for my cod liver oil and orange juice.

So I counted my toes. I still have ten.



Quick, Watson, the magnifying glass! Is ziss our naughty Maurice Chevalier turning the full glare of his Parisian molars in Helen Twelvetees' direction? Or is it Frank Woody, Helen's new husband? It's Woody, all right, but he had us fooled for a moment. Helen and Frank were married in Reno shortly after her divorce from Clark Twelvetees—so shortly, in fact, that it wasn't legal, and they had to do it over again. Here's hoping that the Twelvetees-Woody combination never knows what it is to have a knotty problem

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Leave us our dreams! We live two hours of life gloriously in seeing Garbo on the screen. Is it necessary for us to know that she is not mysteriously enigmatic, but merely dumb?

JANE BLAND,
Louisville, Ky.

On the Garbo article written by Miss Albert to enlighten us, my only comment is, it is all wrong. I'll never buy PHOTOPLAY again.

ANNE MASTERY,
Long Island City, N. Y.

Garbo is a superb actress and to say she is phlegmatic is an absolute atrocity.

FRANCES WRIGHT,
Altoona, Pa.

Katherine Albert may circulate all the lies she likes about Garbo, but we refuse to pay for the privilege of reading them. I shall never buy another issue of PHOTOPLAY.

MRS. JOHN RANDALL,
Auburn, Mass.

Now that Katherine Albert has stripped Garbo of her "mystery" and made of her a human being, we are more than ever Garbo fans.

ALMA I. GARDALE,
Glasgow, Iowa

My hat is off to you for your article, "Exploding the Garbo Myth." Garbo possesses nothing which entitles her to the title, "The Great Garbo." Of course, it isn't her fault that she has been labeled "the mystery woman." Her rise in this country was meteoric. She wrapped herself in a mantle of silence to avoid blunders and ridicule. She is not a genius. The secret of her acting lies in the control of the muscles of her face, but she is incapable of reaching down deep enough to strike the chord of human emotions.

M. CARMEN COMYN,
Washington, D. C.

Thank you a thousand times for your article, "Exploding the Garbo Myth." It took courage to tear away all the hokum surrounding her and reveal the truth.

LOUISE KRAMER,
Peoria, Ill.

A great big bouquet for the explosion of the "Garbo myth." While I believe I enjoy a Garbo picture as well as the next person, she is only another actress to me. Too many people have allowed themselves to become hysterical over her.

PAULINE MORRIS,
Yamhill, Ore.

Your excellent article in April PHOTOPLAY, "Exploding the Garbo Myth," met with hearty appreciation in our family. I have long been weary of the Garbo adulation. I refuse to be bored with reiterations of her "allure" and "mystery," and can frankly say that I find her merely human, as Miss Albert says.

DOROTHY SAGE WYMAN,
Embreeville, Tenn.

My sincerest congratulations on your article, "Exploding the Garbo Myth." I am an ardent Garbo fan, nevertheless I am intensely bored at the stories concerning the Glamorous Swede's aloofness and utter indifference to those who worship her.

WINIFRED EVANS,
New York City

"Trader Horn"

I've never enjoyed a picture as I did "Trader Horn." Your fine article, "How Trader Horn

Was Made," was much appreciated. This picture had been a mystery to all, but "truth is better than fiction."

LILLIAN READE PERKINS,
Fayetteville, N. C.

"Skippy"

"Skippy"—what a picture! Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan and Jackie Searle are wonder kids. They put more feeling and emotion in their acting than many an adult star. That praying scene at the bedside had everyone in tears, including myself.

RITA FURCHT,
New Haven, Conn.

"The Front Page"

Three cheers for "The Front Page." Not only because it's the best newspaper play ever written—thrilling, moving, vivid and true, but because they had the uncommon good sense to leave it alone and film it just as it was written for the stage.

And that man Menjou! He gives the best show of his life!

HORACE TWITCHELL,
Red Oak, Iowa

Duck Your Head, Bob!

I note with great pleasure that Robert Montgomery is to be starred. I use the word "pleasure" advisedly because now I shall be able to see my favorite feminine stars without seeing Mr. Montgomery. He has ruined more pictures for me than any man in Hollywood.

M. WRIGHT,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Now Take a Bow!

Here is my prescription for the perfect movie actor in just two words: Robert Montgomery.

HELEN RODRIGUEZ,
New Orleans, La.

Not Much to Ask

Some things I'm waiting for:

Gary Cooper in a decent suit of clothes.
Constance Bennett looking really interested.

Clara Bow with her hair combed.
Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers in a good picture.

Barbara Stanwyck again and again.

MRS. ROSELLA ADKINS,
Latonia, Ky.

Random Opinions

Clara Bow is getting too old to be called the "It" girl. Let her show us some acting ability.

PEARL WILLIAMS,
Henderson, Ky.

Norma Shearer's clothes are getting too eccentric. She should take lessons from Claudette Colbert.

After seeing "Reaching for the Moon" I am convinced that Doug has it all over Chevalier for personality.

Kay Francis should go back to her boyish bob. She is losing her personality.

BERT McLINDON,
Hollywood, Calif.

Who says John Gilbert is through? I saw "Gentleman's Fate" and he was GRAND. If he can't talk, I'm tongue-tied.

A FAN,
Sioux City, Iowa

Marlene Dietrich certainly has the legs to give the perfect "kick" to her audience.

HILDE DUSHINSKI,
Chatham, Ill.



Down go the shades!

When the shades of the night come down, the shades of rouge go up. The livelier your cheeks are—the more stylish!

Po-Go's new color Cardinal is "it"—for this bright new evening make-up.

Po-Go goes on smoothly and quickly—blends beautifully—lasts the day through. Po-Go is Parisian made, by hand, of the finest French ingredients.

50c brings you chic cheek style in a petite, gay box. Everywhere in the U.S. and Canada...or by mail from Guy T. Gibson, Inc. 565 Fifth Ave., New York City

Po-Go ROUGE

Brique—medium for all. Ronce—raspberry for brunettes. Vif—a very popular vivid shade. Cardinal—see above. Saumon—delicately faint for blondes.



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Bewitching EYES



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe, making them appear longer. Harmless and easy to use. A touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids will add depth, beauty and "expression." Form the brows with the clean, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—then you will have re-made your eyes into soulful pools of loveliness. Insist upon the genuine—preferred by millions for over fifteen years.



"Tint GRAY HAIR"

Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb thru safe, sure Brownatone. Used by millions for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. All dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

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Protect your charm and your clothes, this sure, quick way

- Smart women find Heck Deodorant ideal for instant, lasting protection from perspiration and perspiration odors. This deodorant is so pure, colorless and odorless that you can apply it as directed at any time. It is cooling, soothing, refreshing. Protect your charm, your daintiness and your dresses with this precious liquid. 50c and \$1 at your drug or department store.
- Send 10c for liberal trial size and silhouette of Caroline Heck to hang in your room. Heck-Conard Co., 919 E. 21st St., Kansas City, Mo.

He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other man would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book; you too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.



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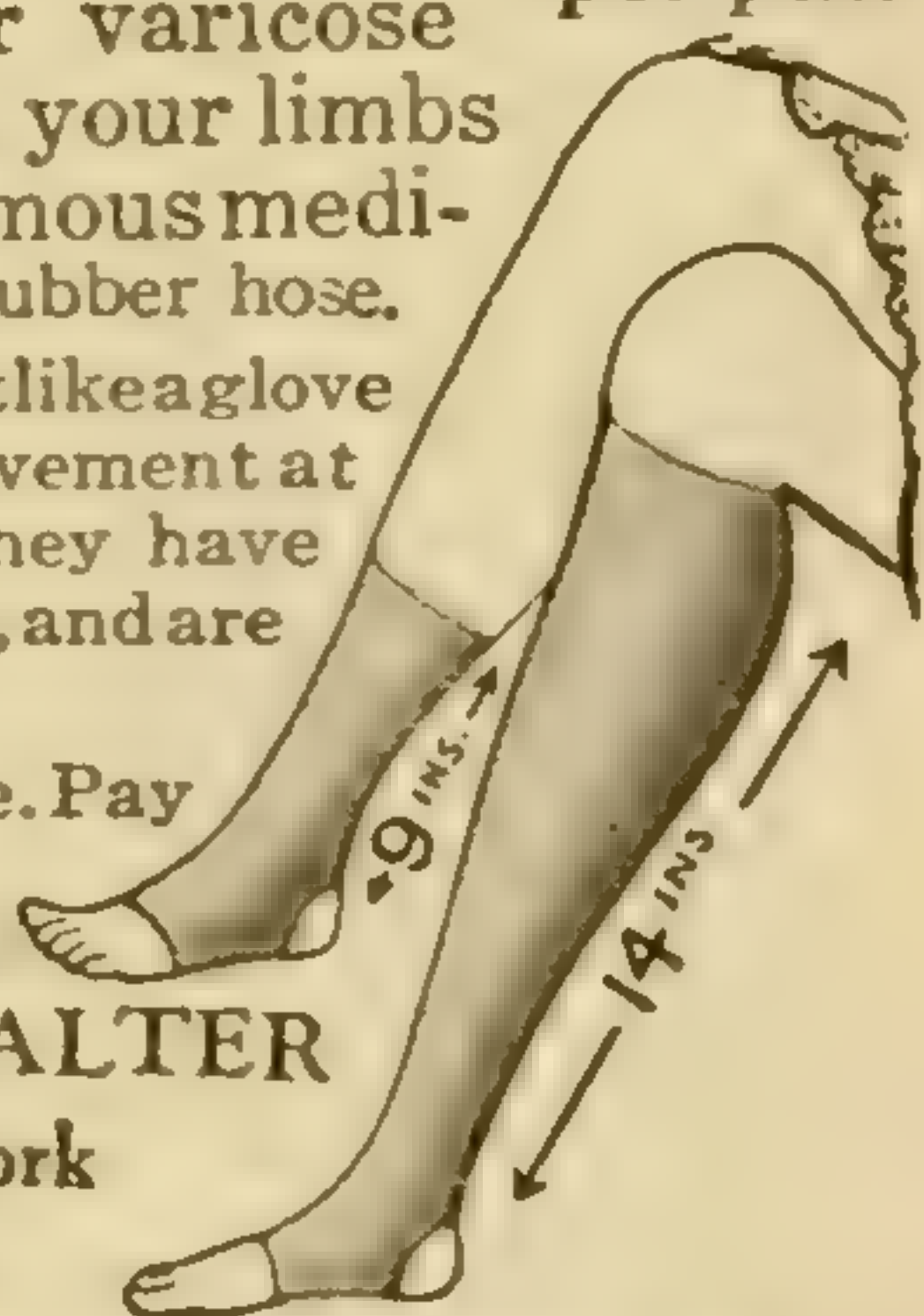
Have Shapely Limbs... \$6.75 or Slender Ankles... 5.00

RELIEVE swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous medicated (flesh colored) gum rubber hose. Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world.

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LUCILLE YOUNG, 5566 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Nowadays in the movies the villain is always more charming than the hero. And far more handsome. What's to be done about it?

RUTH SPAULDING,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I'd rather see Leila Hyams in her clean, romantic comedies, than overtax my imagination trying to figure out what some big star is trying to say with her eyes.

ORVILLE MINNIAR,
Dayton, Ohio

Paul Lukas' acting is thrilling in its sincerity. The magnetic tones of his speaking voice linger with me long after the picture is over.

A. K. WOOD,
Germantown, Penna.

Of course Dolores Del Rio is lovely, but when it comes to the perfect figure no one can compare with Joan Crawford.

MRS. FRED SEEBACK, JR.,
Charleston, S. C.

Joan Crawford is losing her charm. She's too thin.

BEATRICE LONG,
Detroit, Mich.

Mickey Mouse is my favorite on the screen and "Rango" the most thrilling picture I've ever seen.

BLAIRE DEAN,
New York City

I feel grossly insulted at the opinion the producers must have of the fans to inflict upon them the mental agony of Laurel and Hardy's stupid comedies.

RUTH GREENWALD,
Atlantic City, N. J.

Phillips Holmes is not only handsome, but he has the most pleasant personality on the screen today. His acting should make old troupers hang their heads in shame.

MILDRED THOMPSON,
Richmond, Calif.

I love Dorothy Mackaill for her unstudied poise and her intelligent interpretation of every rôle. She has all the magnetic vigor of a healthy, wholesome, outdoor girl.

EVA DUNBAR,
Oakland, Calif.

Ruth Chatterton is the Emily Post of the screen. We go to her pictures and try to grasp poise and culture.

PEARL WILLIAMS,
Henderson, Ky.

Dietrich and Garbo occupy definite places in different spheres. Dietrich, the joy and love of life. Garbo, the mystery and riddle of life.

KATHRYN V. WEST,
Chicago, Ill.

All my pet adjectives don't do justice to Claudette Colbert after seeing her in "Honor Among Lovers." I wouldn't dare turn my head for one moment while she's on the screen.

VINCENT BELGARBO,
Chicago, Ill.

We all realize that Garbo lost much of her mystery and allure by speaking, whereas Norma Shearer, who was colorless in silent pictures, gained a sparkling personality in the talkies. Her laughter is sunshine to our souls. She is exquisite.

BESSE C. BUTLER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dorothy Lee is all sparkle, dimples and bright-eyed smiles. We all adore her.

PAULINE AUGENSTEIN,
Zanesville, Ohio

I'd drop any appointment, however important, to go and see a Constance Bennett picture.

LUCILLE AUGENSTEIN,
Zanesville, Ohio

Now I've seen Lew Ayres, my old idol, Buddy Rogers, has faded from my vision. Lew is the best actor on the screen today.

PAUL HERRING,
Washington, D. C.

No one can hold a candle to Vilma Banky for talent, charm, and the ability to act—not even the Great Garbo herself.

MARIE JOHNSON,
Chicago, Ill.

"Fifty Million Frenchmen" was ruined because of no Cole Porter music. What's the matter with the producers?

MARGUERITE HENDERSON,
Rockville Center, N. Y.

The "romantic age" has returned. When will producers realize the fact and return romance to the screen?

MAY E. HENRY,
East Cleveland, Ohio

No humdrum future for Elissa Landi. "Body and Soul" gave us promise of truly great things to come from the strength of personality and really exquisite charm of this new-comer to moviedom.

JAMES N. YOHE,
South Orange, N. J.

Page Mr. Gilbert

It has been said that John Gilbert cannot make a good picture without Garbo. However, if Garbo makes another "Inspiration" she'd better start hunting up Gilbert.

ANN TOWERS,
Philadelphia, Penna.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" excels any picture I have seen for some time, and Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood deserve a lot of praise. After the usual run of pie-throwing junk they've been calling "comedies" this picture comes as a welcome relief.

JOHN A. PENNY,
Yakima, Wash.

"The Millionaire"

At last George Arliss has given us a characterization close to our own hearts. His portrayal of a real American in "The Millionaire" will have a more universal appeal and win him the enthusiastic following such a great artist deserves. It's a great picture!

NADINE MCCORMICK,
Hollywood, Calif.

"Dracula"

Give us more pictures like "Dracula." It is the best murder mystery I've ever seen. Bela Lugosi was magnificent. He almost hypnotized the audience.

LOUIS MOEN,
Montreal, Can.

Why can't pictures of frenzied horror such as "Dracula" be eliminated entirely from the screen? Life is hectic enough without tormenting us with pictures of this kind.

ETHEL S. COOK,
Montgomery, Ala.

A Real Tragedy

This idea of good-looking actors growing moustaches is getting to be a tragedy. First John Gilbert. He started it. And then Ramon Novarro, Chester Morris and Conrad Nagel go and ruin their handsome countenances, and even Buddy Rogers! Now it's Charlie Farrell and Bebe's own Ben Lyon. It's too much. They can't all be William Powells.

E. MERLE ELLIOTT,
Vincennes, Ind.

Talkie Technique

In defence of Chester Morris, I'd like to answer the criticism of Miss Gilmor who, in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, deplored the customary cigarette in Chester's mouth. You would hardly expect, Miss Gilmor, the hero of "The Big House" and "Alibi" to come out under machine gun fire with Little Red Riding Hood under his arm and an all-day sucker in his mouth.

S. B. HOWARD,
Fort Worth, Texas

Sure-Fire Entertainment

We scarcely get acquainted with the stars already placed in our celluloid firmament before a new one appears on the horizon.

I choose my entertainment from the stars I know and like so I am always sure of getting something worthwhile.

MRS. J. E. BROSK,
Warren, Ohio

"All Quiet"

How very true this statement which I read the other day: "For every 'All Quiet on the Western Front' we have to suffer nine hundred and ninety-nine other pictures."

"Suffer" seems to me an apt word. We are fed up with the trite and frivolous talkies that are handed to us in such abundance.

HAROLD H. DOERNER,
Weehawken, N. J.

To me "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the finest motion picture I have ever seen. But I'll admit that my feeble brain could not stand a steady diet of these terrific dramas. The light and frothy comedy dramas are very necessary to the movie goer's diet, so why all the cries for "bigger and better" pictures?

HARRIET MAY,
Omaha, Neb.

Advertising Campaigns

We don't mind paying large admission prices to see a good show, but please do not annoy us with flagrant advertising campaigns. Let grocery clerks and door-to-door canvassers sell us our household luxuries.

WILLIAM L. BRIDGES, JR.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Some of these "advertising" shorts are very interesting. The other night I saw one in which they showed scenes of New York from the beginning of the Twentieth century up to the present time and I got a real thrill out of it. To me these are so much more entertaining than the bad comedies we've been given lately.

ANN WAKELY,
Richmond, Va.

True, you find a clever short subject now and then, but the majority are dull and boring monstrosities, and we could do without them.

L. D. FACKLER,
Roanoke, Va.

She Has Hollywood's Number

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

have been in a plaster cast for five days. Instead she went back to work in twenty-four hours, wearing an especially built steel corset. Because of this bit of trouser courage, one leg will always be an inch shorter than the other.

Now Barbara is a success. "This, my dear, is Barbara Stanwyck. Have you seen her lovely picture 'Illicit'?"

Not long ago it was rumored that Frank's option would not be renewed. In this event

Why, oh why, must some really fine pictures be totally ruined by the continuous canned music which accompanies them from beginning to end and drowns out all dialogue and sound?

VIRGINIA SACRE,
Hollywood, Calif.

Give us, if you must, you producers, poor story, poor dialogue, but, give us, please, in abundance and in perfect appointment—good music.

WINFIELD D. FARLEY,
Hollywood, Calif.

Satire in Sound

I have never been a Chaplin fan, but after seeing "City Lights" I bow to a unique individuality. His satire in sound was illuminating.

BESSE C. BUTLER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Talkies as a Builder-Upper

The thoughts contained in picture dramas have transformed despair into life and hope for many men; they have urged many a drifter to focus his course upon a definite goal; they have ever been the source of consolation in time of need; and they will forever serve us as an endless volume in our quest of knowledge and education. They enliven our finer sensibilities and stimulate them on to higher aims.

FRED ZIMMERMAN,
Louisville, Ky.

Exploitation

In the advertising matter displayed to entice movie-goers, is it necessary almost always to portray the heroine practically nude, and a man hanging over her in a kissing scene, suggesting this as the high-spot of the picture?

LOUISE M. CONNELL,
Lexington, Ky.

Why don't they find a star to fit the story, instead of spoiling a good story to fit the star?

JEANETTE YOUNG,
Chevy Chase, Md.

Read Your Reviews!

If the movie audience would stop taking a chance on their movie entertainment and read the reviews there would be a lot fewer malcontents writing to this department.

The stage fan has been discriminating for a good many years, due, perhaps, to the high price of tickets. Now pictures are being made with definite audiences in mind and if you wish to keep from being disappointed you had better take the professional critic's word for the type of picture it is and how good it is. Shop for your pictures. It will save you money.

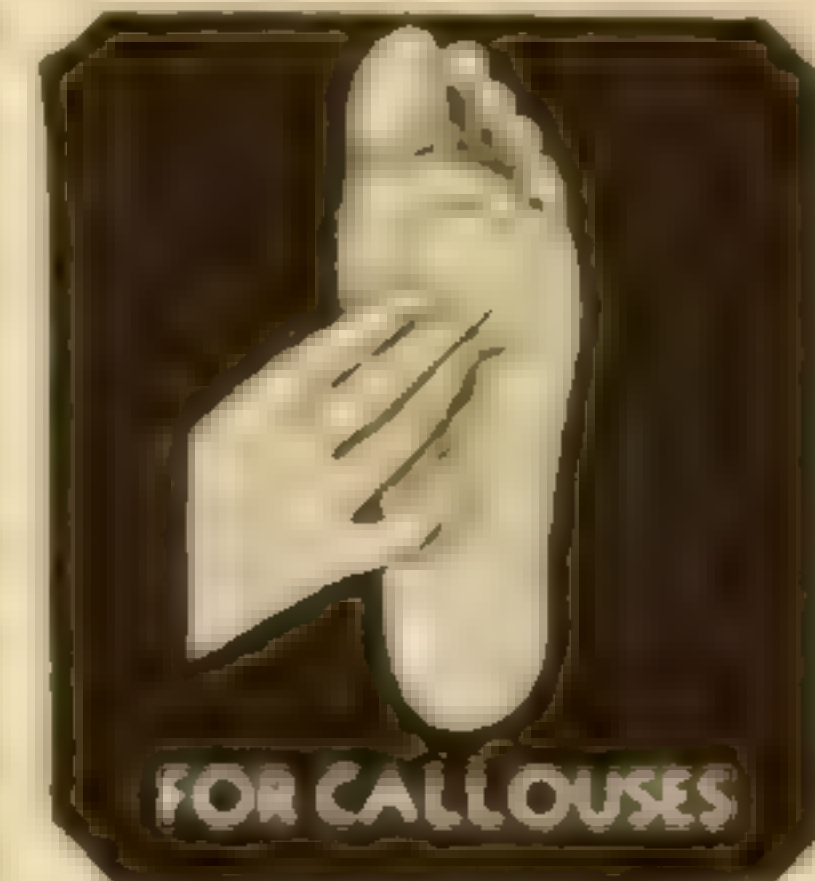
J. H. FOSS, JR.,
Stanford Univ., Calif.

CORNS



Instant Relief!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain instantly. Their soothing, healing medication gives you this quick relief. Their cushioning, protective feature removes friction and pressure of shoes, prevents blisters. Corns never come back if Zino-pads are applied at first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.



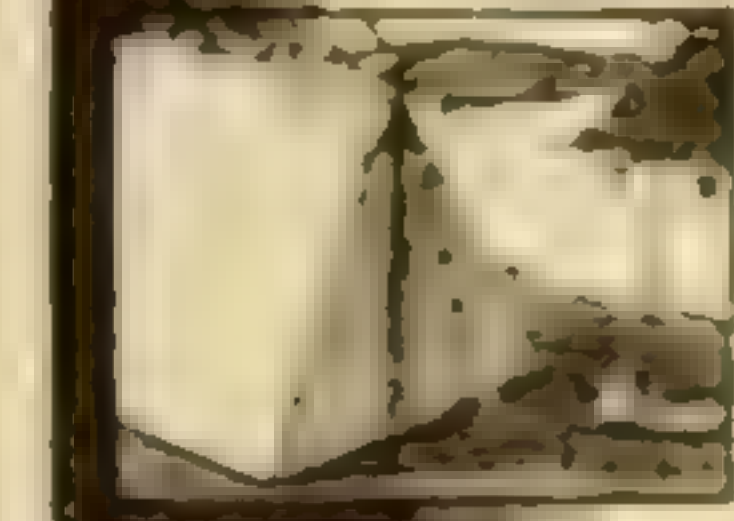
100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe—sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

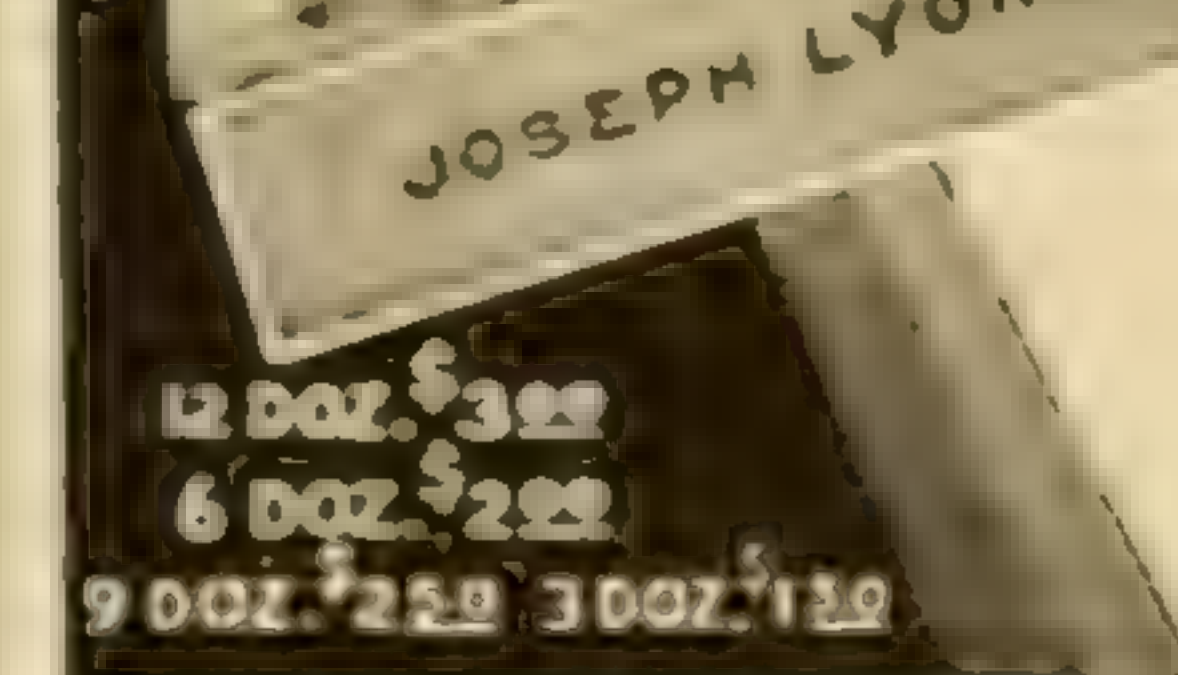
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Personal belongings, wearables, linen must be marked when you're away. CASH'S NAMES are the neatest, safest, most economical method. They identify positively. Order from your dealer or write.

TRIAL OFFER—Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in fast thread on fine cambric tape.



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12 BOX \$3.99
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Famous Women—of the Stage and Screen have used and recommended Lablache Face Powder for years. Let it be your choice too. Lablache adds a touch of loveliness. All shades. At your Druggist.

Send for sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

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alone. She puts no faith in fleeting fame. Her picture work gives her no thrill at all. Her name in electric lights?—well, what of it? She had that thrill when she first played on Broadway. It won't come again, at least not in Hollywood. She doesn't like Hollywood nor the Hollywood attitude. She realizes she has only a little moment of glory on that silver sheet. She's in the game for the money and, of course, she's glad when she does a good picture.

But there are other things so much more important to her than pictures and she feels sorry

for those poor women who are in the octopus-like grip of the studios. Fame and work are not her gods. For she has Frank Fay and when they've both made enough money they can go to Europe to live as they please and have a couple of children. Occasionally, if Barbara feels like it, she could do a play in London and bring it into New York. She could afford to take a small salary if the play were good.

In this way her life would be rich and full and she doesn't care if she never sees Hollywood again.

With Skippy on the Set

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

peculiar child psychology—that readiness to slip over into the world of phantasy and believe it real—they were easily convinced that the cruel dog-catcher had actually killed the dog-actor they had grown to love. Naturally, the dog was kept off the stage and set during these scenes, so that his presence would not spoil the childish sad illusion.

Moreover, when the child actors were first introduced to Clifford, the actor who played the dog-catcher, they were told that he was mean to dogs. That he had really killed dogs. The campaign was so successful that Robert came to a publicity man one day and said:

"Say, do you know what I know. Mr. Clifford has killed over a thousand dogs already!"

IT was hard for Clifford to take it—because Clifford likes kids. And it was no easy task for him to go about under their reproachful gaze until the picture was ended, and they were told that he loved dogs and, instead of killing them, owned several.

They had a hard time getting the fight scene between Bobbie Coogan and Jackie Searle, who plays the "sissy" boy. Searle is anything but a sissy, actually. He can outrun, outfight, outplay any of the other boys in the whole show at any boys' game! But in "Skippy," he's the meanest, nastiest, tattletaliest sissy that ever breathed.

In one scene, Robert Coogan had to fight him. But they had played together, and Robert, with the obstinacy of five years, wouldn't do it. His fight scenes were very, very artificial.

"You've really got to hit him, Bobbie," ordered Coogan *per*.

"I can't. I like him," Bobbie answered, simply.

Coogan, Senior got an idea. He recalled that long ago, Jackie Coogan used to call his kid brother "chicken." Robert hated it. So Father Coogan went to young Searle and whispered in his ear.

On the next take of the fight scene, as the cameras started grinding, young Searle—as clever a child actor, by the way, as Mitzi Green, and as good a trouper—yells at young Robert:

"Come on an' fight now, you li'l chicken!!!"

Robert's rage rose instantly.

"You call me that again an' I'll bust you!" he defied in that high soprano.

"Yah!—Chicken, chicken, chicken . . .!" teased Searle. And without further ado, tears of rage in his eyes, five-year-old Bobbie sailed into him. It was a swell fight scene. Paramount cutters were only sorry they had to slice out the part where Searle goaded him by yelling "chicken!"

Jackie Coogan, young man now, was on the "Skippy" set only one day. On that day, he tried once to tell his kid brother how to do a scene.

"Say," drawled the young Coogan, "I wish you weren't even here!"

Jackie was kept away after that.

Of course, the business of rewarding the children was also used, at times, besides en-

raging them or making them cry. For one thing, the still cameraman, Gordon Head, is a genius at making toys out of scraps of tin and metal. He was used more than once as a come-on—like this:

"Now, Bobbie, if you do this scene good, I'll have Gordon make you a boat," Taurog would say. And he'd get a swell shot. Another time, Taurog bought two boat models at a fancy price from some Mexican peddlers because the children in the cast liked them. The boats were held up as prizes for the child who did the best work.

Cooper is a strange lad. Seven years old, he has the mentality of a boy of ten. He thinks out his acting more than the others who played in the show. One day his mother was seen whispering into his ear, while they were getting ready for a sad scene. Then young Cooper went into a corner by himself.

A publicity man, curious, went over and talked to him. "What you doing?" he asked.

"Thinkin' sad things," said the boy.

"Why?"

"My mother told me I gotta cry in this next scene, an' I'm trying to make myself feel sorry, so I'm thinkin' of sad things," explained the seven-year-old.

"What sad things?" asked the press-agent.

"Oh, things of my own," said the boy.

By the time he went into the scene, whatever he was thinking of had young Cooper half in tears already.

Searle and Mitzi Green—no need going into much about her because you know her so well already—were the best "actors" among the children. Bobbie Coogan was least actor of all—save for his heritage. This was his first work. It was all new to him. Taurog and the others don't yet know whether that made their task easier or harder.

INCIDENTALLY, Bobbie is unlike Jackie that way. Jackie was old enough while his parents were still on the stage to absorb the atmosphere of play-acting. Bobbie, born after his parents had quit, and after his brother had passed the peak of his fame, never came into close contact with acting.

And his work in "Skippy" is even the more remarkable for a fact not so generally known.

He was a premature child. He weighed but five pounds at birth. Of course, he gained quickly—at ten months, he weighed twenty. "He was always a healthy baby," his mother insists. But the fact remains that because of the handicap of his premature birth, his progress was not that of a normal baby.

For instance, he did not begin to utter intelligible words until his fourteenth or fifteenth month. Most children can talk sentences well before then. Bobbie did not walk until he was fifteen months. Most babies walk long before that age.

But in "Skippy"—well, if Bobbie Coogan couldn't walk or talk before his fifteenth month, then many daddies and mothers would be perfectly willing to have the same delay with their progeny if they could become the grand little youngsters that Bobbie is on the screen at five years.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BORN TO LOVE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: Doris Kendall, Constance Bennett; Barry Craig, Joel McCrea; Sir Wilfred Drake, Paul Cavanagh; Lord Ponsonby, Frederick Kerr; Leslie Darrow, Anthony Bushell; Lady Agatha, Louise Closser Hale; Major General, Claude King; Duchess, Mary Forbes; Evelyn Kent, Elizabeth Forrester; Tom Kent, Edmond Breon; Poppish Gentleman, Reginald Sharland; Tibbets, Daisy Belmore; Butler, Fred Esmelton; Head Nurse, Martha Mattox.

"BROAD MINDED"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: Ossi Simpson, Joe E. Brown; Jack Hackett, Wm. Collier, Jr.; Constance Palmer, Ona Munson; Pendope Packer, Marjorie White; Mabel Robinson, Margaret Livingston; Pancho Arango, Bela Lugosi; Gertie Gardner, Thelma Todd; John Hackett, Sr., Holmes Herbert; Aunt Polly, Grayce Hampton; Casper, George Grandee.

"CHERI BIBI"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Gaston Leroux. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Cheri Bibi, John Gilbert; Cecile, Leila Hyams; Costaud, Lewis Stone; Herman, Jean Hersholt; Bourrellet, C. Aubrey Smith; Vera, Natalie Moorhead; Marquis Du Touchais, Ian Keith; Dr. Gorin, Alfred Hickman.

"CITY STREETS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Adapted by Max Marcin. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: The Kid, Gary Cooper; Nan, Sylvia Sydney; Big Fellow Maskal, Paul Lukas; McCoy, William Boyd; Pop Cooley, Guy Kibbee; Blackie, Stanley Fields; Agnes, Wynne Gibson; Pansy, Betty Sinclair.

"CLEARING THE RANGE"—ALLIED.—From the story by Jack Cunningham. Adapted by John Nafford. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: Curt Fremont, Hoot Gibson; Mary Lou Moran, Sally Eilers; Lase Kildare, Hooper Atchley; Juan Conares, George Mendoza; Dad Moran, Robert Homans; Senora Conares, Mme. Eva Grippen; George Allen, Maston Williams; Sheriff Jim Burke, Edward Piel; Tom Vache, Jack Byron; Jim Fremont, Edward Hearn.

"COMPLETE SURRENDER"—M-G-M.—From the play "Torch Song" by Kenyon Nicholson. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Iry, Joan Crawford; Howard, Neil Hamilton; Carl, John Mack Brown; Ruby, Marjorie Rambeau; Cass Wheeler, Guy Kibbee; Fred Geer, Roscoe Karns; Edna, Gertrude Short; Joe, George Cooper; Humpty, George F. Marion; Tink, Bert Woodruff.

"DAYBREAK"—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Schnitzler. Adapted by Ruth Cummings. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: Willi, Ramon Navarro; Laura, Helen Chandler; Herr Schnabel, Jean Hersholt; General Von Hartz, C. Aubrey Smith; Otto, William Bakewell; Emily Kessner, Karen Morley; Von Lear, Kent Douglass; Frans, Glenn Tryon; Josef, Clyde Cook; Emil, Sumner Getchell; Frau Hoffman, Clara Blandick; Herr Hoffman, Edwin Maxwell; August, Jackie Searle.

"DUDE RANCH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Milton Krims. Screen play by Percy Heath, Grover Jones and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Jenifer, Jack Oakie; Chester

Carr, Stuart Erwin; Judd, Eugene Palette; Alice, Mitzel Green; Susan Meadows, June Collyer; Spruce Meadows, Charles Sellon; Mrs. Merridew, Cecil Weston; Hurson, George Webb; Simonson, Guy Oliver; Blaze Denton, James Crane.

"FAME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Phillip Barry. Adapted by Robert Presnell. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: Mantland White, Lewis Stone; Veronica, Evalyn Knapp; Geoffrey, Chas. Butterworth; Nancy White, Doris Kenyon; Roderick White, John Darrow; G. T. Warren, Oscar Apfel; Etta, Una Merkel; The patroness, Nella Walker.

"INDISCREET"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story "Obey That Impulse" by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: Jerry (Geraldine Trent), Gloria Swanson; Tony Blake, Ben Lyon; Jim Woodhead, Monroe Owsley; Joan Trent, Barbara Kent; Buster Collins, Arthur Lake; Aunt Kate, Maude Eburne; Mr. Woodward, Henry Kolker; Mrs. Woodward, Nella Walker.

"IRON MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Scenario by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: Young Mason, Lew Ayres; Regan, Robert Armstrong; Rose, Jean Harlow; Lewis, John Miljan; Jeff, Eddie Dillon; McNeil, Mike Donlin; Rattler O'Keefe, Morrie Cohan; The Show Girl, Mary Doran; Gladys De Vere, Mildred Van Dorn; Riley, Ned Sparks; Mandell, Sam Blum; Trainer, Sammy Gervon.

"LADIES' MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Scenario by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: James Darricott, William Powell; Norma Page, Kay Francis; Rachel Fendley, Carole Lombard; Horace Fendley, Gilbert Emery; Mrs. Fendley, Olive Tell; Anthony Fendley, Martin Burton; Peyton Weldon, John Holland; Valet, Frank Atkinson; Therese Blanton, Maude Turner Gordon.

"MALTESE FALCON, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Adapted by Maude Fulton, Lucien Hubbard, and Brown Holmes. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Ruth Wonderly, Bebe Daniels; Sam Spade, Ricardo Cortez; Gutman, Dudley Digges; Effie, Una Merkel; Detective Dundy, Robert Elliott; Polhaus, J. Farrell MacDonald; Cairo, Otto Matiesen; District Attorney, Oscar Apfel; Archer, Walter Long; Wilmer, Dwight Frye; Iva Archer, Thelma Todd; Captain Jacobi, Augustino Borgato.

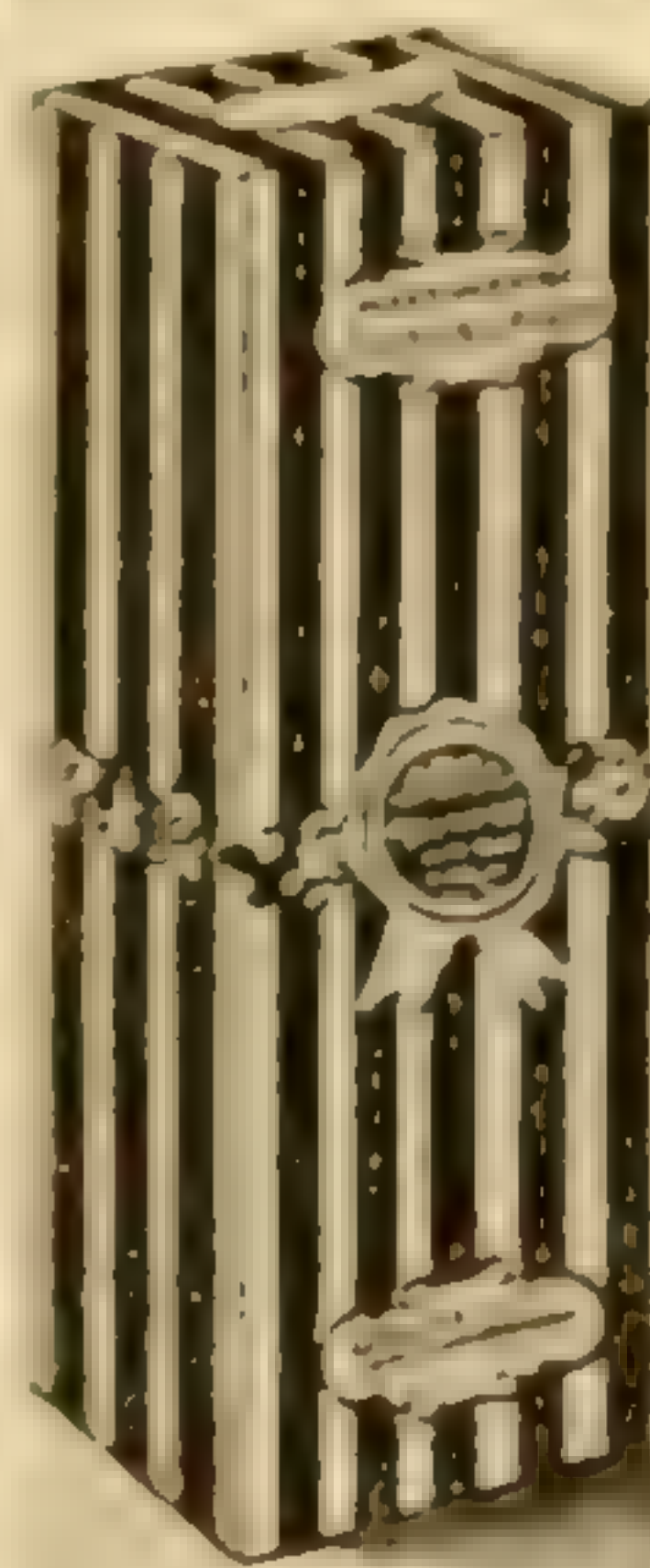
"MEET THE WIFE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Lynn Starling. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Walter De Leon. Directed by A. Leslie Pierce. The cast: Gertrude Lennox, Laura La Plante; Philip Lord, Lew Cody; Doris Bellamy, Joan Marsh; Harvey Lennox, Harry Myers; Victor Staunton, Claud Allister; Gregory Brown, William Janney; Alice, Aileen Carlyle; Williams, Edgar Norton; Maggie, Aggie Herring.

"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"—M-G-M.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Dan, Leslie Howard; Tamea, Conchita Montenegro; Mr. Pritchard, C. Aubrey Smith; Maisie, Karen Morley; Larrieau, Mitchell Lewis; Mellenger, Hale Hamilton; Porter, Clyde Cook; Tolongo, Bob Gilbert; Julia, Joan Standing; Mrs. Graves, Eulalie Jensen.

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of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1931

State of Illinois,) ss.
County of Cook)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concerns, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,

(Signature of Business Manager.)

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 20, 1935)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1931.

(SEAL)

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"PARTY HUSBAND"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Geoffrey Barnes. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Laura*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Jay Hogarth*, James Rennie; *Kate*, Dorothy Peterson; *Henri Renard*, Paul Porcasi; *Mrs. Duell*, Helen Ware; *Horace Purcell*, Don Cook; *Bee Canfield*, Mary Doran; *Pat*, Joe Donahue; *Sally*, Barbara Weeks; *Ben Holliday*, Gilbert Emery.

"PUBLIC ENEMY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Matt*, Edward Woods; *Tom*, James Cagney; *Mike*, Donald Cook; *Mamie*, Joan Blondell; *Gwen Allen*, Jean Harlow; *Tom's mother*, Beryl Mercer; *Bugs Moran*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Paddy Ryan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Nails Nathan*, Leslie Fenton; *Bess*, Louise Brooks; *Pully Nose*, Murray Kinnell; *Kitty*, Mae Clark.

"QUICK MILLIONS"—FOX.—From the story by Courtenay Terrett and Rowland Brown. Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: *Bugs Raymond*, Spencer Tracy; *Dorothy Stone*, Marguerite Churchill; *Daisy De Lisle*, Sally Eilers; *Arkansas Smith*, Robert Burns; *Kenneth Stone*, John Wray; *Nails Markey*, Warner Richmond; *Jimmy Kirk*, George Raft.

"SECRET SIX, THE"—M-G-M.—From the scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Scorpio*, Wallace Beery; *Newton*, Lewis Stone; *Hank*, John Mack Brown; *Anne*, Jean Harlow; *Peaches*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Micoski*, the Gouger, Paul Hurst; *Carl*, Clark Gable; *Johnny Franks*, Ralph Bellamy; *Colimo*, John Miljan; *Donlin*, DeWitt Jennings; *Metz*, Murray Kinnell; *Delano*, Fletcher Norton; *Eddie*, Louis Natheaux; *Judge*, Frank McGlynn; *District Attorney*, Theodore Von Eltz.

"SEED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Charles G. Norris. Adapted by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Bart Carter*, John Boles; *Mildred*, Genevieve Tobin; *Peggy Carter*, Lois Wilson; *Jennie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Bliss*, Richard Tucker; *Bob*, Jed Prouty. The Children: *Junior Carter*, Kenneth Seiling; *Dicky Carter*, Don Cox; *Danny Carter*, Terry Cox; *Margaret Carter*, Helen Parrish; *Johnny Carter*, Dickie Moore. Ten years later: *Junior Carter*, Raymond Hackett; *Dicky Carter*, Jack Willis; *Danny Carter*, Bill Willis; *Margaret Carter*, Bette Davis; *Johnny Carter*, Dick Winslow; *Nancy*, Frances Dade.

"SHIPMATES"—M-G-M.—From the story "Maskee" by Ernest Paynter. Adapted by Lou Edelman and Delmer Daves. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jonesy*, Robert Montgomery; *Scotty*, Ernest Torrence; *Kil*, Dorothy Jordan; *Admiral Corbin*, Hobart Bosworth; *Bilge*, Cliff Edwards; *Mike*, Gavin Gordon; *Mary Lou*, Joan Marsh; *Whal-Ho*, Edward Nugent; *Wong*, E. Allyn Warren; *Captain Beatty*, George Irving; *Auntie*, Hedda Hopper; *Admiral Schuyler*, William Worthington.

"SVENGALI"—WARNERS.—From the novel by George Louis Du Maurier. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Svengali*, John Barrymore; *Trilby*, Marian Marsh; *Little Billee*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Honori*, Carmel Myers; *Taffy*, Lumsden Hare; *The Laird*, Donald Crisp; *Gecko*, Louis Alberni; *Concert Manager*, Paul Porcasi.

"TARNISHED LADY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Nancy Courtney*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Norman Cravath*, Clive Brook; *Germaine Prentiss*, Phoebe Foster; *De Will Taylor*, Alexander Kirkland; *Ben Sterner*, Osgood Perkins; *Mrs. Courtney*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"TOO MANY COOKS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the stage play by Frank Craven. Scenario by Jane Murfin. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Al Bennett*, Bert Wheeler; *Alice Cook*, Dorothy Lee; *Ella Mayer*, Sharon Lynn; *Wilson*, Roscoe Ates; *Uncle George*, Robert McWade; *Frank Andrews*, Hallam Cooley; *Mrs. Cook*, Florence Roberts; *Mr. Cook*, Clifford Dempsey; *Cousin Ned*, George Chandler.

"TRAPPED"—BIG FOUR.—From the story by Jackson Parks and Edith Brown. Adapted by Jackson Parks and Edith Brown. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. The cast: *Jerry Coleman*, Nick Stuart; *Sally Moore*, Nena Quartaro; *Bettina Moore*, Priscilla Dean; *Captain Baxter*, Tom Santschi; *Jim Moore*, George Regas; *Joe Farley*, Tom O'Brien; *Ferguson*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Tiger Callahan*, Reed Howes; *Lena*, Patsy Daly.

"VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Apron Strings" by Dorrance Davis. Scenario by Dale Van Every. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Daniel Curtis*, Elliott Nugent; *Barbara Lowell*, Jean Arthur; *Inez Wakefield*, Betty Compson; *Mr. Lowell*, J. C. Nugent; *Mrs. Lowell*, Allison Skipworth; *Ezra Hunniwell*, Tully Marshall; *Peters*, "Sleep and Eat"; *Hester*, Eva McKenzie.

"WOMEN BETWEEN, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Irving Kay Davis. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Madame Julie*, Lily Damita; *John Whitcomb*, O. P. Heggie; *Victor Whitcomb*, Lester Vail; *Doris Whitcomb*, Miriam Seegar; *Helen Weston*, Anita Louise; *Mrs. Black*, Ruth Weston; *Barton*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Buddy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Mrs. Weston*, Blanche Frederici.

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How much Loretta Young weighs?
Where Chevalier was during the World War?
That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?
What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?
That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?
Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?
The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?
Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?
The real name of Lew Cody?
What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?
How many times Alma Rubens has been married?
How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?
Where Bebe Daniels was born?
How old is Marie Dressler?
Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?
How Jack Oakie got his start?
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Studio Rambles



IT appears that Nancy Carroll's art may not be so much histrionic as gastronomic. In the New York Paramount Studio lunchroom she ordered a glass of water. Nothing else. "Nancy can't eat today," someone at our table informed us. "She's full of bologna."

"You're not only disrespectful, but extremely slangy, young man," mockingly chided an assistant to an assistant director. "Not at all," young man answered. "It's true. She's been eating it all morning."

Then it was explained. Nancy's rôle in "Night Angel" (first titled "Between Two Worlds," then changed to "The Scarlet Hour," next to be called Heaven Knows What!) calls for a scene in which Nancy diligently chews on good, old-fashioned bologna sausage. They had been rehearsing all morning, and Director Edmund Goulding insisted that Nancy take rehearsals, and the bologna, seriously.

THE scene, laid in "The Duck," a disreputable cafe in a foreign city, called for dozens of extra players who sat at the little tables drinking—what? Well, something that's brown and has lovely white foam on top.

Realism or no realism, they had to be satisfied with one-half of one per cent.

And even then, the extras drank so much that the property men had to pour it all out in a hurry, and let it stand until it was too warm and flat even for an extra man's thirst. Otherwise, there would have been no necessary amber liquid in the huge glasses, no lovely white foam to make the picture look real.

Back on the set we look around, rub

It's a gag! The "Rebound" company got a little tired of hard work and no play, so just for fun they got out the dictionaries, encyclopedias and telephone books in an effort to shed light on a momentous question—"Should 'Rebound' be emphasized on the first or last syllable, and why is the Fourth of July?" Director E. H. Griffith seems to have the right answer, while Ina Claire, Robert Ames, Myrna Loy, Leigh Allen, Robert Williams, and Hedda Hopper exclaim over his wisdom.

Now, get out *your* dictionary, if you care

our eyes and look again, relieved to find it's just doubles we're seeing, not double. In one corner May Slattery and Wesley Stark, stand-ins respectively for Nancy Carroll and Fredric March, chat quietly. May has Nancy's red hair and looks absurdly like her. Wesley is tall, slender and dark like Fred.

On the other side of the set, Nancy and Fredric themselves are conversing, going over lines and business. The two couples stand in almost the same positions for a moment, and the effect is startling.

WE'RE off to Hollywood, to the Radio Pictures lot, where Richard Dix is starring in "Young Donovan's Kid." The court is trying to take little brother Jackie Cooper from big brother Richard. (You remember Jackie as *Skippy*—who could forget him? You'll find a grand story about the making of that picture right in this issue.) The judge orders the officers to remove Jackie. He throws himself into Dix's arms, kicking and screaming.

"Please don't let them take me," he wails. His tears flow freely.

Sympathetic tears come to the eyes of the watchers.

The scene is finished. "Now, Jackie, we're just going to walk through this one, for the camera. No action." It's Director Fred Niblo speaking.

Jackie does it again—as unconcerned as though he were reciting his alphabet. No tears, no emotion.

"All right. Action this time," instructs Mr. Niblo.

Jackie's tears pour out, trickle down Dix's coat as Jackie clings to him. He's a Director's Delight, that boy!

By Frances Kish

A summer away from mirrors . . .

taught this Colorado girl
the same complexion secret
I learned from
73 eminent dermatologists

If you spent a summer out on a ranch with no mirrors to tell you what was happening to your sensitive complexion, wouldn't you be happy if you went back to town and your friends all began admiring your lovely skin?

That's exactly what happened to this Colorado girl. But let her tell the story as she told it to me in a letter:

"My best friend, Dot, who does have the *loveliest* skin, told me she never used anything but Camay. But I wouldn't risk it. I'd always had such a silly skin—hadn't touched my face with soap for years. I always had a slightly greasy look and I never felt really clean, but I thought that was better than blotches."

Last summer this girl went to her brother's ranch. She says that at the end of a day's riding her face used to be covered with dust.

She found that using cold cream was like rubbing sand into her skin. "So," as she writes, "I took courage and made a fine lather of Dot's favorite Camay. It felt so good to be clean that I rubbed it in well and then rinsed and rinsed with clear warm water."

"We spend no time at mirrors on the ranch, so I took little notice of my face."

"When I came back to

town, my friends began to call attention to my lovely skin. I was so puzzled that one day I took a hand-mirror and studied my face carefully." My correspondent writes she was amazed at what she saw. Her skin was clear and creamy. And it seemed to have that *underneath* cleanliness she had admired so much in her friend's complexion.

Of course, there's every good scientific reason why Camay was gentle enough for this Colorado girl's sensitive skin.

The 73 eminent dermatologists who examined an analysis of Camay's formula and made careful tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of skin, gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild complexion soap, gentle enough for *even the most delicate complexions*.

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Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-61, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



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